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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

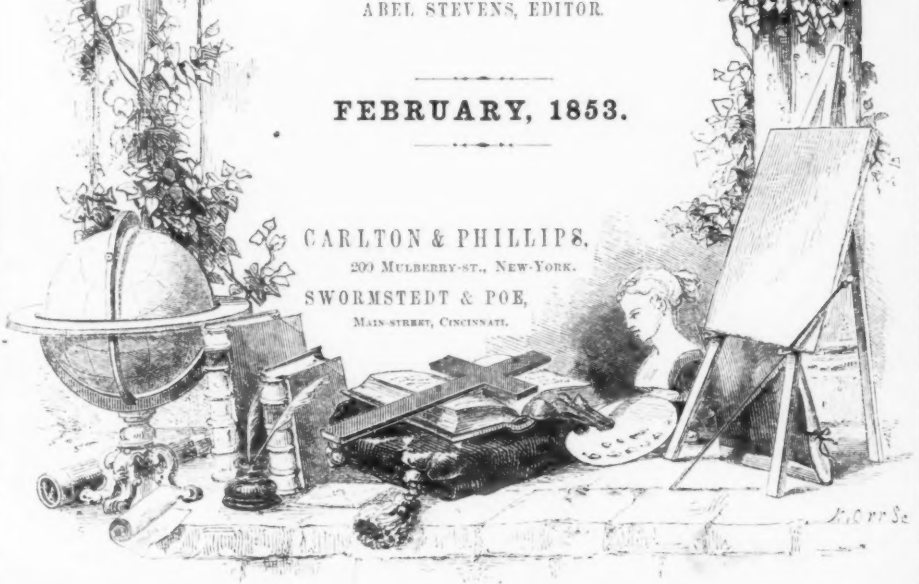
DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Religion.

ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

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CONTENTS OF THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

[THIRTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.]

			Page
WHITTIER	(*Engraving*)	*R. H. Stoddard*	97
COTTAGE HOME	(*Engraving*)		104
IN MEMORIAM		*M. N. Bowers.*	104
NEW-YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM	(*Engraving*)		105
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE			106
LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON	(*Three Engravings*)	*Rev. Dr. Curry.*	107
REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.	(*Engraving*)	*Rev. J. Leavitt.*	113
ADVENTURES WITH SPIRITS IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME	(*Two Engravings*)	*Mackay.*	118
DIES IRÆ. AGAIN			123
THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE		(*Editorial*)	124
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR		*Rev. A. Hunt.*	129
ROBERT HALL—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER		*Rev. Dr. Floy.*	131
BENNETT'S POETRY—WITH FINE EXAMPLES		*R. H. Stoddard.*	137
FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS' DAY—A BIT OF ROMANCE		*Sharpe's Magazine.*	139
THE WIFE OF GUIZOT—HER LIFE AND WRITINGS		*From the French.*	142
THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA		*G. B. Newcomb.*	145
SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE		*London Working Man's Friend.*	151
MUSIC—ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE		*London People's Journal.*	153
THE SINGER OF EISENACH		*From the German.*	156
UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY			161
INDIAN SPIRIT GATHERING		*Mrs. H. C. Gardner.*	162
ELEMENTS OF THE SUCCESS OF METHODISM		*North American Review.*	162
THE SIGN-PAINTER—THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS		*From the German of Arnauld.*	164
THE FIVE POINTS	(*Two Engravings*)	*Imogen Mercein.*	169
THE SPINNING-MAIDEN'S CROSS.—A LEGEND	(*Engraving*)	*Rev. Professor Whewell.*	173
THE HARPER	(*Engraving*)		175
CHEER UP			175
NATURE, THE SCHOOL OF ART			176
TOO MUCH BRAIN WORK—LAMAN BLANCHARD—KIRKE WHITE		*Lon. Jour. of Psych. Med.*	177
THE CHRISTIAN BANKRUPT		*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*	179

SHORT ARTICLES:—

Praise and Practice, 103—Time and Romance, 106—English Conversation, 112—National characteristics of writing, 117—Derivation of Honeymoon, 123—Intelligence, 130—Mental subjection, 144—Silent Love, 155—Good Listeners, 160—Genius and Mediocrity, 163—Ennui, 168—Every man his own doctor, 180.

EDITOR'S TABLE 181

Semi-annual volume—Exchanges—Notices—Madam Guizot—Bennett's Poems—Portraits—Samuel Drew—Elihu Burritt—Ocean Postage—Sectarianism—Public Sentiment—A Poetic Question—"Five Points Mission"—Wellington's Wife—Churches in the United States—Shakspeare.

BOOK NOTICES 185

The bound "National"—Macaulay's Kathay—Jerrmann's St. Petersburgh—Mrs. Hale's Woman's Record—Baptist Almanac—Strong's Questions—Table Talk—Meagher's Speeches—Christian's Closet Companion—Maxwell's Wellington—Gorgei's Narrative—Children of Light.

LITERARY RECORD 186

Methodist Quarterly—Miscellany and Review—Genesee College—Dr. Ryerson's Report—Illinois Wesleyan University—North-Western Christian Advocate—New Books—History of New-York City, Illustrated—Jewett & Co.—Stuart's Washington—Gould & Lincoln—Crosby & Nichols—Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Little & Brown—Smithsonian Institute—Christian Review—Jasmin—Successful Merchant—Dr. Akers—Cincinnati Young Men's Mercantile Library Association—"Free Schools"—Lord Derby—Hon. Mr. Walker—J. R. Brodhead—Astronomical Text-Books—Wesleyan Methodist Tract Society—"Celebrated Jesuits"—"True Wesleyan"—Carlyle—Leidersdorf's Legacy—Museum Wertreinianum—Homer's Iliad—Works of Napoleon—Wesleyan University—Richmondville Union Seminary—Franklin College—Longfellow's Hyperion—Lady of the Lake—English College—Dr. J. A. Alexander—Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men"—Rev. Dr. Walker—Manual of Biblical Literature—Oxford University—English Newspapers—Dr. Charles Richardson—Francis Ronalds—"Annals of Science."

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY 189

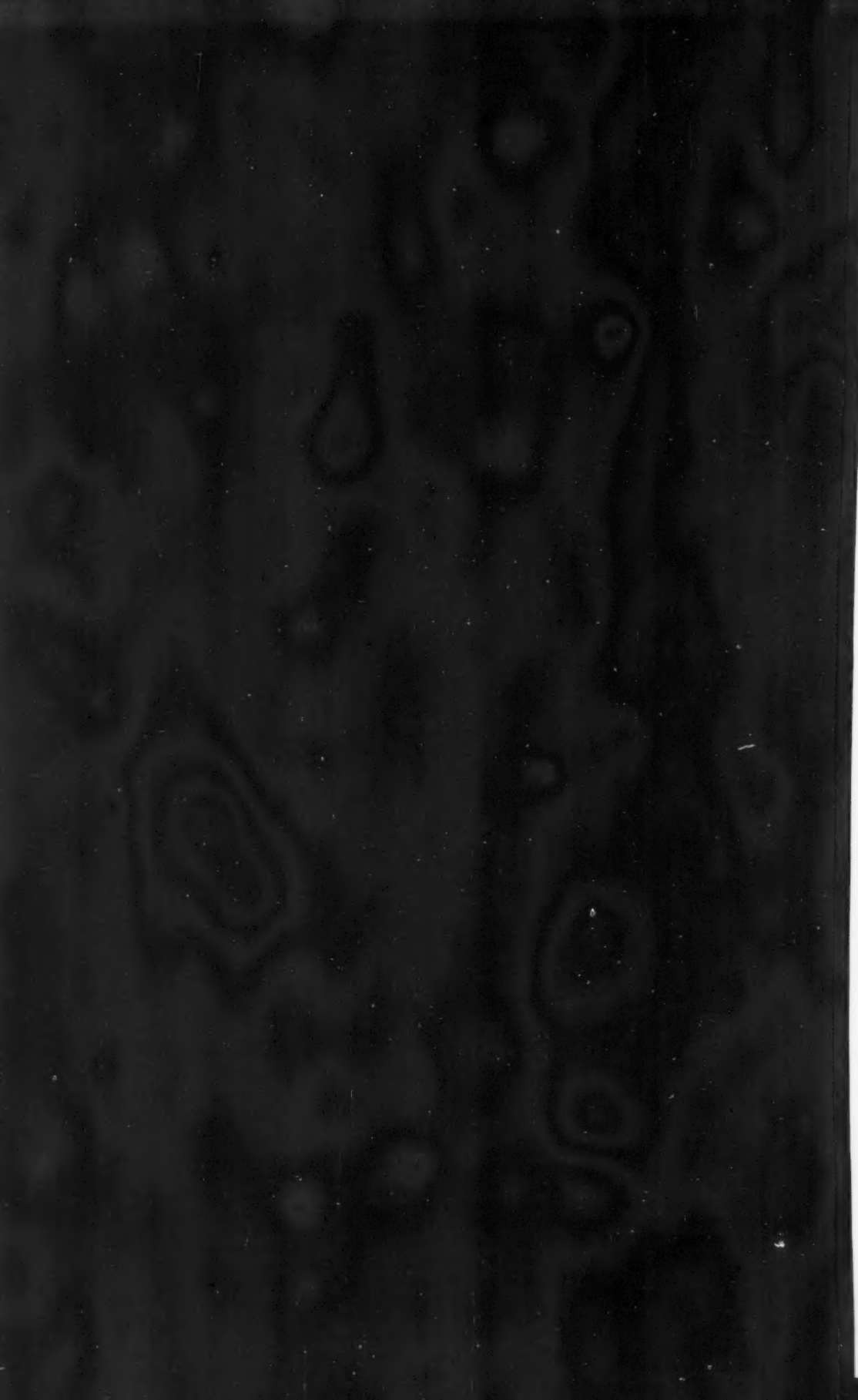
Capuchin Monks—Brahmin Conversions—German Mission in India—Rev. Charles Wordsworth—American Bible Society—American Missionary Board—Ionian Islands—Protestants in France—English Wesleyan Missionaries—Popery Renounced—Missions in the East—Episcopal Missions—Episcopalianism in Ohio—Evangelical Churches—North Carolina Conference—Dr. Rice—Professor Upham—Rev. Mr. Thompson—Presbytery of Philadelphia—Baptist Theological Seminary—Methodists in France—Rev. Mr. Robinson—American Missionaries—Mr. Cochran—Nestorian Mission—Micronesian Mission—Kingswood School—Dr. Newman—Dr. Achilli—Nengenage—American Missionary Association.

ART INTELLIGENCE 191

Jacometti—Dagnerre's Monument—Horatio Greenough—Athens—Cleopatra's Needle—Beethoven—Antwerp Art Union—French Exhibition—American Art Union—London Antiquarian Society—Shusan—Clot Bey.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS 192

New-York Historical Society—Imports—Interesting Relics—House's Line—"Fly-blight"—The Nile—English Telegraphs—Paris Academy of Sciences—Rev. Dr. Robinson.



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WHITTIER.

THE character of every man partakes more or less of the character of his ancestors, and his own individual history is in most cases but a repetition of their history, modified somewhat by the circumstances of his life and the age in which he lives. We inherit more than name and estate, or the lack of both, from our forefathers, and more than their mere forms and features—even the qualities of their souls, and the elements of the past in which they moved. Not only have we family likenesses, but family thoughts; and, therefore, to know a man thoroughly, especially a poet, one should know something of his family before him, and something of the opinions or want of opinions which they handed down to him. But more than this is necessary, viz.: some knowledge of the land in which he was born, and the natural scenery which surrounded his early years; the traditions and institutions of both, and, above all, a knowledge—the more of this the better—of the different phases of the life of the man himself. Given this, the product can be determined to a fraction; for in this we hold the key of the man's life and thoughts. Let us see how far this applies to Whittier, and how far not.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in the year 1808, in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, on a spot of ground inhabited by his family for four or five generations. The first of his family were Quakers, and underwent many persecutions from the early colonists. One would

naturally think that a body of men who had been forced to leave their native land for liberty of conscience would be ready to grant liberty of conscience to others; but experience proved, and still proves, the reverse; tolerance is seldom the growth of intolerance, or pity the fruit of suffering. The most tyrannical are frequently those who have been the most tyrannized over. At any rate it was so with our New-England fathers, and they were no sooner free to worship God in their own way, than they made it criminal to worship him in any other; Anabaptists and Quakers, among the latter the family of Whittier, came in for their share of suffering, not to mention the hard names with which they were rebaptized by the old Puritan divines. "Vessels of wrath," "God-abandoned wretches," "devil-driven heretics," and such-like goodly phrases were showered like hail upon them. As men are only men, especially when they are in the minority, the Puritan persecutions were not calculated to make the Friends over friendly. A very natural bitterness sprang up in many of their hearts, and continued for generations. The Whittier of to-day has the old ancestral feeling yet clinging to him: not in bitterness or revenge indeed, but a sleepless memory, and a fiery indignation against all intolerance and wrong. Of Whittier's early life we have no particular accounts further than that it was passed in the district schools—for this piece of information we are indebted to Griswold—and in helping his father on the farm. What need of other employment with his long array of broad-brim ancestry, and the green fields of New-England everywhere around him? In one of his poems he speaks of

> "Following his plow on Merrimack's green shore."

"The Indians," says Sieur De Monts, writing in 1604, "the Indians speak of a beautiful river far to the South, which they call the Merrimack." The scenery on the banks of the Merrimack, and in fact almost anywhere in New-England, is beautiful enough to make all her children poets, and it seems to have always made a deep impression on the mind of John. Innumerable are the allusions to it in his writings, and delicious his frequent glimpses of its scenery. The country around his birth-place, Haverhill, and the town of Haverhill itself, were famous in the early annals of Massachusetts—the former for the various Indian tribes who then peopled it, and the latter, the town itself, from its having been twice attacked by them, once in 1697, when the heroine, Hannah Dunstan, was taken prisoner; and again in 1708, when it was sacked by the combined forces of the Indians and the French, under the command of Des Chaillons. Old Cotton Mather wrote of the first in the 25th article of his Magnalia, and of the last Whittier has himself written in the legendary poem "Pentucket." In fact, the whole region about is alive with Indian memories, which must have delighted the poet in his youth, so often has he since referred to them, both in verse and prose.

His nineteenth year—we follow Griswold's Life—was spent in a Latin school, and in his twentieth, in 1828, he went to Boston to conduct "The American Manufacturer," a protective tariff paper. Previous to this time, however, he had won considerable reputation by his contributions to the papers of his native town and Newburyport. In 1830, he went to Hartford and took charge of "The New-England Weekly Review." Here he remained about two years, during which he was a strong politician of what was then called the National Republican party, and devoted but little attention to literature. He published, however, in this period, his "Legends of New-England," a collection of poems and prose sketches founded on events in the early history of the colony; wrote the memoir prefixed to the poems of his friend John G. Brainard, who had preceded him in Hartford editorial life, and several poems of his own which appeared in the Review. Politics, memoir-writing, and poetry—these are rather incongruous employments for one man to be engaged in. There is an old adage about too many irons in the fire; perhaps its truth came home to Whittier on this occasion. Be this as it may, he gave up the Review in 1831, and returned to Haverhill, where he was for five or six years engaged in farming. During this period he found time to write his Indian poem "Mogg Megone," and to represent his native town in the legislature in the sessions of 1835 and '36. What success he met with as a legislator we have never

heard. Generally the literary class are more noted for law-breaking than law-making. Byron's one or two printed speeches are not *quite* equal to "Childe Harold;" nor was Lamartine's few months in the presidency equal to his "Voyage in the Orient." Whittier, however, may have done better than both these illustrious Solons. "Mogg Megone" was published in 1836—but of that by-and-by—and in the same year Whittier was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he is, we believe, still a member. Of the latter years of his life we know but little, save that he has contributed largely to the various anti-slavery and reform newspapers, more latterly to "The National Era," published in Washington—and occasionally published a volume of verse and prose; for instance, "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" in 1849, and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," and the "Songs of Labor" in 1850. Whittier is one of the few American poets read in England, an edition of his works having been published there several years ago. The first and only complete edition of his poems, a large octavo volume, illustrated by fine steel engravings, was issued in 1850 from the press of Muzzy & Co., Boston. At this present writing he announces a new volume of poems, "The Chapel of the Hermits," from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Whittier's present residence is at Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he resides with his mother and sisters.

Glancing over this slight sketch of Whittier's life, the reader will notice four points therein, all of which are prominent in his writings. First, Quakerism; second, Indianism; third, politics; and fourth, anti-slavery; to which should perhaps be added—for it is the embalming atmosphere of all—a deep and beautiful religious feeling. Quakerism lives and breathes in the glorious legendary poem "Cassandra Southwick," the ballad of "The Exiles," and "Barelay of Ury," and more than all in "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal;" Indianism in "Mogg Megone," "The Bridal of Pennacook," and various of his smaller poems; and politics and anti-slavery in the "Voices of Freedom," and the bulk of his poetry generally. Take from Whittier these four points, let him stand upon his merits as a poet alone, judge him only by what is poetical, purely poetical in his volume, and he has not accomplished much: that is, judged by the highest standard of excellence. Judged by the day-standard, the age-standard, he is well enough; in many points equal to, and in many points superior, to the average.

Understand us thoroughly; when we say that Whittier has not accomplished much, we by no means deny the excellence of much that he has written, but only its being excellent *poetry*. In short, his subjects are not of themselves *poetical;* their purpose and power are quite another matter. We believe, as who does not? that persecution, sectarianism, &c., are evils which should be done away with immediately; but we do not believe—and this is the chief point upon which we differ from Whittier—we do not believe that poetry is ever to be the means of that effect. Poetry is neither abolition, political economy, nor even religion. It may embody each and all of these, but that is the least part of the matter, the dimmest of its many phases of brightness; the life, the soul of all is a spiritual essence of the beautiful, which wraps and folds it in its embraces, and animates and pervades every part of it, as the air animates and pervades the sky.

The fault—(we speak now in accordance with our own peculiar taste, and not for others—*chacun à son gout;* besides, the question, What constitutes poetry? has never been, and probably never will be, settled to anything like general satisfaction)—the fault, we say, of Whittier's poetry is not so much an over-predominance of religion, abolition, &c., as a lack of the poetical element itself. It is not poetry in the abstract, but politics and reform in verse—in passionate, powerful verse, but not poetic verse.

Great poets make everything poetical. The lesser make nothing so, not even the poetical itself. "The Advice to a Young Friend," and the "Man's a Man for a' that," of Burns, are not only—the former a piece of wisdom worthy of Solomon, and the latter, the finest and most manly protest for freedom the world over, but remarkable poems besides; full of the poetical element, the quintessence of that class of writing; poetical, in fact, because they are its quintessence. They not only say something, but they say that something in the best possible manner.

So when Coleridge writes a love poem, "Genevieve;" Wordsworth a metaphysical ode, "The Intimations of Immortality;" Shelley a "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty;" and Tennyson a protest against worldliness and aristocratic pride, as in "Locksley-Hall" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," they all produce remarkable poems, because they do their and poetry's *best*, and because they find out the heart of the mystery, and show us that alone. Herein do they differ from Whittier, who rarely goes below the surface. True, he generally makes his mark as with a whip of steel, and sometimes cuts into his subject till its blood spouts; but, for the most part, he is too furious and passionate to see what he is doing, and to do his work well: his brain whirls with indignation, and his eyes are blind with tears. He lacks repose, the first essential of greatness. He does not say much that is quotable and rememberable; nothing that "refuses to be forgotten." Men of much less real ability have accomplished much more because they have been calmer, and have blotted and corrected more. Whittier does not blot and correct enough, does not concentrate and crystallize his thoughts, but gives them to the world just as they flow from his own mind. Not that he writes incorrectly, or that he does not finish his compositions in a certain way; but rather that he gives them to us in the first draft. He is too great a master of the technicalities of writing, too fine a rhetorician, not to write well at first. However bold and free they may otherwise be, his thoughts are always trammeled with rhetoric; there is a certain kind of finish about them which stands instead of the true artistic finish.

Take any of Whittier's poems, select one at random, and find if you can its proper beginning, middle, and end. Stanzas might change places with each other, or be omitted altogether; the order of the thoughts might be reversed—his strongest and best thoughts often come first—the whole poem, in fact, might stand upon its head and be as good as ever.

In common with many other of our native authors, Whittier has endeavored to create an American literature, and has, comparatively speaking, failed, or at least failed in his most ambitious efforts. His American poems, those which embody the early legends and traditions of the country, are not among his happiest, especially those on Indian subjects. "Mogg Megone," the longest, he himself considers only a framework for sketches of the scenery of New-England and of its early settlers. In portraying the Indian character he has followed the delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams, and, in so doing, has discarded the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man. And this, in our opinion, is the cause of his failure. Selecting subjects not of themselves poetical—subjects which only a great poet could make poetical by first making them beautiful and romantic—he at once proceeds to strip them of any little romance or beauty which may have gathered around them from tradition or age, and shows them to us in their naked truth and deformity. To be true to nature he is essentially false to art, forgetting the golden rule—

"What would offend the eye in a good picture
The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

Volume after volume of Indian poetry has been written in this country, and no single one has yet made its mark. There is the "Yamoyden" of Sands and his friend Eastman, the "Powhattan" of Seba Smith, the "Tecumseh" of Colton, the "Frontenac" of Street—not to mention Hosmer, and a thousand other nameless scribblers with their forgotten absurdities. Hardly a year passes without adding to the heap of rubbish. For our part we do not believe that there is naturally any poetry around the North American Indians. Pathless forests, full of savage beasts and still more savage men—the former howling and roaring in their dens and caves, the latter shouting war-whoops and brandishing tomahawks, making war upon each other for pastime, scalping the wounded, mangling the slain, and torturing the living enemy by slow fires, and such like savage cruelties, diversifying their enjoyments by beating the helpless squaws and innocent papoose, and, of late years, by drinking fire-water till they become idiotic or crazed—there is not, we say, much poetry around such barbarity and darkness.

Again, what poetry is there in the Indian names with which our poets disfigure their rhymes? Where is the beauty or fitness of such uncouth words as Winnipisseogee, Agioochook, Ammonoosuck,

Pemigewasset, Umbagog, Uncanoonuc, Sachekantacket, Babboosuc, Sondagordee, Squamscott, Piscataquog, and others equally barbarous, in "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacook." And yet these poems are not without merit, and that of no ordinary kind; their language is strong and rhetorical, their descriptions of natural scenery fresh and in keeping, while the human picturesqueness, if we may use the phrase, is admirable. How distinct, and yet how soft and poetical the following picture:—

"Shooting around the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to Ocean's lullaby,
With birchen bark and glancing oars
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting-ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks that o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bearskin in the sun,
Watching the huskers with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who never more
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or stoutly shapes, with ax of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone."

But even better than this is the murder of Mogg Megone, at the close of the first canto of that poem:—

"Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their lock'd embrace beneath
In the red fire-light—'Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!' The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away—
But pitfully there the hearth-fire burns
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play;
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness! Hark, that cry!
Again and again he sees it fall,
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
He hears quick foot-steps, a shape flits by!
The door on its rusted hinges creaks;—
'Ruth, daughter Ruth!' the outlaw shrieks,
But no sound comes back; he is standing alone
By the mangled corpse of Mogg Megone!"

In the lines italicized Whittier held the key of the mystery, and had he been aware of the fact, and capable of using it, he had been from that moment qualified to write a true Indian poem. Not the murder itself, but the shadow about the murder made the tragedy; and not the Indians, but the shadow around the Indians makes the poem. Tennyson could write a fine Indian poem because he could give it the requisite shadow. Witness "The Lotos Eaters:"—

"And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos Eaters came."

There is nothing "mild-eyed" or "melancholy" about our book-Indians; no paling of dark faces, and no rosy flames; but rather extra coats of lamp-black, and a background of darkness, only lighted by burning towns and villages. None of our writers, save Bryant, know how to deal with them; for while all the others place them in their foregrounds, sharp and distinct, he removes them into his background, and into dimness and obscurity. And herein he is wise; for the more they recede from us the more poetical do they become, the mist of distance becoming a halo around them. What was common, and even repulsive, when near, becomes grand and sublime when remote and obscure; for remoteness and obscurity are the essential elements of the sublime.

But whatever might be the poetical merits of "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacock," the measure in which they are written—the octosyllabic measure of Scott and Byron's romances—would at last prove fatal to them, as it has already to nearly every poem written in it. The facility, the "fatal facility," with which it can be written, is proof positive that it is not the measure for either a great or beautiful poem.

Something different from either of these two poems, though partaking of the elements of both, as far as prose can,—and far superior to both, if not to any book of the class to which it belongs,—is the "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal." The foundation of this school of literary forgeries, viz., the supposed finding of antique journals and other private memoranda, illustrating the past, was begun by the publication of "The Diary of Lady Willoughby," and followed up by "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," relating to the life and character of Milton, and "The Household of Sir Thomas More," relating to the life and death of Henry the Eighth's famous Lord Chancellor. The name of the author or authors of this series we know not, nor whether they preceded Margaret Smith. Be this as it may, they are not a whit superior, exquisite as they certainly are, to our dear New-England maid, and her simple and earnest delineation of men and man-

ners in the ancient province of Massachusetts Bay. To have acquired the knowledge requisite for the making of such a book, Whittier must have pored over many dusty and worm-eaten volumes, both for the information they contain, and the style in which they are written; for in matters of mere style, and seemingly authentic information, the journal is a fine antique. Indians, Quakers, and Puritans; the wrongs and sufferings of the first, the persecution and forbearance of the second, and the intolerance and ill-will of the last, were never more faithfully and more tenderly delineated. Maintaining the cause of the early Quakers, Whittier is neither blind to the defects of many of them, nor to the many excellent traits of the opposing Puritans—sympathizing to a certain extent with both, and the great-little age in which they lived; the partisan of neither, but the faithful historian of both. In its description of natural scenery, the journal is fresh, beautiful, and truthful, and richer than anything of the kind in Whittier's poetry; while its pure and unaffected piety, and its air of simplicity and quaintness, commend it to the heart, and make it one of those few books which we love to read again and again.

But it is not in poetry, in mere poetry, that Whittier's strength and excellence lies. Verse with him is always secondary,—humanity, justice, truth, God first,—he seeks first these things, and the others are added unto him. He is a sincere, brave man in a world of falsehood and cowardice; and his voice is heard above its din, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Over the moral wilderness of society—the arid waste of life—his spirit walks in sorrow and exultation, wailing and shouting alternately; shouting the new order of things,—"Peace on earth! good-will to men!" and wailing the old, the gigantic wrongs of the past, and the specious falsehoods of the present. A wrong done to the least man, woman, or child, is a wrong done to Whittier himself; while a cup of cold water given to the least is to him a cup of wine, a beaker of divinest nectar, which makes him drunken with joy.

"He seems in some of his lyrics," says Whipple, "to pour out his blood with his lines. There is a rush of passion in his verse which carries everything along with it. His fancy and imagination can hardly keep pace with their fiery companion. His vehement sensibilities will not allow the inventive faculties fully to complete what they may have commenced. The stormy qualities of his mind, acting at the suggestions of conscience, produce a kind of military morality, which uses all the deadly arms of verbal warfare. When well entrenched in abstract right, he assumes a hostile attitude toward the champions and exponents of abstract wrong. He aims to give his song 'a rude, martial tone—a blow in every thought.' His invective is merciless and undistinguishing; he almost screams with rage and indignation." But he seems to be quite as well aware of his peculiarities as any of his critics. In the poem to the complete edition of his works, after speaking of the love he bears Spenser, Sidney, and "the old melodious lays," and how he tries in vain to breathe their marvelous notes, he says:—

"The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often labor's hurried time,
Or duty's rugged march through storm and strife are here.

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskill'd the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and wrong is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

Whittier is one of the few real men in the world who do their duty, or what they consider duty, regardless of consequences; one of the few sincere and noble souls who dare to be honest, when dishonesty would pay better; and who uplift their voices against what they deem wrong, when every word is sure to subject them to the obloquy of states and nations—which who can bear? and the lesser evils of the gag, the rack, the cell. Let us for a moment dwell in thought on these brave souls—the Whittiers and Elliotts of the age—and realize their beauty and greatness. No matter whether they are successful or not, they are alike great and beautiful. For any man who dares to tell the world it lies, when it does lie,—this false old world!—and who dares to

withstand it singly, if no man will help him, regardless of wealth and fame, and all other private considerations — such a man, we say, is a great man; great in victory, and great in defeat. Many fine things could be said in his praise; we ourselves could round off florid rhetorical paragraphs, and fill up the proper adjectives, but we decline so doing; the idea is best in its bare simplicity,—

"And is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

What Whittier has accomplished in matters of reform, it is impossible to say. All human words and actions are merely seed; the harvest is not yet; but it will come by-and-by, however stony the soil. As for what he has attempted to accomplish, to give even a tolerable idea of it—its name is legion—would require more space than our limits allow. Briefly, he has warred against evil in whatever disguise he has seen it—in the form of old persecution, as in the case of the Puritans and Quakers; in the form of slavery, the world over, but more especially here in America; in the form of sectarianism, arraying creed against creed, and setting creed itself above man; in the form of capital punishment, and all kinds of revenge, and we know not what else, in the shape of politics, and other miscellaneous trifles. Be sure Whittier has not seen an evil without warring against it with all his might; fighting in verse and prose, and in a noble life—the last the best of all.

Whittier's last volume of poems, "The Songs of Labor," is, in our opinion, his best. It contains fewer faults and greater excellences; is in a higher and purer school of art, and much nearer our ideal of what poetry should be. Not, indeed, of the highest order, but bearing the same relation to it that the master-pieces of the Flemish school of painting do to the master-pieces of the Italian. Selecting commonplace themes, such as ship-building, shoemaking, cattle-driving, fishing, husking corn, and the felling and towing of timber, he makes them poetical by the fertility of their clustering associations, and the condensed picturesqueness of his imagination. Never before—so far as we can remember in the mass of our poetic memories—did poet stoop so low and rise so high. The Flemish fidelity of Crabbe, the master of this species of writing, is dull and tame in comparison; for he rarely gives anything but detail, while Whittier, giving us the same detail, gives us something with it—a softened and mellowed light, and an autumnal richness of coloring. Not the mere fact of ship-building and cattle-driving is so poetical, but the associations which cluster around them:—

"From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down the hill.

o o o o o o o

"Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds, rising thick and dim
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

"We see them slowly climb the hill,
Or slow behind it sinking;
Or thronging close, from roadside rill,
Or sunny lakelet drinking.
Now crowding on the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load
Or rattling coach that passes.

"Anon with top of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close, or fallow:
Forth comes the startled good-man; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally."

But, perhaps, the two best poems in the volume are that addressed to Pius the Ninth, and that on the death of Ebenezer Elliott. As we have already remarked, the satire of Whittier is merciless; in the poem to Pius it seems to have reached its height, and is in the best taste—strong, nervous, and classical. The funeral dirge of Elliott is very noble and beautiful, full of fire and tears. So should a man like Elliott be mourned, and by one who so much resembles him—the Elliott of America—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Praise and Practice.—One of the greatest evils of the world is, men praise rather than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue, but it is very rare that the worker is respected more than the drone.



THE COTTAGE HOME.

Mine be a cot beside a hill:
  A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
  With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from the clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal—a welcome guest.

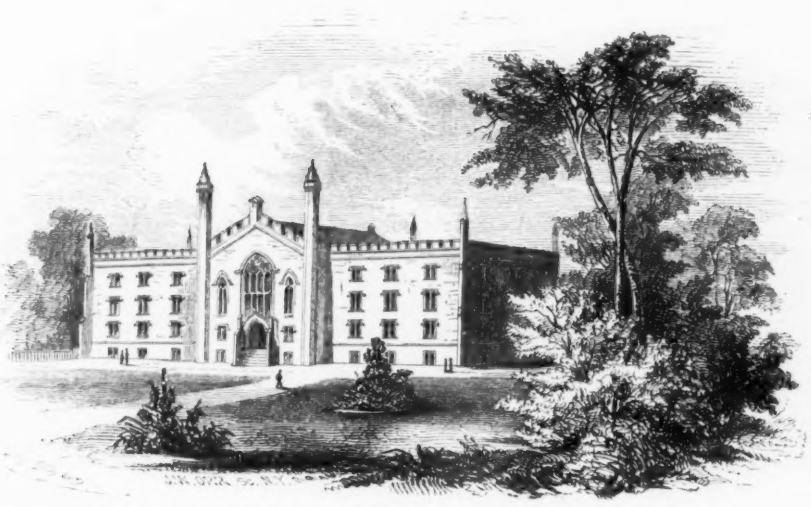
Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
  In russet gown and apron blue.—*Rogers.*

[For the National Magazine.]

IN MEMORIAM—E. A. B.

My heart aches while, to win relief,
I weave an idyl for my grief.
I feel her near me, yet I know
The leaves crept o'er her long ago.
I cannot think of a fair thing
Unless some hint of her it bring:
Each silver dream and form of grace
Is soften'd by her tender face.
  That face was very fair to see,
So lustrous with her purity.
It had no roses—but the hue
Of lilies, brighten'd with their dew,
You saw the warm thought flushing through!
  Her heart did Nature nurse and teach
With soothing scenes and tender speech.
The holy sky bent near to her;
She saw a spirit in the stir
Of dewy woods. The rills that beat
Their mosses with voluptuous feet,
Went dripping music through her thought.
Sweet impulse came to her unsought
From graceful things—and beauty took
A holy meaning in her look.
  As angels wander, so went she
In quiet and humility.
The casual gazer could not guess
Of half her vailed loveliness.
The tenderness and sympathy,
The beauty of sincerity,
Quaint thoughts, that nestled fresh and sweet
Where only love's responses beat.
  True woman was she day by day,
In toil, and hope, and victory.
But best of all, her Saviour led
Her into ways love-garlanded.
Her life was hid with things unseen,
By faith made holy and serene.
She knew what only they can know,
Who *live* above, but *dwell* below.
  The days are long—we wait and wait,
Patient, but very desolate;
Yet know the good Lord did the best
In giving our beloved rest.

New-York, 1852.



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THERE is evil enough here in New-York, and suffering enough too, to appal Beelzebub himself—the commixture of all nations nearly, so many thousands of people constantly *in transitu*, the great ingress of criminals and paupers, the very *débris* of European populations, and not a little suffering from the usual misfortunes of life among our own people, make of this vast community a strange, phantasmagoric picture of life. Over the huge aggregate of evil, however, play many benign, relieving lights. No city in this country —and that is equivalent to saying no city in the world—provides more abundantly, in proportion to its magnitude, for the claims of the poor. We mean literally what we say. The pauper appropriations of the city are unparalleled; a gigantic system of voluntary charity, with agents in every ward, and almost every street, provides for the worthy poor during the worst of the winter; nearly every Church has its charitable provisions; and the name of nearly every nation of Europe is borne by some humane organization, founded by its children who reside among us.

Besides these beneficent provisions, our metropolis is adorned by numerous charitable edifices, the monuments of a noble liberality, and the refuge of much suffering. We design to give, from time to time, engravings of some of these structures, with brief accounts of them.

Our present cut represents the *Orphan Asylum*. It looks down very picturesquely upon the Hudson, from a commanding site, between seventy-third and seventy-fourth streets, at the distance of about five miles from the City Hall. The grounds reach from the Bloomingdale-road to the river, and comprise about fifteen acres. The structure is Gothic, one hundred and twenty feet in length and fifty feet in breadth, and its beauty cannot fail to attract the attention of travelers on the boats from the North.

This institution is one of the oldest, most noted, and most useful in the series of our city charities. Distinguished names are associated with it. It sprung from the "Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children," which was founded in 1797, by the generous labors of Isabella Graham. In 1806, the widow of Alexander Hamilton, and the daughter of Mrs. Graham, (Joanna Bethune, the wife of Dr. Bethune,) with others, organized, in connection with that society, the "Orphan Asylum;" it was incorporated some time in the next year. During a number of years its building was on Bank-street. In 1836 it was enabled to enlarge its operations, and erect its present spacious "Asylum."

The Orphan Asylum is sustained by subscription and bequests. These have thus far been generous, and most providently

and usefully applied. Not far from two hundred children, from two to twelve years of age, are sheltered in this beautiful sanctuary, receiving every necessary comfort of life, good food and clothing, protection from the corruptions of the world without, and excellent training in physical, intellectual, and moral education. No sectarianism corrupts their religious instruction.

Stages from the City Hall carry passengers to the asylum for twelve-and-a-half cents. Visitors are admitted daily, except Sundays.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

IT is impossible! said some, when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery, and the cold and uninhabited region over which he reigned furnished nothing but some larch-trees to construct vessels. But though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except the provisions for victualing them, were to be carried through the immense deserts of Siberia—down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassable—*the thing was done*; for the command of the sovereign and the perseverance of the people surmounted every obstacle.

It is impossible! said some, as soon as they heard of a scheme of Oberlin's. To rescue his parishioners from a half-savage state, he determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg, so that the productions of the Ban de la Roche might find a market. Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses to construct a wall for a road, about a mile and a half in length, along the banks of the river Bruche, and build a bridge across it. The peasants were astonished at his proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the ground of private business. He, however, reasoned with them, and added the offer of his own example. No sooner had he pronounced these words, than, with a pickax on his shoulder, he proceeded to the spot, while the astonished peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted — walls were erected to support the earth, which appeared ready to give way—mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them—*and the thing was done*. The bridge still bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

It is impossible! said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rapp,—to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty-four thousand pine-trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the slide of Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground, or over deep places where it was sustained by scaffoldings; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle—*and the thing was done*. The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work says, that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow."

Say not hastily, then, *It is impossible!* It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week; or by thoughtlessness, carelessness, or indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy, and perseverance, is to insure success. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry-leaf satin;" and another remarks, that "care and industry do everything."—*Rev. C. Williams.*

TIME, THE CHEAT OF HUMAN BLISS.—"We live," says an able writer, "in an age of disenchantments; and many a good old prejudice and pleasant fiction have we seen die, that made our fathers very happy."

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

IF the accession of ten guineas to Johnson's purse, by his "London," and the attainment of a reputation above that of a "bookseller's hack" might seem to offer him inducements to persevere in his endeavors to reach a comfortable independence in the metropolis, they also, by affording the means of removing, and by promising a more eligible provision elsewhere, seemed to indicate this as the fittest time to attempt such an improvement in his fortunes. The offer of a school at Appleby in Leicestershire, which promised him a moderate competence, notwithstanding his dislike of the business, induced him to accept it. A single condition stood in the way of an immediate consummation of the arrangement; the statutes of the school required that the master should be of the degree of Master of Arts. Accordingly Dr. Adams, then master of Pembroke College, was applied to by a common friend, as to the possibility of procuring that degree from Oxford, *but it was esteemed too great a favor to be asked.* Next, interest was made for him by Mr. Pope, with Lord Gower, who kindly wrote to Dean Swift, through a mutual friend, earnestly asking, as a special favor, that the University of Dublin would relieve the difficulty by admitting Johnson to the requisite degree. Why the application was unsuccessful is not ascertained; that it failed is known, however, and the anticipated escape of the heart-sick prisoner of the hated town, resulted only in disappointment. It is well known that Johnson always seemed to entertain some untold dislike to Swift, and also in a mitigated degree to Lord Gower, and by some this affair has been thought to have been not remotely connected with these antipathies; though, perhaps the hopes that were then disappointed were more confident than were justified by circumstances.

Disappointed in one attempt to escape from the ill-paid drudgery of authorship, he presently turned to another expedient for relief. He now wrote to Dr. Adams, to ascertain through him whether a person might be permitted to practice as an advocate, without the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, confessing at the same time that he was "a total stranger to these studies," but adding with a modest confidence that "a profession that maintains numbers must be within the reach of common abilities, and some degree of industry." If great intellectual force, and the power to defend a cause with even consummate abilities were alone sufficient to render one a successful professional advocate, there can be no question that Johnson would have been eminently successful as a lawyer. But when it is recollected that a pertinacious application to whatever is taken in hand, and a patient wading through the dullest details, as well as an habitual observance of order and arrangement, and especially a rigid punctuality in everything, are essential to the professional success of an advocate, it may well be doubted whether he was capable of succeeding in that profession. But the experiment was not made. The answer was again unfavorable, and so the want of a degree effectually hindered his emancipation. Defeated at every point in his attempts to better his condition, Johnson now found himself thrown back upon his present condition and course of duties. He continued to write for Mr. Cave, and to aid him in the management of the Magazine, and also undertake the translation of Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, already referred to, which Cave now undertook to bring out. But this enterprise was likewise destined to fail, through a rather curious set of coincidences. At the same time that Cave proposed to issue a new translation of that celebrated history, from the pen of *Samuel Johnson*, the same thing was proposed by Dr. Zachary Pearce, afterward Bishop of Rochester—his also to be translated by *Samuel Johnson*, who was curate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Both editions had advanced somewhat before the coincidence was discovered, when, after some skirmishing between the two interests, both were given up, and the work never appeared. The loss in this case fell upon Cave, who paid Johnson for the work he did in small sums amounting in all to nearly fifty pounds.

Though compelled to occupy for the time the humble place of a "bookseller's hack," Johnson did not for a moment surrender his independence of thought and action. On more than one occasion the political sentiments that found expression in his "London," were afterwards more fully presented in his prose writings.

Two inconsiderable political pamphlets were written by him in the course of the year 1739. One of these, entitled "Marmor Norfolciense," was an essay on a pretended prophetical inscription, in Monkish rhyme, feigned to have been found at Lynn, in Norfolk—the county of Sir Robert Walpole, the obnoxious Whig Prime Minister—inveighing against the Brunswick succession and the measures of the administration, the commentary of the essayist making each pretended prophetic expression apply to the present public affairs. The other was an ironical defense of the licensers of the stage against the attacks of one whose production they had suppressed. A tragedy written by a Mr. Brooke, entitled "Gustavus Vasa," and intended to bear against the administration and the Hanoverian dynasty, had been somewhat extensively circulated in manuscript before its publication, and so coming to the knowledge of the ministry, the license for its presentation on the stage was refused. This interference was viewed by the author, and all the Jacobite party, who now by a strange mutation had become the special advocates of the largest liberty, as an invasion of the natural rights of man. The tragedy was soon after printed, having been called for in that form by nearly a thousand subscribers before it went to the press. On the occasion of its publication, Johnson was applied to to write in its defense, which he did by making this feigned "vindication," in which he presents the usual political slang of the opposition party of that time, with the usual amount of the demagogue's zeal for liberty and the rights of man. Neither of those productions added anything valuable to their author's reputation.

Two motives conspired to induce Johnson to write these two pamphlets. In the first place writing was his calling, by which he obtained his subsistence, and, so far as consistent with other considerations, he was ready to work for any who would pay. But he was not indifferent as to what he wrote, nor could any price have induced him to propagate falsehood, and to defend what in his conscience he believed to be the wrong. To oppose Walpole's administration was a work quite to his taste; and he only uttered what was with him more than an opinion, when he intimated that the succession to the crown had been illegaliy interrupted, and that the nation could not expect the ends of government to be accomplished by a Whig administration. One may indeed smile at his prejudices, and even pity his infatuation; but it is only justice to confess that his powers were never prostituted to purposes that his heart did not approve.



SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

As an illustration of the steadiness as well as the intensity of Johnson's political opinions, the following anecdote, though relating to a transaction that occurred several years later, may be properly introduced in this place. He had then become a frequent visitor at the house of Richardson, the novelist. While there one day, Hogarth, between whom and Johnson there was then no acquaintance, called and engaged in conversation with Richardson, while Johnson was occupied in another part of the room. The conversation turned on the then recent execution of Dr. Cameron—brother of the renowned Lochiel—for having taken arms in the cause of the Pretender, some eight or nine years before; and as Hogarth was a warm partisan of George II., he insisted that there must have been some very unfavorable circumstances in that case, not generally known, as the cause of this unusual severity, which otherwise would seem like a murder in cold blood, and altogether unlike his majesty's usual clemeney. While engaged in the conversation, his attention was attracted by the



JOHNSON, HOGARTH, AND RICHARDSON.

strange figure and motion of Johnson, who was standing at the window. Hogarth concluded that he must be some idiot or insane person, who had been intrusted to the care of Richardson. But to his surprise, at the height of their conversation, this supposed idiot came forward and taking up the subject, launched out in an invective against the king, as habitually vindictive and unrelenting, citing numerous examples to prove his assertion, which at once silenced and confounded his unknown antagonist. Hogarth declared that for the moment he fancied that the idiot was seized with a momentary inspiration. Strange to tell, after this abrupt interview these two distinguished strangers parted without an introduction.

During the years 1740–41, Johnson continued his labors for Cave on the Magazine. Beside a great amount of merely editorial labor, of which no account can be made, and a number of merely fugitive contributions, he wrote for the Magazine the Lives of Admiral Blake, of Sir Francis Drake, and of Philip Barretier. The Life of Boerhaave was printed in 1739. But the work that most fully taxed his powers, during these years, and probably did most to develop the masculine energies of his mind, was the Parliamentary Debates. At that time, the debates of the two Houses were not spread before the public as at present. In the absence of authentic reports, the public curiosity was gratified with certain fictitious or surreptitious debates in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the title of the "Senate of Lilliput," in which the real debates of the Parliament were caricatured with just enough of truth to cause them to be readily recognized, and the names of the speakers so given in anagrams, and other fanciful disguises, as to be easily interpreted. For some years this work was performed by Mr. Guthrie, author of a History of England; but after the accession of Johnson to a share in the editorship of the Magazine, much of the care of the debates fell upon him. Guthrie had been accustomed to gain admission to the Houses for himself and others, and then write out from memory what had been heard; but Johnson relied less on reports, and often knew nothing more of the real addresses of which he gave his fancied reproductions, than the names of the several speakers, and the part each had taken in the debate. This, of course, left him much more at liberty to exercise his powers of invention, and to arrange the parts of the discussion in the more perfect order, and though the speeches may have been, in their details, less true than they would have been made by relying upon reports, the whole was probably not only better in style, but also more truthful in their general character.

"In the perusal of these Debates," re-

marks Sir John Hawkins, "we cannot but wonder at the powers that produced them. The author had never passed those gradations that lead to a knowledge of men and business. Born to a narrow fortune, of no profession, conversant chiefly with books, unacquainted with the style of any other than academical disputations, and so great a stranger to senatorial manners that he never [seldom] was within the walls of either House of Parliament, —that a man under these disadvantages, should be able to frame a system of debate, compose speeches of such excellence, both in matter and form, as scarcely to be equaled by those of the most able and experienced statesmen, is matter of astonishment, and a proof of talents that qualified him for a speaker in the most august assembly on earth."

Cave had no very exalted opinion of the debates, but considered them of the nature of dead matter, useful chiefly to fill up the monthly pages of his pamphlet, which he supposed was sought for principally for the sake of those parts that he himself directed,—abridgments from the weekly papers, especially their attacks on the ministry, and a medley of pastorals, elegies, songs, and epigrams, gathered from all sources, selected without taste, and arranged without order. But he was not insensible of their effect upon his finances, however blind to their merits, when the circulation of the Magazine suddenly increased from ten to fifteen thousand a month above its former sales, and enabled him to buy "an old coach and an old pair of horses," and to emblazon his livery with a picture of St. John's Gate, instead of a family coat-of-arms. Johnson was rewarded not only by the pecuniary recompense that his labors brought him, but more especially by the applause bestowed on his labors by those whose opinions he prized most highly; though few, if indeed any but himself, was then aware of the extent of his claim to whatever was valuable in the reported debates. The pleasure, however, that success afforded him was not unalloyed; his conscience was not at ease as to the propriety of the deceit he was practicing upon the nation, which became more and more a matter of importance to him as the debates attracted an increased measure of public interest, and were generally thought to be substantially the veritable speeches of those to whom they were ascribed. When at length he ascertained that such was the generally received opinion, he determined to write no more of them, declaring that "he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood." His objection was not to fictions as such, for many of his subsequent productions, which he most highly valued, were of that species of writing; but it was to him a matter of deep regret as long as he lived, that he had been the author of fictions that were palmed upon the public as realities.

"In the mean time," continues Sir John Hawkins, "it was curious to observe how the deceit operated. Johnson had the art to give different colors to the several speeches, so that some appear to be declamatory and energetic, resembling the orations of Demosthenes; others, like those of Cicero, calm and persuasive; others, more particularly those attributed to such country gentlemen, merchants and seamen, as had seats in parliament, bear the characteristic of plainness, bluntness, and unaffected honesty, as opposed to the plausibility of such as were understood or suspected to be courtiers. The artifice had its effect. Voltaire was betrayed by it into a declaration, 'that the eloquence of ancient Greece and Rome was revived in the British Senate,' and a speech of the late Earl of Chatham, (then Mr. Pitt,) in opposition to one of Mr. Horace Walpole, [beginning, 'The atrocious crime of being a young man,' etc.,] received the highest applause, and was, by all that read it, taken to be genuine."

The period of the production of the Debates, marks an era in Johnson's history. He had remained in London, and in the employment of Mr. Cave, because he found no way of escape; and his necessities compelled him to be diligent in opposition to the natural indolence of his disposition. Industry removed his most painful embarrassments, and thus enabled his spirit to rise out of the despondency into which he had been sinking, and to give new life to the mighty, but hitherto undeveloped genius that lay within him. The Debates opened to his mind a field of thought and discussion well adapted to its character, while the covert of fiction allowed him a freedom of thought, as well as required a versatility of style and manner, well calculated to discipline him to that elevated but varied composition for which he was afterward so justly cele-

brated. The exercise was also a valuable lesson to himself. Though not greatly disposed to doubt his own ability, he nevertheless needed a fuller confirmation of the correctness of his own estimate of himself by the great public—that awful arbiter, whose decisions the most hardy and self-confident respect—than he had yet received. This he now obtained—not as a compliment to himself, but in the spontaneous and indirect commendation of his productions, when their authorship was unknown. Another result was probably not less valuable. He was constitutionally dogmatical, and disinclined to believe that opinions which differed from his own were either logically or morally defensible; but here he was compelled to argue both sides of the same question, and to state, with at least an appearance of fairness, the arguments both for and against his own cherished views and opinions. It would indeed have been strange if such an exercise had not suggested to him the thought that something may be urged on both sides of nearly every question; and though he always was strong in his own notions, no doubt that tendency of his mind was mitigated by this exercise.

The secret of the authorship of the Debates did not transpire till several years afterward; and as the story of the disclosure forms a somewhat interesting incident in this curious piece of literary history, it is inserted here, though anticipating the order of time, as stated by Mr. Murphy, who was himself one of the company to whom it was made:—"Mr. Wedderburne, (now Lord Loughborough,) [afterward Earl of Roslyn,] Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis, (the translator of Horace,) myself, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate toward the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, 'that Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read.' He added, 'that he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity; but he had met with nothing equal to that speech.' Many of the company remembered the debate; and some passages were cited with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardor of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words:—'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-street.' The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked, 'How that speech could be written by him?' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I wrote it in Exeter-street. I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had an interest with the door-keepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance; they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debates. The whole was afterward communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary Debates.' To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer:—'Then, Sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for, to say you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes would be saying nothing!' The rest of the company bestowed lavished encomiums on Johnson; one, in particular, praised his impartiality; observing that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. 'That is not quite true,' said Johnson; 'I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.'"

This remarkable scene and its revelations, though highly flattering to Johnson, aroused him anew to the dangerous tendency of the debates to falsify history; as it was thus made evident to him that even in learned circles they were received as genuine. He therefore from this time availed himself of every favorable opportunity to undeceive the public in that matter; and when Smollet was preparing his History of England, Johnson cautioned him against relying at all on the debates found in the Gentleman's Magazine, as they were, except as to their general import, the creatures of his own imagination.

Besides the labor of preparing the Debates, and some minor, though not inconsiderable contributions to the Magazine, Johnson also, during the years 1741–42, assisted his school-fellow, Dr. James, in the preparation of his "Medical Dictionary," for which he wrote several of the articles,

and also the proposals for the publication and the dedication to Dr. Mead. He had a special favor for the science of medicine, and probably was as much influenced in this matter by his tastes, as by any other consideration.



HOMESTEAD OF DR. JOHNSON.

Of Johnson's private and domestic affairs, during the former part of his residence in London, very little is known. That he was poor, even to distress, is sufficiently ascertained; but with a commendable delicacy he has effectually concealed from the inquisitive gaze of idle curiosity, the sacred though painful scenes of his household. At his first coming to the metropolis with Mrs. Johnson, they took lodgings in Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square, and soon after we find him in Castle-street, near Cavendish-square. At different times in the course of the next ten years he is found at Boswell Court, on the Strand, in Bow-street, Holborn, and Fetter-lane; and if he wrote the celebrated speech of Mr. Pitt in Exeter-street, it seems that in 1741, the date of that production, he either lodged or occupied an office there. An expression used in subscribing a letter to Cave in 1738, "yours *impransus*," has been taken as an evidence of extreme want, and though, from other sources of proof, we are compelled to believe that he was greatly embarrassed in his affairs, yet we cannot agree with Mr. Boswell in understanding this as "a fair confession that he had not a dinner." Many other reasons than sheer necessity may be supposed, any one of which may have kept him fasting, and with one whose life was so devoid of system as was Johnson's, it would not be strange, even if crowned with plenty, to find him without having breakfasted long after the hour appropriated to that meal. But in the depression of his own affairs he was not unmindful of his aged mother, who still survived at the old homestead in Lichfield, in which she had a life-interest and he the reversionary title. He regarded with peculiar attachment this scene of his early days.

As the property was under a mortgage, the interest of which was not always punctually paid by the occupant, Johnson himself became responsible in his own name for its payment, that his mother might not be disquieted by the presentation of claims that she was unable to meet.

Here we must, for the present, take leave of our subject, toiling incessantly for daily subsistence, and enduring many most humiliating hardships, yet pressing steadily forward in his manly course, and occasionally catching some glimpses of better days to come. But as yet these were distant, and their prospect indistinct.

English Conversation.—The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing, much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects; but, that narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded,—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain; for of this my share is not large, and I bear it easily.—*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*



REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.

THE venerable Ex-President of Amherst College has long stood as a memorable exemplar of the success which the sons of our republic are able to win in life, against all disadvantages of birth and fortune. Heman Humphrey was born in the town of Simsbury, Connecticut, in the month of March, in the year 1779. Being deprived of his father at an early period, and being without wealthy friends to aid him, it was impossible he should enjoy any advantages of education except those which were afforded by the district-schools of the mountainous and then thinly-settled region of his birth. He was, however, soon distinguished among his fellows for the quickness and accuracy with which he mastered the common branches of study that were within his reach; insomuch that, when he was only sixteen years of age, he began to be employed as a teacher of others. His life for several years was divided, as has been the case of thousands of young farmers in New-England, between the labors of agriculture in summer, and the business of keeping a district-school in winter—not more than three months being commonly devoted to the latter employment. His industry, intelligence, and good character, procured him in summer what was deemed an eligible situation for a young farmer, in the service of the Hon. John Treadwell, of Farmington, afterward Governor of Connecticut. Here he saw books and educated men, and met good examples and influences, which at once inflamed his desire for knowledge, and produced the determination that whatever advantages he might acquire should all be consecrated to the service of Christ.

For several years the settled purpose had been cherished, of endeavoring at least to obtain a liberal education, with the hope of being able to preach the gospel of salvation. His earnings were carefully husbanded for this purpose, as he had no human help to look to for resources. He also procured Latin books, and began to study by himself at leisure;

but he had finished his twenty-first year before he ventured to relinquish his laborious life as a farmer and set himself systematically to a course of study. Having at length mastered the required studies, he was admitted a member of Yale College, in advanced standing, where he soon gained distinction by his diligence and accuracy of scholarship, and was graduated with honor in 1805. He had accustomed himself in some degree, before he went to college, to the practice of English composition; and had already acquired a facility and a fondness for writing which has continued to form a prominent trait in his character. The turn of his mind for giving a practical direction to his thoughts, leading to present results, was exemplified in a series of essays which he wrote while in college, and published in a newspaper in New-Haven, on the system of common schools in Connecticut, showing the defects which generally prevailed, and pointing out the means of improvement. The pieces attracted much attention for the clearness and point with which they were written, and the sound judgment which pervaded them.

There were no theological seminaries in those days, but the custom was for young men after their graduation to spend a moderate period of time under the tuition of some well-known minister, by whose recommendation they were afterward put on trial as preachers and candidates for the pastoral office. Young Humphrey placed himself for this purpose under the direction of the Rev. Asahel Hooker, of Goshen, Connecticut, one of the most acceptable theological tutors of the time. In about a year he commenced preaching, and was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Fairfield, Connecticut.

This was, in several respects, a pleasant field of labor, especially for the literary associations with which he was surrounded, and to which his own cultivated tastes made him so desirable an acquisition. But the towns along the shore were then deeply deluged with intemperance, and Mr. Humphrey was one of the first to become impressed with a conviction that there was but little hope of effecting a reformation of morals until the prevailing habits of universal indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks could be broken up. He found a true yoke-fellow and fellow-laborer in this work in his neighbor and friend, the Rev. Roswell R. Swan, of Norwalk, a model pastor and minister of that day, whose early removal by death is still a subject of mourning among the people of his charge. The late Rev. William Bonney, of New-Canaan, was also a faithful supporter of the cause; and a systematic movement was set on foot in the western district of Fairfield County, in the year 1813, which ought, perhaps, to be set down as one of the first decisive steps in the grand temperance reformation which has since so greatly blessed our land. An address was issued, written chiefly by Mr. Humphrey, in which the prevalence of intemperate habits was traced to the almost universal practice of social drinking. "The ravages of intemperance are only streams—habitual drinking is the fountain; and while the fountain remains the hope of stopping the streams is vain." The position was taken that "ardent spirits are useless: yet more, that they are noxious to the healthy in almost every possible case," and that "drinking spirit is a gradual descent, where every inch increases the declivity and quickens the progress." And the remedy was distinctly proposed—"a total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors," and "a voluntary agreement, in neighborhoods and friendly circles, not to use ardent spirits in their families or provide them for their laborers." Those who bore an active part in the organization of the great national temperance movement in 1826, do not need to be reminded of the help they found as the fruits of those labors in Fairfield County in 1813.

In the year 1816, Mr. Humphrey was appointed to preach the annual sermon before the General Association of the ministers of Connecticut, sitting at New-Haven. The same discriminating view of the nature of existing evils, their causes and remedies, and the same bold fidelity in proclaiming the naked truth, were evinced both in the choice of his subject and in the manner of treating it. At that time a large number of the Congregational clergy of Connecticut were quite too much immersed in worldly cares. Many of them devoted their time to the business of teaching, preparing young men for college, or training those who had been rusticated for misconduct. Many were skillful, and, of course, thriving farmers; some gained

wealth by trading in farms, horses, cattle, or merchandise; some were men of laborious toil in the field, of whom it used to be said, in their towns, that they were the first at work on Monday morning, and the last to leave off on Saturday night. The consequences may well be imagined; while the shepherd grew rich in worldly goods, the flock grew poor in Christian graces, and few came to the house of God to hear sermons prepared at such disadvantage.

Mr. Humphrey met this evil boldly, by preaching on "The duties of ministers and people," from 1 Timothy iv, 15: "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear unto all." He showed, from the arduousness of the work of the ministry, that it was impossible for a preacher to do justice to his themes without diligent study, deep meditation, close attention, and contrivance how to make the truth most influential, by the most skillful adaptation of it to the cases of the people. That to this end it is required that a man should "be in" his business, and give himself wholly to it, without distraction or diversion. "He must not neglect his holy calling to enjoy the luxury of scientific pursuits, nor leave his study to consume his time and waste his strength in manual labor." He urged that ministers of the gospel were not at liberty to argue, as worldly men argue, about the duty of caring for their own families; but must resolve to do their duty, in the undoubting belief that, so doing, their Master will give his children bread; and that this was the very way to make the people willing to give the ministry an adequate support.

"I speak with great deference, but under a firm persuasion that if this subject were duly attended to, if we could all devote ourselves wholly to our proper work, the good effects of it would everywhere be seen and felt: weak societies would gradually gain strength; revivals of religion would, it can scarcely be doubted, become more frequent and extensive; ministers would have more influence, would be better and more cheerfully maintained; and the best interests of the state and nation would, by the blessing of God, be greatly promoted."

Strong representations were also made to the people, in regard to their duty in the premises, showing the criminal injustice, as well as the miserable economy, of starving the ministry. In the appendix were some calculations showing how inadequate was the support often given to pastors by congregations. It cannot be doubted that the publication of this able discourse was a word in season for the Churches of Connecticut, and was one of the leading causes of a general reform which followed among the clergy, in breaking up the prevailing worldliness and thrift which they were pursuing to the sacrifice of their proper work. Its faithful exhortations and brotherly rebukes took strong hold of both ministers and people, and in a short time there was a striking change observed. Ministers were more devoted, and congregations were more just; and as a proper consequence, not only was the progress of decay in parishes arrested, but successful measures were adopted to recover the old waste places of the State by a system of home missionary operations, still in progress.

The next year, 1817, he removed to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and became pastor of the church in that place, then just reunited in one, after a long period of dissension and strife. The conviction was forced upon him at once, that religion could not recover its proper ascendency, except through a powerful work of the Holy Spirit in a revival of religion. This he set himself to seek, by earnest prayer to God, by engaging the best Christians of the place in special and agonizing supplications for the blessing, and in a diligent use of every effort that promised to be of use for the end. And at length it came! God visited the place in a marvelous manner. In a few weeks the very face of society was changed. The town had been our army rendezvous during the war of 1812–'15; and sin and vice were sadly prevalent, especially in the more fashionable portions of society. But another aspect was seen in a short time, the blessed effects of which have not yet ceased to be manifest. The interesting narrative of this work of grace, which was published by the pastor, was widely circulated by the press, and contributed greatly to strengthen the hands of those who were then engaged in the promotion of religious revivals. In it he bore a frank and manly testimony to the good services of the Rev. Asahel Nettleton, a

young evangelist whose name, shortly afterward, became widely known and honored in connection with similar labors.

The establishment of the *Christian Spectator*, at New-Haven, in 1819, planned after the *Christian Observer*, of London, then in the height of its vigor, brought Mr. Humphrey more to the notice of literary men as a pointed and polished writer. Some of the reviews which he wrote for that work were, in that day, quite models in their way—particularly the review of a volume of poems by Percival, and the review of a novel by Miss Sedgwick. His firmness and integrity of character, simple but dignified deportment, and effective energy in everything he undertook, also contributed to make him prominent and honored among his brethren, and soon placed him in the distinguished and responsible post of President of Amherst College. But, to understand the case, we must first glance at the history of the college.

About forty years ago, the people of Amherst, then a small village standing back from the thoroughfare along Connecticut River, established an academy, at a cost of effort and means which was very great for that day. It soon became the chief place of resort for the hill towns on both sides of the valley of the Connecticut. Soon after the close of the war of 1812, there was a general awakening to the importance of more vigorous efforts to bring forward young men for the ministry, and to provide the means for giving them the advantages of a liberal education. The trustees of Amherst Academy projected a plan for educating a number of young men on a reduced scale; meetings were called to consider the matter, which were attended by zealous ministers and others of the surrounding country, some of them from a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and at length, in the month of November, 1817, it was resolved to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars, the income of which should be applied in aid of indigent young men preparing for the ministry, who should pursue a course of classical study in Amherst Academy. A committee was appointed to superintend the matter, and Colonel Graves was constituted the agent to obtain the subscriptions, which were conditioned to be void unless the entire sum should be made up within a year.

At the end of the year, although the agent was indefatigable, it was found that no part of the fund had been raised. The meeting which had been called to consider the matter, seemed at first prepared to conclude that the whole project had failed and must be given up. A few, however, were not disheartened; they had the sagacity to see, that ten thousand dollars was too small a sum to effect the object in view, and that the very proposition to commence with so small a sum was a confession of incompetency for the attainment of their object, which alone must prevent the people from giving their money. They rightly judged, that for a great object it would be more practicable to raise a large sum than a small one. They therefore resolved to raise fifty thousand in one year, and reappointed their committee and their agent; who now went again over the same ground, chiefly among the farmers of those hills and mountains, and by the end of the year completed the subscription of fifty thousand dollars. It was then resolved to found a college. Negotiations for the removal of Williams College to Amherst occupied some time; but on the 9th of August, 1820, the corner-stone of the first building was laid with religious solemnities—"the residue of the stones for the building being then in the mountains, the clay for the brick and the stone for the lime in the earth, and the timber in the forest." And yet, so great was the zeal and so general the cooperation, that by the 7th of November the building was roofed, and all the expenses provided for by voluntary efforts, except one thousand three hundred dollars. The building itself was completed by the end of September, 1821. On the 18th of that month, Rev. Dr. Moore, who had for several years presided over Williams College, was inaugurated president of the new institution, with several excellent professors; and the next day forty-seven students were admitted, and four collegiate classes regularly organized. Another building was now required and built—a subscription of thirty thousand dollars being raised to cover this and other necessary expenses. The number of students the second year increased to one hundred. A great revival of religion took place also, by which nearly every student who was not already pious was brought to experience the saving power of God. While all was thus bright and prosperous, President Moore was suddenly smitten down

by the hand of death, on the 30th of June, 1823. It was a severe blow; and the trustees, after due deliberation and inquiry, came to the unanimous conclusion that there was no man to whose care the infant college could be so safely intrusted as to the well-trained, practical, energetic, and scholarly pastor of the Church in Pittsfield. Dr. Humphrey was inaugurated on the 15th of October, 1823; and "Governor Treadwell's hired man became president of a college."

The expectations which were formed in regard to the qualifications of the new president, were not disappointed in the result. A difficulty had already occurred, to prevent the institution from obtaining a charter. Through the combined influence of sectarian prejudice, jealousy on the part of the friends of other colleges, and some local ill-will, two successive legislatures refused to grant a charter. The second went so far as to appoint a special commission to visit the college, and scrutinize every transaction and sift every charge connected with its origin and proceedings. The investigation caused the integrity and patriotism of the founders to stand out so transparently that it was impossible again to refuse a charter. The act was passed on the 21st of February, 1825, and the new board of trustees organized as a college April 13th—the number of students having increased to nearly one hundred and twenty. This continued influx of students created a continual demand for increased accommodations. The chapel building, containing also apartments for several other objects, was finished in February, 1827, at which time there were one hundred and seventy students, making the infant college the fourth in point of numbers in the whole country.

Such a measure of success had no parallel among our literary institutions. But this very prosperity at length caused a great embarrassment, from the necessity which it imposed on the trustees of making expenditures far beyond their means, in order to furnish the requisite accommodations, apparatus, and means of instruction for such a host of students. An alarming and crushing debt at length made it necessary for the president himself to assume the functions of financial agent, and to spend much time in the solicitation of funds, negotiation of loans, and other labors connected with the pecuniary concerns of the college. These extraordinary efforts were indeed crowned with a good degree of success; but, in the end, it was found here, as it has been found in other cases, that when the president of a college is compelled to spend ten or a dozen of his best years in financiering, he loses the indescribable something which is necessary to his complete success in his proper sphere. In the year 1845, before old age had properly disqualified him for full service in any line of duty, President Humphrey resigned his office, and retired to strictly private life, enjoying the warm affections of a large number of pupils scattered all over the country, and many of them occuping and adorning the highest stations of usefulness and honor. For his twenty years' service in carrying Amherst College through the trials of its infancy and the dangers of its youth to a state of full-grown strength and stability, he deserves, as he receives, the highest respect from the friends of an educated ministry and of liberal science. He has found a delightful home at Pittsfield, in the midst of the people who were formerly his attached parishioners, and there enjoys the dignity and quiet of a serene old age. By preaching, writing for the public press, and an active participation in every measure of public utility or benevolence, he keeps his powers bright and his heart warm, as in middle life.

Dr. Humphrey is happy also and honored in his sons. The eldest, Rev. Edward Porter Humphrey, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Ky., was Moderator of the Old School General Assembly last year, and has since been elected to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, as the successor of the venerated Dr. Archibald Alexander, deceased; another of his sons is a highly respectable counselor-at-law in the city of New-York; a third is a useful pastor of a Congregational Church in Illinois; and a fourth is pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Binghamton, N. Y.

A FRENCH WRITER breaks his article up into short sentences, of two or three lines, sometimes containing only two or three words, or even one. An Englishman marches his sentences up almost in solid column. An American's are neither as short as the one nor as long as the other.

ADVENTURES WITH THE SPIRITS IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME.

DRS. JOHN DEE and Edward Kelly claim to be mentioned together in the history of alchemy, having been so long associated in the same pursuits, and undergone so many strange vicissitudes in each other's society. Dee was altogether a wonderful man, and had he lived in an age when folly and superstition were less rife, he would, with the same powers which he enjoyed, have left behind him a



DR. DEE.

bright and enduring reputation. He was born in London in the year 1527, and very early manifested a love for study. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Cambridge, and delighted so much in his books, that he passed regularly eighteen hours every day among them. Of the other six, he devoted four to sleep, and two for refreshment. Such intense application did not injure his health, and could not fail to make him one of the first scholars of his time. Unfortunately, however, he quitted the mathematics and the pursuits of true philosophy, to indulge in the unprofitable reveries of the occult sciences. He studied alchemy, astrology, and magic, and thereby rendered himself obnoxious to the authorities of Cambridge. To avoid persecution, he was at last obliged to retire to the University of Louvain; the rumors of sorcery that were current respecting him, rendering his longer stay in England not altogether without danger. He found at Louvain many kindred spirits, who had known Cornelius Agrippa while he resided among them, and by whom he was constantly entertained with the wondrous deeds of that great master of the hermetic mysteries. From their conversation he received much encouragement to continue the search for the philosopher's stone, which soon began to occupy nearly all his thoughts.

He did not long remain on the Continent, but returned to England in 1551, being at that time in the twenty-fourth year of his age. By the influence of his friend Sir John Cheek, he was kindly received at the court of King Edward VI., and rewarded (it is difficult to say for what) with a pension of one hundred crowns. He continued for several years to practice in London as an astrologer: casting nativities, telling fortunes, and pointing out lucky and unlucky days. During the reign of Queen Mary he got into trouble, being suspected of heresy, and charged with attempting Mary's life by means of enchantments. He was tried for the latter offense, and acquitted; but was retained in prison on the former charge, and left to the tender mercies of Bishop Bonner. He had a very narrow escape from being burned in Smithfield; but he somehow or other contrived to persuade that fierce bigot that his orthodoxy was unimpeachable, and was set at liberty in 1555.

On the accession of Elizabeth a brighter day dawned upon him. During her retirement at Woodstock, her servants appear to have consulted him as to the time of Mary's death, which circumstance no doubt first gave rise to the serious charge for which he was brought to trial. They now came to consult him more openly as to the fortunes of their mistress; and Robert Dudley, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, was sent by command of the Queen herself, to know the most auspicious day for her coronation. So great was the favor he enjoyed, that, some years afterward, Elizabeth condescended to pay him a visit at his house in Mortlake, to view his museum of curiosities; and when he was ill, sent her own physician to attend upon him.

Astrology was the means whereby he lived, and he continued to practice it with great assiduity; but his heart was in alchemy. The philosopher's stone and the elixir of life haunted his daily thoughts and his nightly dreams. The Talmudic mysteries, which he had also deeply studied, impressed him with the belief, that he might hold converse with spirits and angels, and learn from them all the mysteries of the universe. Holding the

same idea as the then obscure sect of the Rosicrucians, some of whom he had perhaps encountered in his travels in Germany, he imagined that, by means of the philosopher's stone, he could summon these kindly spirits at his will. By dint of continually brooding upon the subject, his imagination became so diseased, that he at last persuaded himself that an angel appeared to him, and promised to be his friend and companion as long as he lived. He relates that, one day in November, 1582, while he was engaged in fervent prayer, the window of his museum looking toward the west suddenly glowed with a dazzling light, in the midst of which, in all his glory, stood the great angel Uriel. Awe and wonder rendered him speechless; but the angel smiling graciously upon him, gave him a crystal of a convex form, and told him that whenever he wished to hold converse with the beings of another sphere, he had only to gaze intently upon it, and they would appear in the crystal, and unvail to him all the secrets of futurity.*



DEE'S SHOW-STONE, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Thus saying, the angel disappeared. Dee found from experience of the crystal, that it was necessary that all the faculties of the soul should be concentrated upon it, otherwise the spirits did not appear. He also found that he could never recollect the conversations he had with the angels. He therefore determined to communicate the secret to another person, who might converse with the spirits while he (Dee) sat in another part of the room, and took down in writing the revelations which they made.

He had at this time in his service, as his assistant, one Edward Kelly, who, like himself, was crazy upon the subject of the philosopher's stone. There was this difference, however, between them, that while Dee was more of an enthusiast than an impostor, Kelly was more of an impostor than an enthusiast. In early life he was a notary, and had the misfortune to lose both his ears for forgery. This mutilation, degrading enough in any man, was destructive to a philosopher; Kelly, therefore, lest his wisdom should suffer in the world's opinion, wore a black skull-cap, which, fitting close to his head, and descending over both his cheeks, not only concealed his loss, but gave him a very solemn and oracular appearance. So well did he keep his secret, that even Dee, with whom he lived so many years, appears never to have discovered it. Kelly, with this character, was just the man to carry on any piece of roguery for his own advantage, or to nurture the delusions of his master for the same purpose. No sooner did Dee inform him of the visit he had received from the glorious Uriel, than Kelly expressed such a fervor of belief, that Dee's heart glowed with delight. He set about consulting his crystal forthwith; and on the 2d of December, 1581, the spirits appeared, and held a very extraordinary discourse with Kelly, which Dee took down in writing. This farrago of nonsense is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.* The later consultations were published in a folio volume, in 1659, by Dr. Meric Casaubon, under the title of *A true and faithful Relation of what passed between Dr. John Dee and some Spirits; tending, had it succeeded,*

* The "crystal" alluded to appears to have been a black stone, or piece of polished coal. The following account of it is given in the supplement to Granger's *Biographical History:* "The black stone into which Dee used to call his spirits was in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, from whence it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It was next the property of the late Duke of Argyle, and is now Mr. Walpole's. It appears upon examination to be nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal; but this is what Butler means when he says,—

"'Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass—a stone.'"

* Lilly the astrologer, in his *Life*, written by himself, frequently tells of prophecies delivered by the angels in a manner similar to the angels of Dr. Dee. He says, "The prophecies were not given vocally by the angels, but by inspection of the crystal in types and figures, or by apparition the circular way; where, at some distance, the angels appear, representing by forms, shapes, and creatures, what is demanded. It is very rare, yea even in our days," quoth that wiseacre, "for any operator or master to hear the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, *it is like the Irish, much in the throat!*"

to a general alteration of most States and Kingdoms in the World.

The fame of these wondrous colloquies soon spread over England, and even reached the Continent. Dee at the same time pretended to be in possession of the *elixir vitæ*, which he stated he had found among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire. People flocked from far and near to his house at Mortlake, to have their nativities cast, in preference to visiting astrologers of less renown. They also longed to see a man who, according to his own account, would never die. Altogether, he carried on a very profitable trade; but spent so much in drugs and metals, to work out some peculiar process of transmutation, that he never became rich.

About this time there appeared in England a wealthy Polish nobleman, named Albert Laski, Count Palatine of Siradz. His object was principally, he said, to visit the court of Queen Elizabeth, the fame of whose glory and magnificence had reached him in distant Poland. Elizabeth received this flattering stranger with the most splendid hospitality, and appointed her favorite Leicester to show him all that was worth seeing in England. He visited all the curiosities of London and Westminster, and from thence proceeded to Oxford and Cambridge, that he might converse with some of the great scholars whose writings shed lustre upon the land of their birth. He was very much disappointed at not finding Dr. Dee among them, and told the Earl of Leicester that he would not have gone to Oxford if he had known that Dee was not there. The earl promised to introduce him to the great alchemist on their return to London, and the Pole was satisfied. A few days afterward, the Earl and Laski being in the ante-chamber of the Queen, awaiting an audience of her majesty, Dr. Dee arrived on the same errand, and was introduced to the Pole. An interesting conversation ensued, which ended by the stranger inviting himself to dine with the astrologer at his house at Mortlake. Dee returned home in some tribulation; for he found he had not money enough, without pawning his plate, to entertain Count Laski and his retinue in a manner becoming their dignity. In this emergency he sent off an express to the Earl of Leicester, stating frankly the embarrassment he labored under, and praying his good offices in representing the matter to her majesty. Elizabeth immediately sent him a present of twenty pounds.

On the appointed day Count Laski came, attended by a numerous retinue, and expressed such open and warm admiration of the wonderful attainments of his host, that Dee turned over in his own mind how he could bind irretrievably to his interests a man who seemed so well inclined to become his friend. Long acquaintance with Kelly had imbued him with all the roguery of that personage, and he resolved to make the Pole pay dearly for his dinner. He found out before many days that he possessed great estates in his own country, as well as great influence, but that an extravagant disposition had reduced him to temporary embarrassment. He also discovered that he was a firm believer in the philosopher's stone and the water of life. He was therefore just the man upon whom an adventurer might fasten himself. Kelly thought so too; and both of them set to work to weave a web, in the meshes of which they might firmly entangle the rich incredulous stranger.

In this manner they prophesied to the Pole that he should become the fortunate possessor of the philosopher's stone; that he should live for centuries, and be chosen King of Poland, in which capacity he should gain many great victories over the Saracens, and make his name illustrious over all the earth. For this purpose it was necessary, however, that Laski should leave England, and take them with him, together with their wives and families; that he should treat them all sumptuously, and allow them to want for nothing. Laski at once consented; and very shortly afterward they were all on the road to Poland.

It took them upward of four months to reach the Count's estates in the neighborhood of Cracow. In the meantime they led a pleasant life, and spent money with an unsparing hand. When once established in the Count's palace, they commenced the great hermetic operation of transmuting iron into gold. Laski provided them with all necessary materials, and aided them himself with his knowledge of alchemy; but, somehow or other, the experiment always failed at the very moment it ought to have succeeded, and they were obliged to recommence operations on a grander

scale. But the hopes of Laski were not easily extinguished. Already, in idea, the possessor of countless millions, he was not to be cast down for fear of present expenses. He thus continued from day to day, and from month to month, till he was at last obliged to sell a portion of his deeply-mortgaged estates to find aliment for the hungry crucibles of Dee and Kelly, and the no less hungry stomachs of their wives and families. It was not till ruin stared him in the face that he awoke from his dream of infatuation, too happy, even then, to find that he had escaped utter beggary. Thus restored to his senses, he soon rid himself of his expensive visitors.

Not knowing well whither to direct their steps, they resolved to return to Cracow, where they had still a few friends; but, by this time, the funds they had drawn from Laski were almost exhausted, and they were many days obliged to go dinnerless and supperless. They still gained a little by casting nativities, and kept starvation at arm's length, till a new dupe, rich enough for their purposes, dropped into their toils, in the shape of a royal personage. Having procured an introduction to Stephen, king of Poland, they predicted to him that the Emperor Rudolph would shortly be assassinated, and that the Germans would look to Poland for his successor. As this prediction was not precise enough to satisfy the king, they tried their crystal again, and a spirit appeared who told them that the new sovereign of Germany would be Stephen of Poland. Stephen was credulous enough to believe them, and was once present when Kelly held his mystic conversations with the shadows of his crystal. He also appears to have furnished them with money to carry on their experiments in alchemy; but he grew tired, at last, of their broken promises and their constant drains upon his pocket, and was on the point of discarding them with disgrace when they met with another dupe, to whom they eagerly transferred their services. This was Count Rosenberg, a nobleman of large estates at Trebona, in Bohemia. So comfortable did they find themselves in the palace of this munificent patron, that they remained nearly four years with him, faring sumptuously, and having an almost unlimited command of his money.

But now, while fortune smiled upon them, while they reveled in the rewards of successful villany, retributive justice came upon them in a shape they had not anticipated. Jealousy and mistrust sprang up between the two confederates, and led to such violent and frequent quarrels, that Dee was in constant fear of exposure. As their quarrels every day became more and more frequent, Dee wrote letters to Queen Elizabeth, to secure a favorable reception on his return to England, whither he intended to proceed if Kelly forsook him. He also sent her a round piece of silver, which he pretended he had made of a portion of brass cut out of a warming-pan. He afterward sent her the warming-pan also, that she might convince herself that the piece of silver corresponded exactly with the hole which was cut into the brass. While thus preparing for the worst, his chief desire was to remain in Bohemia with Count Rosenberg, who treated him well, and reposed much confidence in him. Neither had Kelly any great objection to remain; but a new passion had taken possession of his breast, and he was laying deep schemes to gratify it. His own wife was ill-favored and ill-natured; Dee's was comely and agreeable; and he longed to make an exchange of partners without exciting the jealousy or shocking the morality of Dee. This was a difficult matter; but to a man like Kelly, who was as deficient in rectitude and right feeling as he was full of impudence and ingenuity, the difficulty was not insurmountable. He had also deeply studied the character and the foibles of Dee, and he took his measures accordingly. The next time they consulted the spirits, Kelly pretended to be shocked at their language, and refused to tell Dee what they had said. Dee insisted, and was informed that they were henceforth to have their wives in common. Dee, a little startled, inquired whether the spirits might not mean that they were to live in common harmony and good-will? Kelly tried again, with apparent reluctance, and said the spirits insisted upon the literal interpretation. The poor fanatic Dee resigned himself to their will; but it suited Kelly's purpose to appear coy a little longer. He declared that the spirits must be spirits not of good, but of evil; and refused to consult them any more. He thereupon took his departure, saying that he would never return.

Dee, thus left to himself, was in sore

trouble and distress of mind. He knew not on whom to fix as the successor of Kelly for consulting the spirits; but at last chose his son Arthur, a boy of eight years of age. He consecrated him to this service with great ceremony, and impressed upon the child's mind the dignified and awful nature of the duties he was called upon to perform; but the poor boy had neither the imagination, the faith, nor the artifice of Kelly. He looked intently upon the crystal as he was told; but could see nothing and hear nothing. At last, when his eyes ached, he said he could see a vague, indistinct shadow, but nothing more. Dee was in despair. The deception had been carried on so long, that he was never so happy as when he fancied he was holding converse with superior beings; and he cursed the day that had put estrangement between him and his dear friend Kelly. This was exactly what Kelly had foreseen; and when he thought the doctor had grieved sufficiently for his absence, he returned unexpectedly, and entered the room where the little Arthur was in vain endeavoring to distinguish something in the crystal. Dee, in entering this circumstance in his journal, ascribes this sudden return to a "miraculous fortune," and a "divine fate;" and goes on to tell that Kelly immediately saw the spirits which had remained invisible to little Arthur. One of these spirits reiterated the previous command, that they should have their wives in common. Kelly bowed his head and submitted; and Dee, in all humility, consented to the arrangement.

This was the extreme depth of the wretched man's degradation. In this manner they continued to live for three or four months, when, new quarrels breaking out, they separated once more. This time their separation was final. Kelly, taking the *elixir* which he had found in Glastonbury Abbey, proceeded to Prague, forgetful of the abrupt mode in which he had previously been expelled from that city. Almost immediately after his arrival he was seized by order of the Emperor Rudolph, and thrown into prison. He was released after some months' confinement, and continued for five years to lead a vagabond life in Germany, telling fortunes at one place, and pretending to make gold at another. He was a second time thrown into prison, on a charge of heresy and sorcery: and he then resolved, if ever he obtained his liberty, to return to England. He soon discovered that there was no prospect of this, and that his imprisonment was likely to be for life. He twisted his bed-clothes into a rope, one stormy night in February 1595, and let himself down from the window of his dungeon, situated at the top of a very high tower. Being a corpulent man, the rope gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. He broke two of his ribs, and both his legs; and was otherwise so much injured, that he expired a few days afterward.

Dee, for a while, had more prosperous fortune. The warming-pan he had sent to Queen Elizabeth was not without effect. He was rewarded soon after Kelly had left him with an invitation to return to England. His pride, which had been sorely humbled, sprang up again to its pristine dimensions, and he set out from Bohemia with a train of attendants becoming an ambassador. How he procured the money does not appear, unless from the liberality of the rich Bohemian, Rosenberg; or perhaps from his plunder. He traveled with three coaches for himself and family, and three wagons to carry his baggage. Each coach had four horses; and the whole train was protected by a guard of four-and-twenty soldiers. This statement may be doubted; but it is on the authority of Dee himself, who made it on oath before the commissioners appointed by Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances. On his arrival in England he had an audience of the Queen, who received him kindly.

Thrown thus unexpectedly upon his own resources, Dee began in earnest the search for the philosopher's stone. He worked incessantly among his furnaces, retorts, and crucibles; and almost poisoned himself with deleterious fumes. He also consulted his miraculous crystal; but the spirits appeared not to him. He tried one Bartholomew to supply the place of the invaluable Kelly; but he being a man of some little probity, and of no imagination at all, the spirits would not hold any communication with him. Dee then tried another pretender to philosophy, of the name of Hickman, but had no better fortune. The crystal had lost its power since the departure of its great high priest. From this quarter, then, Dee could get no information on the stone or elixir of the al-

chemists, and all his efforts to discover them by other means were not only fruitless but expensive. He was soon reduced to great distress, and wrote piteous letters to the Queen praying relief. He represented that, after he left England with Count Laski, the mob had pillaged his house at Mortlake, accusing him of being a necromancer and a wizard; and had broken all his furniture, burned his library, consisting of four thousand rare volumes, and destroyed all the philosophical instruments and curiosities in his museum. For this damage he claimed compensation; and furthermore stated, that, as he had come to England by the Queen's command, she ought to pay the expenses of his journey. Elizabeth sent him small sums of money at various times; but Dee still continuing his complaints, a commission was appointed to inquire into his circumstances. He finally obtained a small appointment as Chancellor of St. Paul's cathedral, which he exchanged, in 1595, for the wardenship of the college at Manchester. He remained in this capacity till 1602 or 1603, when, his strength and intellect beginning to fail him, he was compelled to resign. He retired to his old dwelling at Mortlake, in a state not far removed from actual want, supporting himself as a common fortune-teller, and being often obliged to sell or pawn his books to procure a dinner. James I. was often applied to on his behalf, but he refused to do anything for him. It may be said, to the discredit of this king, that the only reward he would grant the indefatigable Stowe, in his days of old age and want, was the royal permission to beg; but no one will blame him for neglecting such a quack as John Dee. He died in 1608, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried at Mortlake.

[For the National Magazine.]

DIES IRÆ.

THE article in your November number on Latin Hymns, suggested the propriety of sending the annexed translation of the *Dies Iræ*. It is taken from Churton's History of the Early Anglican Church, an English work of considerable repute. In connection with the life of Thurston, Archbishop of York, in the twelfth century, (who is said to have chanted its lines just before his death,) Mr. Thurston gives it as the translation of the Rev. Isaac Williams, of Trinity College, Oxford. Its truthfulness to the original and impressive solemnity may afford additional interest to the readers of the article referred to.

Very respectfully,
JOHN B. HENRY.

PHILADELPHIA, *November*, 1852.

Day of wrath! the dreadful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!

Who can paint the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh
Who shall all things judge and try?

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tomb of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne?

Death and time shall stand aghast,
And creation at the blast
Rise to answer for the past:

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the judge shall sit; O, then
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited naught remain.

Wo is me! what shall *I* plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King, of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity, save thou me!

Weary, seeking me, wast thou,
And for me in death didst bow,—
Let thy pain avail me now!

Thou didst set the adulteress free,—
Heardst the thief upon the tree,—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Naught of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in thy free mercy's name;
Save me from the undying flame!

With thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from the accursed line;
Set me on thy right with thine!

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to heaven!

Suppliant, lo! to earth I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend;
Care thou, Lord, for my last end.

DERIVATION OF HONEYMOON.—It was the custom of a higher order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, "to spend the honeymoon."

THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE.

"THE Cincinnati *Atlas* states that the West is flooded with trash in the shape of cheap blood-and-thunder stories, and it expresses the hope that the press throughout the country will help to wage a war of extermination against the nefarious traffic. This obscene and revolting literature is hawked about by agents, who insinuate themselves into every dwelling, office, and public place, and by their misrepresentations induce thousands to buy their demoralizing publications, thus diffusing the poison through the community. Are there no means, asks our Cincinnati cotemporary, to stay the torrent of impurity? None, we fear, but in cultivating a purer taste in the community, which would lead them to reject, as they would garbage, the vile stuff offered for their mental diet. It is positively amazing the number of writers, male and female, of trashy tales that have sprung up in this country during the last ten years. Many of our weekly papers are laden with their contributions; and Heaven spare the digestive apparatus that can receive and assimilate them! It is almost enough to disgust one with fiction to see the quantity of rubbish that these scribblers have the capacity of giving forth 'in one wishy-washy, everlasting flood.' Let the public discourage the publication of these stories by refusing to buy them, and the evil may be gradually corrected, and a more salutary taste be substituted."

Thus speaks the *Boston Transcript*. The extract is a good text for some additions to the article we gave in our last on *Satanic Literature*. The *Cincinnati Atlas* is the western paper we referred to in that article; the western editor but expresses what every traveler, not only in the West, but in the Puritan East, knows to be a fact, as the *Transcript* virtually acknowledges. The land is whelmed with this infernal literature, and perhaps no more potent means of moral corruption, especially among the young, could be devised.

Last month we made some unstinted remarks on the moral enormity of this evil. We wish not to return to a subject so thoroughly repulsive in its nature, but to consider briefly one which is closely related to it—the bad tendencies of our novel literature in general.

We believe that from our ordinary novel literature springs the specific and corrupt class of fictions above referred to—the authorship of them and the appetite for them. We have no fanatical anathema to utter here against all novels. That we know would be preposterous. In the first article of the first number of this Magazine we said otherwise. The qualification demanded by the subject is not a very casuistical one. Evidently there are characters and scenes of life which are as legitimate subjects of fictitious writing as the aspects of natural scenery are of ideal combinations in painting, or of imaginative descriptions in poetry. The mischief with our fictitious literature is its disproportionate, its overwhelming abundance, and chiefly its moral characteristics.

Its abundance is such that we may literally pronounce it the predominating department of modern literature. It must be remembered that only about a century has elapsed since the introduction, by Richardson and Madame D'Arblay, of the modern novel—the novel as a distinct type of literature—a picture of character and society. The old romances which preceded it—tales of chivalry or gallantry, reflections from the middle ages—were a class by themselves—poems in prose, and comparatively few and comparatively little read, for the "people" were not then readers. In this brief period how immense has been the growth of our novel literature! Like the ivy—the poisonous ivy on the oak—it has ascended and overgrown the whole tree, spread out upon every bough, and woven itself with almost every stem and leaf. It is, in fact, the most ostensible form of modern letters. The highest genius exhausts itself in it. The largest, though certainly not the most lasting, reputations are made by it. The best recompenses are earned by it. Fortunes, almost the only ones made in literature, are suddenly reaped by the modern novelist. Poetry, the old and divine form of fiction—that which has been dear and sacred to all ages and all nations—what are its pecuniary rewards compared with those of the modern novel? The poet still retains, however, one reward, his old guerdon, and nothing shows more manifestly the general consciousness of the comparative and inherent worthlessness of the novel; the poet has yet "immortality" to aspire after—the novelist, however successful, can hardly expect to survive an age or two. There are essential differences in the two kinds of literature which lead to this distinction, and which no genius of the novelist can countervail—unless by changing him into a poet as Goethe in his "Faust" and Scott in his metrical romances.

The novelist takes precedence of the poet, and, indeed, of all other writers, not only in remuneration and immediate ef-

fectiveness, but, as the condition of these, in breadth of circulation. No other works pass through such rapid editions, and are scattered so widely. All the popular periodicals, except such as are specifically religious, teem with them. The newspapers, even in the remotest retirements of the country, must insert them. The leading political sheets of Paris pay enormous prices to the reigning novelists for serial tales, and place them in parallel columns with elaborate dissertations on public economics. Fictions, fictions are what the people everywhere hunger and thirst after.

Now it cannot be otherwise than that this universal sway of the novel should have a profound effect on the whole *morale* of the public mind. It is a sort of mental mania. Salutary as the occasional reading of a novel might be, this, its engrossing influence upon the reading world, cannot but be pernicious, and even disastrous. We believe there are moral and even pathological phenomena of modern life which have no slight relation to it. Especially do we think that the thirst for a more and more degenerate literature is an effect of it. The pampered appetite cannot be satisfied but by more stimulating condiments; the "Satanic literature" is the result. Among us, notwithstanding its universal prevalence, it has as yet a low rank in authorship; but in France it has enlisted, under slight disguises, the best talent. Even France, however, has come to us for specimens, and the *bizarre* and horrific prose tales of Poe have been detailed in the columns of her newspapers.

While the general prevalence of light reading tends thus to the creation of a morbid taste and a demoralized literature, the moral character of not merely the "Satanic" fictions, but of our ordinary novel literature, enhances greatly this tendency. Much of the latter, if not expressly impure, is exaggerated, over-stimulated, and, therefore, enervating to both the faculties and sensibilities; and the mind, gorged with the modern excess of such aliment, must inevitably degenerate. Novelists themselves have acknowledged this evil. Walter Scott would not allow his daughters to read his own novels. Goldsmith, in a letter of advice to his brother on the education of his child, says:—"Above all, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the young to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed, and to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general—take the word of a man who has seen the world and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."

Such was his opinion of not the real immoralities of novels, but of the influence of their mere idealism. And the opinion is just in even this limited view, much more so in view of the debasing morals often taught and exemplified in fictitious productions. A much more philosophical thinker, Isaac Taylor, has expressed the same thought with something of its solution. He says:—

"Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions of our nature may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that these feelings, however vivid, and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a pressing center of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is in fact more impenetrable than that which usually envelops a pampered imagination. The reality of wo is the very circumstance that paralyzes sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance or the drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy; the heart has become like that of leviathan, 'firm as a stone, yea, hard as a piece of the nether millstone.'"

It is in this manner that the jaded appetite becomes unnatural, demands more exciting nutriment, and gives rise to the enormous corruptions of literature; corruptions which, we think, may justly be said to be unequaled in any other sphere of genius.

Even when works of fiction are not

morbidly sentimental nor expressly licentious, yet too often are they downrightly anti-religious, and thus, by perverting the moral sense, of the young especially, prepare them for more corrupt tastes. There is among a certain class of literary and semi-literary minds, a "liberality" toward such defects, which we deem the very essence of squeamishness—a squeamishness for their favorite authors, and for the assumed liberty of the pen, which will not allow them to tolerate moral animadversions on men of genius. To them a demand for moral purity, and especially for religious respectfulness, not to say reverence, in a work of literature is "prudery," "Puritanism;" and the religious critic, who makes the claim in behalf of the best interests of his race, is the "Tartuffe" of the times. Tartuffes in religion are abhorrent enough, Heaven knows; but in these days there are many more of them in literature than in religion. If anything was ever contemptibly hollow-hearted, and flippantly pretentious, it is the drawling, puling sentimentalism and pseudo-humanitarianism of that class of modern literary *dilettante*, especially in America, who "cant" against "orthodoxy:" to whom the sublime faith of Paul and John, of Locke and Newton, of Bacon and Washington, is a childish tradition, not to be thought of by the rampant muse; and flings at which, from men of genius, as in a work of fiction, are evidences of smartness and of freedom from "fanaticism." Preposterous and puerile folly!

If we have no right to demand that the highest virtues and highest duties of humanity—those of religion—shall be respected in literature, we have the right to demand that they shall not be treated with disrespect. But is it not the case that even our best works of fiction do disparage religion? We know that to bring the charge against such writers as Scott and Dickens, would be considered exceedingly fastidious, but it is not the less a tenable charge. Mr. Dickens is especially distinguished for the humanity of his aims, the healthfulness of his humor, and his uniform sympathy for homely life and the "suffering classes." We admire these excellences, and it is with deep reluctance that we speak a word against a man of such genius and such noble devotion to good ends; but we are compelled by the truth to say that the worst, because most plausible, and therefore most effectual caricatures of religion put forth in modern times, are from his pen. Religious characters are often introduced among his *dramatis personæ*, but scarcely one which is distinctively such, except as a caricature. All his characters of this kind may deserve the satire aimed at them; but why are there no instances of religious sincerity ever placed in contrast with them? Are the innumerable examples of saintly purity, divine nobleness, devotion, long-suffering, heroism, martyrdom, which crowd the annals of religion, and illustrate even our own times, spurious? Is there no recognition for them on the part of genius? Are the rascalities which simulate them the only congenial material for the productions of men who professedly sympathize with our common humanity, and professedly labor for its redemption?

One of our exchanges, in speaking of "religion in the best novels," says:—

"By common consent, Dickens and Scott would probably be selected as novelists, the moral influence of whose writings is the most unexceptionable. Dickens is even commended as a public benefactor, on account of the healthy stimulus which his writings are supposed to give the best sympathies of the heart. The object of this article is to direct attention to the representations which these writers make of religion. In 'David Copperfield,' Dickens introduces to us a man named Murdstone, who married for property, and by sternness and morose severity, aided by the same characteristics in a maiden sister, to whom he gives the rule of the house, breaks the hearts and destroys the lives of two wives in succession. He also treats David, his wife's son, with cruelty, and after his mother's death puts him to a low business, washing bottles. This man and his sister are described as professedly pious persons, and their sternness is explicitly declared to be the result of their religion. By this man, David was sent to a school to a master, who combined all that was tyrannical to his scholars, with unfaithfulness as a teacher, and unscrupulous cupidity. This schoolmaster, also, is described as a pious man. Later in the story, David finds him the warden of a penitentiary, diligently engaged in imparting religious instruction to the prisoners; and two of the most consummate of villains, who had figured largely in the story, are described as his converts. In a word, all the characters in the story that are so painted as to awaken the abhorrence of the reader, are described as professors of religion. Let us turn to Scott, the other boasted author of novels of unexceptionable moral character. In 'Rob Roy,' the hero's father is a merchant, having no ideas beyond his ledger, stern, and void of the common feelings of humanity. His son, on his return from France, expresses disinclination to engage in mercantile pursuits; the father coldly tells the son that he may have

a month to decide, and if he persists in his refusal, shall be turned out of doors, and his cousin, a Papist, established in his place. During this time, the father says nothing to the son, shows no affection, moves before him in distant coldness; the son expresses no change of purpose, and the threat is executed to the letter. The father is described as a Dissenter, and his conduct is declared to be the result of his religion. The son afterward engages a Scotch servant, Andrew Fairservice, a most rigorous Presbyterian, a sanctimonious reader of the Bible, and observer of the Sabbath, but supremely covetous, and never letting slip an opportunity to steal from and defraud his master. Afterward, through the frauds of the young Papist whom he had taken into his service, the father becomes embarrassed, and is expected to fail. We are then introduced to a merchant in Glasgow, who had been the most fawning and obsequious of his customers, who, at the first insinuation, imprisons his agent, and proceeds with the utmost rigor. This Glasgow merchant is described as an elder in the Kirk, and his zeal in religion and his attendance at Church are very fully described. The story of 'Kenilworth' is founded on the tradition that the Earl of Leicester, in the hope of wedding Queen Elizabeth, imprisoned his wife in a country house, under the care of Anthony Foster, and finally caused her to be murdered. This Foster is described in the novel as a crabbed, mean-spirited scoundrel, void of all taste for literature and elegance, burning a whole library for kindlings, sordidly avaricious, and, for money, aiding in the lady's murder. He also is described as a strict Presbyterian, constant in all the worship, and exercised in all the religious experience of the sect. Those are the specimens of the manner in which Scott and Dickens usually exhibit Puritanism, Presbyterianism, in short all experimental religion. They associate it with the lack of all the genial affections of humanity, with avarice and meanness: and all this odiousness they exhibit as a usual concomitant and result of religion. There is little hazard in asserting that these three novels have done more to undermine the belief in the reality of a change of heart and spiritual communion with God, and to destroy reverence for the Bible, than has been done within the same period by Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason.'"[a]

There is too much truth, we repeat, in these views. We are reluctant to admit it; we know how many of the admirers of these authors (and what genial minds are not admirers of them?) will revolt at the charge. We cannot help it; we acknowledge all their excellences, but the charge of irreligion is a valid one; it is also a fundamental one; in the estimation of a right mind it is a fatal one.

Now what we affirm is, that the deluging of the reading world with a literature of such tendencies cannot fail to spread moral degeneracy through the popular mind, and to prepare the way for worse forms of literary and other corruption. This is the actual process which we are now witnessing throughout the enlightened world. Qualify, evade the conclusion as you please, the argument is irrefragable, and the truly Christian mind cannot escape it.

Besides these pernicious tendencies of the modern novel, there are traits belonging to a more recent, but growing class of fiction writers, which threaten greatly to exasperate the evils of which we speak. We refer to a new school of novelists, who delight in exhibiting the morbid moral anatomy of poor human nature, whose most notable characters are anomalies if not monsters. This school is insatiably fond of psychological and even physiological peculiarities. It is its study to produce effect, by appealing to that subtile and diseased sensitiveness which at times is felt by almost every man—the result of vice, of an overwrought mind, or, in most instances, perhaps, of an abused epigastrium. In our late editorial remarks on Hawthorne, we spoke plainly enough of this most reprehensible style of writing. It is intolerable. No brilliancy of genius should redeem it from utter reprobation. The *London Atlas*, in commenting on American literature, has the following observations on the subject:—

"Fashions of this kind are, no doubt, common in literature. They come out like blotches and pimples upon the fair body of the Republic of Letters. Byron inoculated it for a crop, and straightway every individual of the tribe of poetasters presented himself to the world as a melancholy, a moody, a misanthropic, and a maddened man. True, in private life the juvenile Manfred might well chance to be a very jovial personage. He turned down his shirt collars, to be sure, which was the true and unmistakable sign of lofty melancholy; and he rolled his eyes occasionally, which meant that his soul, created for another and grander sphere, was wandering here companionless and forlorn—but for all that, he had a very good appetite at dinner, and a reasonable taste for comforting liquors after it; he could fling off his melancholy to dance at an evening party, to flirt at a pic-nic, or to smoke a quiet cigar, and he never allowed misanthropy to cheat him out of his night's sleep. The whole semblance was a mere literary fashion which beset a tribe of young verse-grinders. The infection was about, and they took it as they had taken the measles and the chicken-pox, and they got over the poetic rash without more damage than the physical one. The question is, whether the present tendency of the Young American fiction-

[a] *The Puritan*, Boston.

ists to the morbidly singular and abnormal in mental character, and to tracing metaphysically the currents and springs of motive and thought, instead of leaving these to be developed by the actions of the personages—the question is, whether this fashion is likely permanently to influence and to clog the advance of the transatlantic school of fiction? We are happy in being able to express our own conviction that, by all literary and philosophic precedent, nothing so repugnant to healthy mental feeling, and so foreign to every tendency of true art, can be anything else but a passing epidemic. It is, no doubt, the business of the writer of fiction to describe life-like character—to analyze and set before us mind—as it is that of the artist to present us with beauty in the physical form not incompatible with the development of the race. But what should we say to an artist who habitually selects abnormal and monstrous forms for representation; and, not content even with that, changes his part for that of the anatomist, and proceeds to "demonstrate" every fiber and fold of the diseased and abhorrent structure? Yet such is the school of the Balzacs and the Sands, and such is the school favored at present in America. There are different phases of the tendency to be observed in transatlantic literature. Sometimes, as in the case of Ik Marvel, the writing, although far too psychologic in its nature, is not lavished upon unwholesome personages. Pathos, the anatomy, the physiology, and the pathology of pathos, are what is aimed at in the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and there can be no doubt that the dissection is very curious and complete. As we have hinted, however, all the American writers do not content themselves with such insipid fare, and, accordingly, they conjure up, as in the case of the novel before us, a group of ugly and fantastic shadows, without a wholesome touch of nature about them—a species of vampires, who exist upon the blood of good taste and common sense, and whose erratic and morbid impulses must be tracked and puzzled out, and exhibited, thread by thread and fiber by fiber, for the display of the demonstrator's vast acuteness."

Who needs to be told the moral effect of such works? They are demoniacal. We read of demoniacal possessions, under forms of disease, in the old times. The devils are more self-conceited nowadays; they take a more brilliant fashion of "possession." Our *litterateurs* are becoming the modern "demoniacs." The spirits pass into the "herd of swine," and plunge with them "down the steep" into the abyss of corruption and destruction.

These morbid books spread demoralization and madness in their course. They should be cast out of your home as rattlesnakes. They are the last step of the better class of novels downward to the grade of the genuine Satanic fictions. The young especially, if they read them much, will soon find all healthful books to pall on the taste and will seek more exciting moral drugs.

We have thus expressed ourselves outrightly on this subject, one of the gravest we believe connected with literature and morals. These views have guided us in the use of fiction in this Magazine. We are not, we repeat, fanatics on the subject; brief and befitting fictitious illustrations of truth or life have been admitted into our columns, but we have not felt at liberty to admit here the common modern novel, however attractive by traits of genius or moral aims. Our scruples do not go so far as to interdict the occasional reading of even such works by adult persons; but, what you, as a parent, might do, with no harm to yourself, might be exceedingly hurtful to the best sentiments of your child. Were we to furnish in these pages prolonged novels, we would thereby be educating your children, month after month, to the love of light literature. Such articles would be the first to engage their attention. The monthly instalment would, in many instances, be all their general reading for the month; and, thus doled out to them continuously, their tastes would soon be inevitably conformed to such stimulating food, and reject all better nourishment. A habit of this kind, formed in childhood and youth, will affect them through all time.

The remedy, then, of the vile literature of the day must be, as the quotation from the *Transcript* at the head of this article says, "in cultivating a purer taste in the community, which would lead them to reject, as they would garbage, the vile stuff offered for their mental diet." Keep the "vile stuff" out of your homes; keep out, likewise, its precursors, the insidious, though not vile fictions, which tend to unhealthy and especially to irreligious tastes. You know, perhaps, by experience, the fascination of novel reading in adult years; what, then, must it be in youth? And remember, further, that a taste formed in early life for wholesome reading, like an appetite for healthy diet, will find sufficient pleasure in substantial literature. It will loathe the putrid excesses of fiction. No novel reader finds, in the excitement of his meretricious books, entertainment and pleasure equal to those of the well-trained mind in books of reality—histories, travels, biographies, the sciences, &c.

[For the National Magazine.]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE minor incidents of war, such as history seldom condescends to record, often afford the truest illustrations of its enormity, and of the times. I send you a few of my personal recollections of the kind, which may prove not uninteresting to the readers of the *National Magazine*.

When about nine years of age I was a witness of the pursuit of the American army, by the British, through Eastchester to White Plains, where Washington set up some defenses, and held them at bay till evening. The Americans encamped in sight of the British, and, by keeping up their fires in the night, escaped them, and crossed the Hudson. The British, chagrined and fatigued, retraced their steps to Eastchester, and encamped on Hunt's Hill. Some of the officers pitched their tents in our orchard. They treated us kindly, and generally paid for what they wanted. On one occasion, however, a certain light-horseman, having bargained for a fine dressed pig, took it before him on the saddle, and said—"Send that little fellow with me to the camp, and I will give him the money." When about half way, he drew out his sword, and said—"Run home, you little ———, or I will cut your head off." I stayed not to parley nor contend for my right, but hastened home, believing soberly in Falstaff's maxim, that, in that case at least, "discretion was the better part of valor."

Before long the English army retired to Kingsbridge, and made that their permanent stand-point, while Colonel Delancey's troops were stationed in Morrisania and Fordham. His men were mostly Americans, called "Refugees," or "Tories;" among them was my uncle, my father's only brother, Lieutenant Colonel Hunt. We were now left between the lines, in a most equivocal and unpleasant situation. Colonel Joseph Drake, my mother's brother, on the American side, made an effort to move us, by sending two continental wagons to our assistance. The British got knowledge of the design, and pursued us so closely that the teamsters thought proper to disburden themselves of their load, and left us at Mr. Crawford's, near the Plains. Mr. Crawford was the father of the late Rev. John Crawford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, being with the party that night, was killed, with a number of others, for there was considerable fighting at what was called "Ward's House." The next morning I went to see them deposit the slain in a large grave, without coffin or shroud.

Our only alternative now was to get back again to our own old home and make the best of our condition. We were often visited by those who were called "skinners," (as they were always in quest of clothing,) a set of hangers-on of the "Continental Army," acting as spies, &c. While Delancey's "Refugees" often made excursions to get fresh beef, and hence were called "Cow-boys."

In some instances both parties called on us in the course of twenty-four hours. Once they met near the house and exchanged shots, when I was returning from school. Samuel Tucker, a refugee, ran to a thicket of bushes, pursued by "Tom" Colbert, who shot Tucker through the head, at some ten rods distance. I stood by while he stripped off the clothes of his victim. Such is the personal degradation of war. On another occasion, a considerable body of "continental troops," and "skinners" as guides, came down as far as Williamsbridge. The British rallied and pursued them. The Americans fought retreating, and soon brought our school-house between the contending parties. Our school was kept in a vacated dwelling-house; some balls pierced the house, but we took shelter in the cellar. After the battle, we went out to see them bury the dead in a large grave without grave-clothes.

The most tragical scene occurred *after* the declaration of peace. While the British were preparing to evacuate New-York, Washington's army encamped near Williamsbridge, ready to march into the city when the English left. Some of the refugees finding they must then leave their country, made several desperate excursions into various parts to rob and steal. The first night they came to our house the doors were so barred that they could not enter; they fired in and left us.

Supposing they would come again, we made some preparations for defense; but they reappeared between sundown and dark, before the doors were secured. I was then driving cows toward the house; a man from under the fence seized me,

and bound my hands behind my back, ordering me to the house. A continental soldier was shoemaking for us on the piazza; they knocked him down and bound him. They bound the hands of my step-father behind him, and fastened his feet together. My mother and sisters they shut up in a bedroom, with a sentinel at the door. Making up a good fire, and placing the shovel in it, till the iron was red-hot, they presented the instrument of torture to the old gentleman, and demanded one thousand dollars as the condition of his release; otherwise, they declared, they would torment him to death. He told them there was one hundred dollars in a certain drawer. This only seemed to excite their rage for more. He had a thousand dollars or more buried in the field; of this they seemed suspicious. They now broke out a glass over the door, and placing a rope round his neck hung him up a minute or two: letting him down, they demanded the money. He still refused; they applied the red-hot shovel to his naked flesh. Meanwhile one drew the rope tighter round his neck, to prevent his noise. Relieving him again, they again demanded the money, but to no effect. They repeated the hanging and burning process too furiously to gain their purpose; for he was soon unable to give them any information. They then turned to me. I was sitting in the corner, with my hands tied behind me. They charged me with knowing where the money was, and threatened to burn me to death if I did not tell; they brought the red-hot shovel so near to my face that I sensibly felt the heat. Begging and crying, I assured them I would tell if I knew. The next thing was to bring my mother out; they threatened to torment her in like manner if she did not give up the money. But she stood before them without weeping, and said:—"You have murdered my husband, and have us in your power; but, remember, God Almighty will bring you into judgment for these things." One that kept a little out of sight said, using an oath, "Let her go." There were four or five in the gang, and some of them we doubtless should have known if they had not been disguised.

In order to prevent our giving an alarm, we were all put down into the cellar, and the doors secured. A young man passing at the time, they arrested, robbed, and bound him, putting him in the cellar with us. At first we thought him to be one of their party—a spy. He however soon applied to me to untie him; my mother taking a knife from my pocket cut me loose, and she attending to the old gentleman, I liberated the young man and the soldier. Hearing our enemies above, searching the house, and fearful they would burn the building over our heads, we set about loosing the underpinning. But soon all was silent, and we obtained our liberty. The young man, the soldier, and myself, (then in my fourteenth year,) each seized a loaded gun, kept for self-defense, (for once I felt like doing battle;) we searched the premises, but in vain—they had gone.

Mr. Thomas Shute, my kind step-father, did not recover from the effects of this cruel treatment for a long time. Indeed, he never enjoyed health after it, though he lived some years.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the painful recollections of an individual witness of those desperate times. They are, I suppose, but a specimen of the common sufferings of our people throughout the war. They are not without interest and significance. Dearly were our liberties and other national blessings bought by our fathers; dearly should they be prized by their happier children.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labor—than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, plowmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this, all outward political changes would be but childrens' play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

[For the National Magazine.]

ROBERT HALL.

WE devote a few pages to the more striking points in the life and character of this eminent minister—perhaps the most celebrated preacher of his age, certainly the most eloquent in that branch of the Church to which he belonged.

HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION.

Robert Hall was the youngest of fourteen children, and from his birth exceedingly delicate. It was thought, indeed, impossible that he could survive the perils of infancy, and to the unwearied care of a devoted nurse the world is indebted for the preservation of that flickering light which afterward filled so large a space in the moral heavens. In the arms of this nurse he acquired the rudiments of education. She was wont to carry him into a neighboring grave-yard, where, from the inscriptions upon tombstones, he learned the alphabet, and acquired the mystery of spelling. Afterward, when a school-boy, he was in the habit of stealing away to "meditate among the tombs," making the place his study; and, in the solitude and silence of these receptacles for the dead, it was his delight to spend many an hour in reading such volumes as fell in his way. His choice of books, at this early age, evinced the peculiar structure of his mind. The abstruse writings of Jonathan Edwards, including his "Treatise on the Affections" and on "The Will," were especial favorites; and "Butler's Analogy" had been repeatedly perused by him before reaching the tenth year of his age. It seems scarcely credible, yet the fact is stated on reliable authority, that such a child should read understandingly volumes of this character, or that he should have taken any pleasure in their perusal. At the same age, too, he wrote, it is said, essays upon various metaphysical and theological subjects. He acquired, with great ease, the lessons given him by his schoolmaster, who, when the boy was but eleven, informed his father that he could teach him nothing more. He was accordingly sent to a school of a higher grade, and, under the tuition and care of the celebrated Dr. Ryland, at Northampton, with whom he remained a year and a half, he made great proficiency in the mathematics, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE MINISTRY.

From a very early age an impression seems to have rested on his mind that he should be, like his father, a preacher of the gospel. He was in the habit of gathering his brothers and sisters in a room by themselves, to hear him preach,—a kind of play not uncommon among children,—yet it seems there was something remarkably precocious in Robert's exhibitions of this kind. A friend of the family, with whom the child was spending a few weeks, would occasionally invite the neighbors, grown men and women, to hear the young orator. His vanity, of course, was flattered by their presence, and it is only remarkable that he was not utterly ruined by the absurd exhibitions in which he was thus made the prominent actor. "Conceive, if you can," he says, in telling this part of his early history, "the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says:—'Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs, when one half *moveth* before the other is *made*, and while *it is yet plain mud*.'"

In his fifteenth year, having given satisfactory evidences of piety, and professing a strong desire for the ministerial office, he was admitted into the Bristol Institution, a theological seminary, then under the presidency of the Rev. Hugh Evans. Here he pursued his studies with great ardor, appearing, however, to place his main reliance upon mere intellectual attainments. Nor is this to be wondered at. He had been flattered and caressed by injudicious friends, and he could not be ignorant of his superiority to his fellow-students. A severe, but salutary, mortification awaited him. After being at the seminary a season he was appointed to preach, on a week evening, in the vestry of the Baptist church. The president of the seminary and the professors were there, as well as his class-mates, and the ordinary congregation. The young candidate for pulpit honors conducted the initial services with great propriety. He announced his text. His introductory

remarks were appropriate and gracefully delivered, and his auditors shared in the evident complacency of the speaker. Ten minutes, perhaps, elapsed, when suddenly the halo of light which beamed from the pulpit was totally eclipsed. A dense fog settled upon the preacher. Memory failed him and self-possession; covering his face with his hands, he exclaimed, "I have lost all my ideas," and sat down. Disappointed and mortified as were his instructors, they endeavored to soothe and to encourage the young man; but it was one of those cases in which the more sympathy is evinced the greater the chagrin of the subject. They prevailed upon him, however, to try again. Unwisely for the object they had in view, but happily as it turned out for Hall, he was appointed to preach the week following from the same text, and before the same hearers. The immediate result was more painful to his congregation than the first attempt, and more mortifying to himself. He again broke down, lost all his ideas, and, rushing to his room, exclaimed—"If this does not humble me, the devil *must* have me." The lesson thus taught him was never forgotten; and, in after life, when at the zenith of his fame, Robert Hall was not more remarkable for his overwhelming eloquence than for a graceful humility which distrusted self, and ever sought to magnify the grace of God.

The Church of which his father was pastor, after due examination, being satisfied with the evidences of his divine call, and of his qualifications for the ministry, set him apart for that work, he being now but a few months more than sixteen years of age. His father preached what may be called the ordination* sermon from the words of the apostle to Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" and in the afternoon of the same day Robert occupied his father's pulpit, and preached his first sermon as an accredited minister of the gospel.

HIS VARIOUS FIELDS OF MINISTERIAL LABOR.

Having spent little more than two years as a divinity student at King's College in Aberdeen, he accepted a call as assistant minister of the Broadmead Church, Bristol. His senior associate was a man of talents, but weak-minded. Whether from jealousy of young Hall's exceeding popularity, or for some other cause not now to be ascertained, he quarreled with his youthful colleague. The Church was divided in opinion as to the merits or demerits of their two pastors. They became partisans, and all attempts at reconciliation proved abortive. It was indeed a melancholy spectacle—a Church divided against itself, its members ranged under opposing banners, its joint pastors, the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, at enmity with each other. This state of things continued for two years, and peace was not restored to the society at Broadmead until the removal of Hall to another Church, and the death, soon afterward, of his associate. Cambridge was the next scene of his ministerial labors. He was called to succeed an eloquent and exceedingly popular preacher, who had passed from orthodox opinions to the very borders of infidelity, and had led his flock with him. "Vain speculation"—such is the testimony of one well acquainted with the facts—"was substituted for knowledge, faith, and experience; confession and prayer seldom made a part of the public worship which he, Hall's immediate predecessor, conducted, his effusions before sermon consisting almost altogether of ascriptions of praise; and the congregation became so transformed and deteriorated in consequence, that among the more intelligent classes, with only two or three exceptions, he was esteemed the best Christian who was most skilled in disputation, not he who evinced most of the spirit of Christ." Upon this unpromising field Mr. Hall entered with resolute determination to labor faithfully, and, if possible, to transform it into a fruitful garden. He chose for the theme of his first discourse after assuming the pastoral office, the doctrine of the atonement made by the Lord Jesus; presenting it as the only ground of hope for the sinner, and insisting upon the necessity of its acceptance. As might have been expected, the sermon gave offense to many of his hearers. "This preaching," said one, "wont do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean," asked the preacher, "my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old

* He was never, in the technical sense of the word, ordained. Being asked, in after life, why not? he replied, "Because I was a fool, sir."

women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age unless it be true; and if it be true it is equally important *at every age*." The objector was not satisfied with this reasoning. He withdrew from the Church, and, with some five and twenty others, formed an independent congregation, with an avowed Socinian for their pastor. Mr. Hall continued in the course marked out by himself, unterrified by open opposition, unseduced by secret flattery. He preached what he believed to be truth, pointedly, powerfully, perseveringly. The result more than met his highest expectations. The Church grew in grace and numbers. His congregations were increasingly large, and, what was uncommon in those days, many of the students and fellows of the university were in the constant habit of sanctioning by their presence at his "meeting-house" what was deemed one of the worst forms of "*dissent*." This excited some alarm among the "heads of houses," and a meeting was called to devise means for putting a stop to it, which was found, however, to be impracticable, as the head master of Trinity declared that but for his official relation he himself would be a constant listener to the eloquent Baptist preacher.

Leaving Cambridge, for a reason to be presently indicated, Mr. Hall assumed the pastoral charge of a small Church at Leicester which was formerly ministered unto by Dr. Carey, the celebrated missionary, but at this time extremely feeble. Here he spent the larger portion of his ministerial life, a period of nearly twenty years, and here he saw the most fruit of his labors. At his settlement in this place his membership numbered seventy-six, and their place of worship would accommodate scarcely four hundred persons. The building was twice enlarged during his ministry until it would comfortably seat a thousand, and the membership was proportionally increased.

From Leicester Mr. Hall, in his sixty-second year, removed to Bristol, where he again took charge of the Broadmead congregation, the scene of his first pastoral duties, and here, after a successful ministry of about five years, on the twenty-first of February, 1831, he finished a life of usefulness and honor—a life characterized by unwearied zeal in the service of his Master.

HIS THEOLOGICAL SENTIMENTS.

In the earlier part of his ministry, Mr. Hall was charged with *Socinianism*, for no other reason, that we are able to discover, than an enlarged Christian charity, which prompted to the expression of a hope, rather than the belief, that some who denied the supreme divinity of Christ might nevertheless be saved. He was taken to task severely by his old friend and preceptor, Dr. Ryland, for having thrown out an intimation that Dr. Priestley, being confessedly a man zealous of good works, but Unitarian in his creed, might possibly find mercy of the Lord in "that day." "I would wish to feel in my inmost soul," says his mentor, "the tenderest pity for the most erroneous men in the world, and to show all proper respect for men of science and men who are regular in their outward conduct; nor should I at all approve of violent or harsh language, or like to speak my opinion of the state of individuals; but at the same time I cannot but think that the lusts of the *mind* may as effectually ruin a man as the lusts of the *flesh*, and I must go a good way toward Socinianism myself before I have any strong hope that a Socinian, living and dying such, will see the kingdom of God. When the merciful Jesus declared, 'He that believeth shall be saved,' &c., I cannot believe that he meant simply that he shall be saved who believes that *Jesus was not an impostor*, and who believes *the doctrine of the resurrection*. But these two articles are, I believe, the whole of Dr. Priestley's Christianity; and if once I were to think this Christianity enough to carry a man to heaven, I should not, I fear, be very strenuous in my endeavors to convince men of the danger of self-righteousness, and the necessity of a reliance on the atonement. O! my dear friend, can I conceive that your mind was deeply impressed with a sense of the divine purity and the justice of God's law when you could utter so vain and vile a speech as this!" Mr. Hall replied to this harsh reproof, called forth doubtless by honest fears for the young man's orthodoxy, in terms of gentleness, and with thanks for the anxiety manifested for his welfare.

He justifies himself in the sentiment he had advanced, and at the same time disavows any tendency toward the adoption of the doctrinal error charged upon him. He was unable, as we confess ourselves unable, to perceive the necessity or even danger of *embracing* those sentiments the holding of which, in the judgment of that charity which hopeth all things, may not absolutely preclude the possibility of final salvation.

Tested by the doctrinal formularies of the two great divisions of the Christian Church, Mr. Hall was neither a Calvinist nor an Arminian. He aimed to steer a middle course between what he called the rigidity of the one and the laxity of the other. On the *extent* of the atonement made by the Lord Jesus, his views were decidedly Arminian. He held firmly, and preached powerfully, what is called general redemption, declaring it "the only basis that can support the universal offer of the gospel." It was his opinion that, in pleading with sinners, evangelical Arminians have greatly the advantage of Calvinists; and that the latter, "fettered by their system, have by no means gone so far in encouraging and urging sinners to the use of prayer, reading the Scriptures, self-examination, &c., as the Scriptures justify." At the same time, it must be added, he held to what is called the doctrine of election. A quotation from a letter to a brother clergyman, throws light upon his manner of dealing with the subject:—"As the doctrine of election occupies but a small part of the New Testament revelation, it should not, in my opinion, be made a prominent point in the Christian ministry. It is well to reserve it for the contemplation of Christians, as matter of humiliation and of awful joy; but, in addressing an audience on the general topics of religion, it is best, perhaps, to speak in a general strain. The gospel affords ample encouragement to all; its generous spirit, and large invitations, should not be cramped and fettered by the scrupulosity of system."

For many years he was a *materialist*, believing the nature of man to be simple and uniform, and that at death he passes into a state of unconsciousness, until the resurrection. This fallacy, however, he abandoned and repudiated, having buried his materialism, as he expressed it, in his father's grave.

On the peculiar tenet of the denomination to which he belonged, Mr. Hall was firm, consistent, and unwavering. He held that immersion was the only proper and Scriptural mode of baptism; at the same time —and here he incurred the odium of many of his own brethren—he contended that *sprinkling* does not deprive the ordinance of its essential validity. On this topic he wrote largely, aiming to show that "strict communion," as held by the mass of his own denomination, was unfavorable to their prosperity, opposed to brotherly love, promotive of schism, and contrary to the Scriptures. He brought all the resources of his powerful intellect to bear upon this subject; and whatever may have been the impression he made upon the minds of those who held the opposite sentiments, they could not but admit that his writings evince closeness of argument, depth of research, and evident love for truth.

But most especially do these controversial writings display what was Mr. Hall's distinguishing characteristic,—an enlarged catholic spirit, that overleaped the hedges of sectarianism, and loved the Saviour's image wherever visible. He looked at the heart rather than the head; and always and everywhere contended for union of affection, even where there could not be unity of sentiment. "I have just been reading," he says, in a letter to a friend; and we quote the passage, as evincing at once his candor and abhorrence of Christian strife,—alas that such an adjective should be appropriate to such a noun! —"I have just been reading Dr. Whitehead's Life of Mr. Wesley; it has given me a much more enlarged idea of the virtues and labors of that extraordinary man than I ever had before. I would not incur the guilt of that virulent abuse which Toplady cast upon him—for points merely speculative, and of very little importance —for ten thousand worlds. When will the Christian world cease disputing about religion, and begin to enter into its spirit, and practice its precepts?"

HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND DOMESTIC HABITS.

One of the most striking traits in Mr. Hall's character was cheerfulness. When free from bodily pain no one seemed to enjoy life with greater zest: enjoyment, indeed, was the law of his existence. He delighted to spend his evenings at the

house of some one or other of the members of his Church, in social conversation, in which he had few equals. He always returned from these visits with expressions of thankfulness; and if any one of his family complained that the evening had been dull, he would reply: "I don't think so. It was very pleasant. I enjoyed it. I enjoy everything." On one occasion, at a friend's house, he was suddenly seized with a paroxysm of pain, so violent as to threaten instant dissolution. He was obliged to be carried into another apartment, where, by the use of the usual means, the pain abated, and he soon after returned, and took his share in the conversation, contributing largely to the pleasure of the evening. In early life he was an imitator of Dr. Johnson, whom in several traits of character he resembled. They were both great tea-drinkers,—Mr. Hall occasionally dispatching as much as thirty cups of an evening,—both fond of a debate, and sometimes argued for victory rather than for truth. Like Johnson, Mr. Hall would frequently silence an opponent by an unanswerable retort,—was occasionally impetuous, and sometimes overbearing. There was a similarity, too, in the structure of their minds: and in the earlier writing of Mr. Hall an imitation of the Johnsonian periods may be distinctly traced. "Yes, sir," he said, "I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and I am afraid with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was youthful folly, and very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them."

Occasionally—but this was very seldom in his late years—he lost his temper, and became heated in conversation. Such occurrences were invariably succeeded by humiliation, and not unfrequently by apologies to the parties with whom he had been engaged. "Lamb of God!" was his ejaculation on occasions of this kind,—"Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit!"

The keenness of his retorts to arrogance and insolence was sometimes terribly severe. A gentleman who held Socinian tenets, and with whom Mr. Hall endeavored to agree in sentiment as far as conscience would permit, ventured to tap him upon the shoulder, exclaiming, "We shall have *you* among us soon, I see!" "Me among you, sir!" was the startling reply,—"*me* among *you!* Why, if that were ever the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity." Being indelicately pressed by a vain clergyman for an opinion of the sermon he had just preached, Mr. Hall endeavored to evade the subject and to change the conversation. Conceited self-complacency was not to be put off so easily. Wearied and disgusted, Hall at length said, "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, what was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry." The strong language he used with reference to ardent spirits has been often quoted. The circumstances are not so well known. A well-beneficed clergyman of the English Church, a "gentleman parson," as he was called, was in the habit of frequently visiting the celebrated "dissenter," during his residence at Cambridge. "As he grew old," says Mr. Hall, "his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in variety: he therefore took to brandy and water, weak enough, it is true, at first; but soon nearly half-and-half. Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he was with me five minutes ask for a little brandy and water,—which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits, to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty, for he, you know, was much older than I was; yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not his place, was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water,' I replied, 'Call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why, don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name. Ask for a *glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon.' Poor man, he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger: but knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said,

'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' From that time he ceased to take brandy and water."

In the bosom of his family, and in his pastoral visits, the amiable traits in his character shone forth with a steady uniformity; and the poorest members of his flock equally with the most wealthy and well-educated were made glad by his presence. He was, by nature, generous, and, from principle, benevolent and charitable. Oppressed at times with sentiments of thankfulness from those he had assisted, he was wont to remind them that there is a more noble sentiment than even gratitude; directing their thoughts from the mere almoners of God's bounty to HIM whose stewards they were. He cherished always a low estimate of himself, of his talents, and more especially of his piety. The empty honor of the doctorate, tendered to him by one of the universities, he declined from conscientious scruples; and while at the zenith of his popularity as a preacher and an author, beloved and flattered on every side, he evinced to all the meekness and lowliness, the humility and self-abasement of one who gloried only in the cross of Christ, and esteemed it his highest honor to be known as a sinner saved by grace. This leads us to dwell briefly on that without which our sketch would be sadly deficient. We mean

HIS ENDURANCE OF PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

In that intimate communion which the weeping prophet enjoyed with his God, he is represented as asking, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?"—a question which naturally occurs at beholding the ordinary course of Providence, and to which the only satisfactory answer must be deduced from revelation. A similar question, or rather its correlative, arises from the sufferings of the good man in the present life. Why is physical pain not merely permitted to visit *his* dwelling as a transient guest, but to take up its abode there, and revel amid his agony day and night? Philosophy has no answer; and what is called natural religion gazes in eloquent silence upon the spectacle. That silence proclaims her to be a physician of no value, and bids us look elsewhere for a solution of the mystery. The subject of this sketch endured as much bodily pain as perhaps ever falls to the lot of a mortal in this vale of tears. He *endured* it, we say; and there is a fullness of meaning in that word. It implies not only non-resistance, but patience, submission, victory; as saith the apostle, "Behold, we count them happy that *endure*." He had within him what was not inaptly called "an apparatus of torture," arising from some occult affection or derangement of the spinal marrow. Even in the days of his boyhood his sufferings from this source were dreadful. On his way to and from school, he was frequently obliged to lie down by the road-side; and, partially recovering from the attack, to be carried by his companions. At college—it is the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, his most intimate and endeared friend—he often suffered from paroxysms of pain, during which he would roll about on the carpet in the utmost agony; but no sooner had his pain subsided than he would resume his part in conversation with as much cheerfulness and vivacity as before he had been thus interrupted. With advancing years these attacks increased in frequency and intensity; and during his residence at Cambridge they appeared, for a season, to have gained the victory. This towering intellect lost its equilibrium, reason was dethroned; and from being a subject of almost universal admiration he became an object of a sympathy no less extensive and sincere—the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Under careful medical treatment, in a few months his mental health was restored; but it was deemed right for him to resign his pastoral connection with the Church at Cambridge, and for a season to desist from preaching. He was reserved for further efforts in the service of the Church, and for further sufferings. During the latter twenty years of his life, he was never able to pass a whole night in bed, although opiates were freely resorted to, and his nightly doses of laudanum were increased to the enormous amount of a thousand drops. These produced a few hours repose, when he was obliged to rise, and, in a peculiar posture, on three chairs, to seek a cessation of the intensity of his pain. And now the closing scene drew near. His last public religious service was a prayer at a Church meeting, on Wednesday, the 9th of February, 1831. The following Saturday night was one of extreme suffering. He was compelled, as slowly the hours passed on, to multiply

the doses of his anodyne, until he had taken the equivalent of nearly four ounces of laudanum. A week of agony ensued, in comparison with which the tortures of martyrdom, as inflicted by the most virulent persecution, were tame and evanescent. Not a murmur escaped his lips; and in the intervals of ease, which became shorter and more infrequent, his lips were vocal with praises. Angels gaze seldom on a scene more gloriously illustrating the grace vouchsafed to those unto whom they are sent forth to minister by their Creator and ours. "God," said he, "has been very kind, very merciful. I have not complained,—have I, sir?—and I won't complain. What are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ?"

To a friend who was with him in this hour of his triumph, he recommended a contemplation of the Redeemer's agony and passion as the best antidote for impatience under any affliction, or in the severity of any bodily anguish. He had himself proved the efficacy of his prescription,—and here, upon his death-bed, exemplified its power.

[For the National Magazine.]

BENNETT'S POETRY.

AMONG the late growth of young English poets, we know of none more genial and fresh than Mr. W. C. Bennett, whose relishable volume now lies before us. It is full of sweet and beautiful things, rare and fine in diction, and quaint and delicate in sentiment. Mr. Bennett belongs to the school of Hunt and Keats, with a leaning toward Herrick and the older poets, whose love of nature he inherits. A feeling of Spring breathes through all his poetry: numberless are his allusions to May and June. Here are a couple of pleasant poems radiant with the rural feeling; if there be any truth in the lines of the poet—

> "Summer never shines so bright
> As thought of in a winter's night,"

they are just the thing for our present number.

"A MAY-DAY SONG.

"Out from cities haste away:
This is earth's great holiday;
Who can labor while the hours
In with songs are bringing May,
Through the gaze of buds and flowers,
Through the golden pomp of day!
Haste, O, haste;
'Tis sin to waste
In dull work so sweet a time;
Joy and song
Of right belong
To the hours of Spring's sweet prime;
Golden beams and shadows brown,
Where the roofs of knotted trees
Fling a pleasant coolness down,
Footing it, the young May sees;
In their dance, the breezes now
Dimple every pond you pass;
Shades of leaves from every bough
Leaping, beat the dappled grass;
Birds are noisy—bees are humming
All because the May 's a coming;
All the tongues of nature shout,
Out from towns—from cities out;
Out from every busy street;
Out from every darken'd court;
Through the field-paths, let your feet
Lingering go, in pleasant thought;
Out through dells the violet's haunting;
Out where golden rivers run;
Where the wallflower 's gaily flaunting
In the livery of the sun;
Trip it through the shadows hiding
Down in hollow winding lanes;
Where through leaves the sunshine gliding,
Deep with gold the woodland stains;
Where in all her pomp of weeds,
Nature, asking but the thanks
Of our pleasure, richly pranks
Painted heaths and wayside banks,
Smooth-mown lawns and green deep meads;
Leave the noisy bustling town
For still glade and breezy down;
Haste away
To meet the May;
This is earth's great holiday."

"SPRING SONG.

"Now the fields are full of flowers;
Now in every country lane,
Making mirth and gladness ours,
Wild-flowers nod and blush again;
Now they stain
Heath and lane,
Longed-for lost ones come again.

"Now the mower, on his scythe
Leaning, wipes his furrow'd brow;
Many a song the milkmaid blithe
Carols through the morning now;
Clear and strong
Goes her song
With the clanking pail along.

"Blithely lusty Roger now
Through the furrows plods along,
Singing to the creaking plow
Many a quaint old country song;
Morning rings,
As he sings,
With the praise of other Springs.

"Children now in every school
Wish away the weary hours;
Doubly now they feel the rule
Barring them from buds and flowers;
How they shout,
Bounding out,
Lanes and fields to race about.

"Now with shrill and wondering shout,
As some new-found prize they pull,
Prattlers range the fields about,
Till their laps with flowers are full;
Seated round
On the ground,
Now they sort the wonders found.

"Now do those in cities pent,
Laboring life away, confess,
Spite of all, that life was meant
One to be with happiness;
Hark! they sing,
Pleasant Spring
Joy to all was meant to bring.

"Poets now in sunshine dream;
Now their eyes such visions see
That the golden ages seem
Times that yet again might be.
Hark! they sing,
Years shall bring
Golden ages—endless Spring."

Very like the dainty lyrics of Barry Cornwall are the following Epitaphs for Infants. To slightly alter the saying of Shelley, in speaking of Keats's burial-place, it might almost make one in love with death to have so sweet a funeral rhyme.

"EPITAPHS FOR INFANTS.

I.

"Here the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen—
And when June 's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away;
And when Winter 's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth, forever dear,
And this grassy heap above
Sorrow broods and weeping love.

II.

"On this little grassy mound
Never be the darnel found;
Ne'er be venom'd nettle seen
On this little heap of green;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbor nigh
This green spot where she must lie;
So be naught but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

III.

"Here in gentle pity, Spring,
Let thy sweetest voices sing;
Nightingale, be here thy song
Charm'd by grief to linger long—
Here the thrush with longest stay
Pipe its speckled song to-day—
And the blackbird warble shrill
All its passion latest still;
Still the old gray tower above
Her smart nest, the swallow love,
And through all June's honey'd hours
Booming bees hum in its flowers,
And when comes the eve's cold gray
Murmuring gnats unresting play
Weave, while round the beetle's flight
Drones across the shadowing night;
For the sweetness dreaming here
Was a gladness to the year,
And the sad months all should bring
Dirges o'er her sleep to sing.

IV.

"Haunter of the opening year,
Ever be the primrose here;
Whitest daisies deck the spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not,
Fairest things that earliest fly,
Sweetness blooming but to die;
For this blossom, o'er whose fall
Sorrow sighs, was fair as all,
But, alas, as frail as they,
All as quickly fled away."

Of another stamp is the sonnet to Miss Mitford. Seldom, we fancy, has "Our Village" had so appreciative and poetical a reader.

"Out have I been this morning—out—away,
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,
Through April gleams and showers—on windy downs,
By rushy meadow-streams with willows gray;
In thick-leaf'd woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the windmill crowns
The hills' green height, the landscape that renowns
Thy own green country, have I, as I lay
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,
Track'd through the misty distance. Village greens
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,
Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,
Thanks to the magic of thy breezy book."

But the sweetest poem in the volume is that written upon his child May. It is sure to be a favorite with all fathers and mothers. Miss Mitford thus speaks of it in her "Recollections of a Literary Life:"—

"Of all writers, the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is my dear and valued friend Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father, writing from his heart. So young, indeed, is he in reality and appearance, that he was forced to produce a shoemaker's bill for certain little blue kid slippers before he could convince an incredulous critic (I believe poor Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer,) that Baby May was really his own child, and not an imaginary personage invented for the nonce; and yet Greenwich can tell how much this young ardent mind, aided by kindred spirits, has done in the way of baths and wash-houses, and schools, and lectures, and

libraries, and mechanics' institutes to further the great cause of progress, mental and bodily. So well do strength and tenderness of character go together, and so fine a thing is the union of activity with thought.

"'Baby May' is among the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and among the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be.

"BABY MAY.

"Checks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that 's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we 'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we 'd always have thee waking.
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby."

We are certain that our readers thank us for copying these poems, and that they desire to know more of their author. They shall, in some future number, and of the other young authors of England. In the meantime let them ponder on what they have read, and remember W. C. Bennett, —an author who will be better known to our children than to ourselves.

R. H. Stoddard.

New-York, *January*, 1853.

THE FESTIVAL OF ALL-SAINTS'-DAY:

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

In the south of Germany the old and venerable custom of adorning the graves in the burying-grounds on the first and second day of November with garlands and lamps, is still kept up. It is an affecting festival which the survivers prepare for their deceased relations and friends. On those days the whole population of the town assemble in the church-yard, and gaze with melancholy recollection, or joyful confidence in the future, on the adorned death-feast, and pray, while the priest, using the requisite forms, draws from the holy well the sacred flood with which he is to sprinkle the graves in order to consecrate them. Death, then garlanded with flowers, becomes a friendly teacher; the lamps and tapers are images of the everlasting light, and the passing from the joys of summer and autumn to the quiet advent time, involves a very peculiar preparation.

This festival is celebrated nowhere so beautifully as at Munich. On the morning of All-Saints'-Day, the families greet each other over the resting-places of those they loved, arranging, adorning, and praying in faithful hope, or weeping in sad remembrance.

There are but few signs of mourning to be seen. Light and life reign everywhere; the loveliest flowers and plants bloom on the graves; cypresses and weeping-willows wave and rustle in the breeze; and, if anything reminds us of the chillness of death, or the gloom that we dread, it is the lifeless forms of the hired male and female grave-watchers, who stand near the mounds, to tend the lamps and flowers, mechanically repeating their rosary, contemplating sullenly and indifferently the imposing spectacle around them, and longing for the evening, when the reward which has been promised them is to be paid. In the evening these repugnant figures leave the garden, but they take away with them the flowers and lights, and the feast is at an end. The variegated lamps are hung up again in the rooms, and the flowers and plants are taken to the gardeners' hot-houses, to the milliner's shop-counter, or to the boudoir of some lovely maiden.

Such is life!

Speaking of this festival, a story occurs to me. I was once at this death-feast,

and had just turned from a mound watered by the tears of a numerous family, to go into the more desolate parts of the grounds, where the watchers are more thinly scattered, and where only individual mourners are to be seen. Suddenly I stood before a friend whom I had not seen for many years. With a pale countenance and hollow eyes, he leaned upon an urn, and he shuddered like a criminal when I addressed him. My greeting was short but sincere; and my next question was,—"What is the matter with you: does your bride sleep here?" He shook his head and said, "A maiden rests here, who, in the bloom of her youth, sank into the grave, swept away by the drunken spirit of the dance. A maiden whom I never knew, and yet a bitter enemy, has robbed me of all my peace. Place yourself beside me on this hillock, and listen:—

"Many years ago business led me through this town, at this very time of the year, and I saw the festival that they are celebrating to-day. At that time this grave was newly made, and as abundantly adorned with flowers as it is now destitute of them. This was natural, for the love and grief of a mother had adorned it with roses and branches; but love and grief soon laid the fond mother by the side of her only daughter. Now no one cares for the beautiful dead as they did at that time, when all the town spoke of her, and I, a stranger, was curious to see her grave, and was tempted, in remembrance of her early departed charms, to take one of the roses which bloomed on her place of rest. I stole the flower, and hastened to the gates, bearing it on my heart. There I perceived an inscription, affecting, simple, and touching. It ran thus:—'Respect the property of the dead!' I trembled involuntarily, conscious of my robbery; and the pious belief of my childish years was so strong, that I was on the point of returning the rose to the place whence I had taken it. O that I had done so! but false shame was triumphant, and a species of free-thinking overcame the pure childish emotion. I returned home, indulged myself for some minutes with the rare beauty of the lovely flower, which did not appear to have grown in a hot-house, but in the fields by the Arno. I then placed it carefully in a glass of water, and left the inn to seek a friend.

"The evening passed merrily; I returned to my lodgings late, and quickly yielded myself to sleep, in which jovial toasts and cheerful jests seemed to sport around me. But these pleasant dreams soon disappeared, and softly and awfully the spectacle of the death-festival passed before me as in a magic-lantern: the grave on which I had stood; the field of flowers, as though vailed in black, all rose before me; and in my dream I again stole the rose, escaped from the grounds pursued by owls, and, on reaching home again, threw myself exhausted on the bed. Suddenly the door opened, and a lovely form, enveloped in a linen shroud, passed through, glided up to my bed, and I shudderingly recognized it as the form of her whose property I had violated. I trembled with horror. 'Where is my rose?' asked the form with unspeakable sadness, and her features, in spite of her beauty, were anxious and threatening. 'What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst rob me? Is it thus thou honorest the dead? Where is my rose?' Incapable of speaking a word, I stretched out my arm, and pointed to the window where the rose was in water. The figure motioned for me to rise. I was involuntarily, but violently, drawn to the rose, which I seized, and the spirit flew with me through the window, into the cold night air, far over the town, to the cemetery, to her grave. All around was desolate; not a human sound was to be heard; but from all the graves colored flowers were nodding; lights and torches streamed in sparkling abundance, and from every mound the dead were rising and bathing their heads in the brightness of the consecrated flames, in the fragrance of the flowers, and in the blessed dew that falls at midnight from heaven.

"The maiden's grave alone was dark and forsaken, and no flower blossomed on it.

"At a sign from the shadow, I scratched up the dry earth with my fingers, and planted the rose. Instantly the hill around flamed with the most burning colors, and the stars rocked themselves in the newly-sprung flowers. 'So, it is well,' said the figure, in a hollow voice; 'but now thou art mine!' The hill opened, the grave yawned on me, and the corpse, sinking like a light flake of snow, drew me irresistibly down with her. The whole weight of the earth rushed upon me. Oppressed by the clods of earth, choked by the embraces

of the ghost, I lost all consciousness—and I awoke, and found myself in bed, the bright sun shining full upon me, and, with a sigh of relief, I set the past down entirely as a dream. But as this dream seemed to become more and more impressed on my memory, I rose to convince myself that I had really only dreamed, but, on going to the window to look at my rose, and to breathe its fragrance, it had disappeared. The glass was empty; the window was firmly closed, and the door was bolted. All inquiries after the flower were in vain. No one had seen it, no one had taken it, and I was obliged to conceal my anguish, in order not to be laughed at by the irreligious, or shunned by the religious. But since that time my rest is gone, and from hour to hour I await the irreconcilable enemy who will take me away to punish me for the violence I practiced on her grave."

Of course I said everything I could to assuage his melancholy—to banish his fear; but rooted prejudices are not easily taken from the mind. In vain I proposed to him to accompany me to a merry company; he had been to none for years he said. I wished to carry him to a concert; it disgusted him. At length I recollected that I had been invited to a little party which was to be given that evening by an acquaintance of mine, who some days previously had married a young girl of obscure rank, but honest, pious, and industrious, and who, therefore, appeared likely to make my honest Werner happy. He had frequently shown me a variety of kind offices, and appeared sincerely attached to me.

My friend accompanied me to the frugal repast of these good people, and, at their patriarchal table, at which Werner's aged mother presided, like a household goddess, the mourner enjoyed an hour's peace; but the evil spirit came over him again, and, scarcely bidding the company farewell, he flew to his lodging, again to bury himself with his melancholy.

Werner and his family naturally asked the cause of this mournful frame of mind, and I answered, "It is because it is so mournful that I would not willingly disturb the joys of this marriage festival by relating its cause:" and, in order to divert all curiosity from the subject, Werner begged his young wife to show me the beautiful bridal garland she had worn at her wedding. She brought out the box, and, with a blush of pleasure, she showed me the ornament, woven of fresh myrtle and artificial orange-blossoms.

Deeply and securely buried among the trembling leaves and stalks, I soon detected a flower, unusual in a bridal garland—a rose. Werner smiled, as I pointed it out, and said, "That is a whim of my own. This faded flower, which has been preserved for years, is the foundation of our domestic happiness, the first pledge of our love; and therefore I took it from my pocket-book, and placed it, like a religious relic, in the bridal wreath. It is just five years ago to-day, when my Anna, who was then a poor servant-maid in the inn opposite, entered my shop. I had often seen the charming girl, but had never ventured to say how much I was attached to her. But on that evening she wore in her bosom this rose, almost shaming the blushes on her cheeks; and with this rose I opened my conversation. I spoke with courage and fire, confessed my affection, obtained Anna's in return, and received from her, as a pledge of it, this rose. Heaven be praised! it was a talisman which constantly bound us together, and has united us at last at the altar."

"It is most curious," said I; "as a rose has caused your happiness, so also a rose has caused my friend's misery."

I then related his story, and I remarked the lovely Anna first became red, then pale, and at last she interrupted me—"I recollect your friend now, and I acknowledge, with repentance, that my indiscretion has, perhaps, been the cause of his misfortunes. He lived in our inn; and in his room, which I arranged very late on the evening of All-Saints'-Day, I found this magnificent flower, which allured and tempted me so much that I took it away, convinced that the young gentleman would not think much about a rose which he had plucked the day before. It turned out differently. The landlady questioned us all severely about the lost flower; but could I confess its fate, without at the same time confessing my little theft, and my love to Werner?"

I started up, embraced Werner and Anna, and that very night I brought back my friend, who suddenly saw his anguish fall from him, like scales from the eyes; and, becoming instantly a new man, he thoroughly enjoyed the social hilarities of the evening.

THE WIFE OF GUIZOT:

HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE wife of Guizot, Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan, was born at Paris, on the 2d November, 1773. Her parents had all the feelings and tastes which distinguished good society at the end of the last century. They took advantage of their large fortune and position in the world, to open their house to a brilliant and literary society, that made conversation its only occupation and its primary amusement. This liberality of mind, then so common in the Parisian world, gave them some leaning toward the new opinions, which they adopted with confidence, but not with zeal; and among the distinguished men of the time they preferred those of the moderate party. It was one of those families of which M. Neckar was the minister; that is to say, who prepared the way for the Revolution, without either desiring or foreseeing it.

Madame de Meulan showed an early and marked partiality for her daughter, and lavished on her all the cares which a weak and sickly childhood required. From her earliest years she manifested a lively sensibility, a perfect integrity, and, when her education commenced, an extreme facility in learning. Her mind, however, still appeared inactive, tractable, and thoughtful; she gave herself up to the employments of her age, without taking any interest in them; her lessons neither wearied her nor gave her pleasure. She went through her duties because she liked order; and it was more easy to obey than to resist. When, between ten and fourteen years of age, the quickness of her understanding struck the attention of her masters, and excited the hopes of her family, she still continued to carry but little spirit or taste into her studies. She sometimes composed fables and little dramas, as many children do who never afterward excel. These essays, destitute of originality and invention, were only remarkable for singular correctness, and here and there some happy strokes of feeling; but there was nothing that indicated either that energy or that independence which were one day to rank high in the qualities of her disposition and her mind. Thoughtful and silent, she seemed to be waiting for that external cause which was to give her the impulse that she wanted. It is seldom that the stimulating power of circumstances can be dispensed with in the development of the mind, more especially that of a female, of even the most distinguished talents. Called by nature to hold, in a certain degree, a position of dependence, and her own instinctive modesty keeping her talents in the shade, a woman's mind is never fully known, even to herself, till some powerful cause arises, and calls forth the latent powers of her mind, and shows her what she is. She quietly awaits a voice to say, "Arise and walk."

As Mademoiselle de Meulan began to advance from childhood, she felt a vague necessity of finding some employment for her faculties, though she was conscious of her inability to bring them herself into play. She has described this feeling in a letter dated 1822. She says—"At that period (1787) I was exactly at the age when I began to take some interest in life, when, after a childhood to which no one knew how to give the impetus that I had not strength to find in myself, I began to feel the energy of existence. I was coming out of the clouds, and awoke as on a fine day in Spring. This is the remembrance that I have of that age."

She was nearly sixteen when the revolution broke out. She lived in the midst of every opinion, but held none of them. It was not long before discontent and disturbance were spread around her, and, though she judged of the events of this time with severity, yet she enjoyed the liberty, the excitement, it occasioned. She always preserved a very lively recollection of the society of that period, and of the two sittings of the National Assembly, at which she had been present. From that time a strong leaning toward equality took possession of her mind; therefore it was not through the changes introduced into the social system that the revolution wounded her; the violence and injustice, the readiness to sacrifice right to power, the taste for licentiousness and disorder,—in short, all the evils unhappily inseparable from civil strife, struck her so forcibly, that she retained through life a kind of resentment against the revolution, for having caused her so much suffering. Such was the impression it left on her, that she was not able to speak of it with calmness thirty years afterward; and it required all the influence of her reason to appreciate that period with the impartiality due to history. She herself distrusted her

own remembrances, and, with a candor by no means common, did not make them the rule of her judgment.

To public misfortunes, there were soon to be added private ones to her. The fortune of her family had gone; the health of her father became impaired, and he died in 1790, leaving his family in poverty and affliction; her mother, suddenly taken from a state of ease and opulence, struggled painfully against the difficulties of a situation so new and so severe; her friends, dispersed or persecuted, could give her neither advice nor assistance.

In despair about the future prospects of her three brothers, and a sister whom she passionately loved, sympathy, devotedness, and grief, absorbed all the faculties of her mind. Becoming more and more a stranger to public events, of which she only heard by report, she used all the power and influence she possessed in consoling and encouraging her family—in suggesting the courageous part, so difficult to practice by those who have long been accustomed to prosperity, but which alone can put an end to the vexations occasioned by a total overthrow of fortune or position.

In 1794 a general law exiled her family from Paris. Retired into profound solitude in the country, she found some repose, and was able to reflect with more freedom upon the strong or painful emotions which so many causes had excited in her. Thus she became accustomed to unite solitary meditation with penetrating emotion, and sometimes to place them in opposition to each other. Cruelly forced to feel, she learned to think. It was in her distant retreat of Passy that she became, as it were, intimately acquainted with herself. She could almost remember the day when, occupied in drawing, the idea first struck her that she might have some genius. This discovery gave her great joy; she seemed from that time to feel less alone in the world, and to have a certainty of never being destitute; she had just discovered a friend. Genius is perhaps one of the few benefits that can be possessed without mixture; joined to virtue, it leaves no regret after it.

From the time she became conscious of her abilities, her energy redoubled, and her interest in life increased. A great moral force, which was productive of extreme mental and bodily activity, became the predominating feature of her character, and her chief resource against misfortune and vexation. By a happy privilege of nature, the development of her mind, the taste she had acquired for meditation, for the study of herself, and for her inquiries after truth, did not in any degree lessen her devotedness to the positive duties of life; on the contrary, she became more vigorous, more decided, more stirring, if I may so speak, in the interest of those whom she considered as confided to her charge. She acquired an ever-increasing influence in the direction of the family affairs, and took upon herself all the labors and difficulties attending them. She learned to struggle against every obstacle, and from that time she conceived the fondness, the admiration which she ever afterward preserved, for persevering activity, in contending with the difficulties of life. Confiding in her youth and strength, she accustomed herself never to be disheartened, never to give up as long as a single resource remained; and became firmly fixed in the opinion that the only endurance which does not proceed from weakness is that which does not yield till resistance has been exhausted. "It is this stubborn vigor," she herself says, "that has been the prop and support of my youth."

From 1795, to the end of the last century, if liberty was not complete and secure, still there was liberty; and spectators were able to participate in the movement of public affairs otherwise than by pity or detestation. Every one could form and advance an opinion, apply himself to some cause, be concerned in a plan; in short, pursue an honorable course with prospect of success. The revolution had encroached so much upon civil liberty, that it re-acted against the revolution itself; there was a struggle, a struggle perhaps unforeseen, but not hopeless. For the first time Mademoiselle de Meulan took an interest in political events: she ardently wished success to those who fought against the revolution, for it had been oppressive, and her sympathy naturally turned to the side of the opposition. What she hated in the revolution was its violence; what she admired in some of its adversaries was independence in misfortune. At the same time, she was endeavoring to enlarge her mind by new studies. Her taste drew her toward moral

theories and metaphysical inquiries. She began some books, and tried to initiate herself into the theories of the philosophy of the eighteenth century; she did not finish them. Her mind was so free, so spontaneous, so active in itself, that it could not yield without reluctance to the subjugation which an examination of the ideas of others imposes; it preferred directly attacking realities than searching without an interpreter the mysterious meaning of the enigmas with which our reason is surrounded.

The best and most serious books were to her but subjects for meditation, either to make the ideas she met with her own by a deeper research, or to arrive by her own single strength at ideas which she held not in common with any one. Thus she studied more than she read, and gave herself the habit of writing a great deal, but only in order to regulate her thoughts, or give account of her meditations. What is written, in fact, fixes and elucidates all, and makes us, in some way, be present at the display of our own mind.

It was at this time that two friends of her father's, Monsieur Suard and Monsieur Devaines, suggested to Mademoiselle de Meulan that she might take advantage of her talents, not only to extend the circle of her activity, but also to lighten the burden which weighed upon her family. Thus what had been her solace in retirement, became her resource in misfortune; and from this time labor, either from necessity or choice, became the constant occupation of her life. Her first work, *Les Contradictions*, which displays keen wit and a great facility of style, appeared in 1800, and obtained such success as made her name known to the world, and excited a great interest in her situation. Society was beginning to amend; it eagerly encouraged a young person, whose misfortunes had been their own, and who opposed her talents to her destiny.

La Chapelle d'Ayton was published soon after, and modestly presented as a translation from the English; it is not even an imitation, the general idea is all that Mademoiselle de Meulan had borrowed. Most of the events, the unfolding of the characters, the form of the recital, in short the sentiments and the expressions, are her own. Few novels are more engaging, though it contains neither exaggerated sentiments, nor unnatural scenes; it is, however, a narrative which pierces the heart, and carries our compassion even to pain. The source of its interest is derived from one of those cruel mistakes which have given so many affecting works to our stage, and of which the tragedy of Tancréde is perhaps the finest and the most pathetic example.

In *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, the sensibility of the author is entirely displayed, and even with that excess which belongs only to youth—to that age, when the emotions, whatever they may be, go not beyond their strength; when imagination softens their bitterness, and often even lends them an inexpressible charm: at a later period they are too painful.

Whatever may be the affecting interest which pervades *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, it is remarkable that the work offers but few traces of that indulgence for passion, that sentimental theory which sacrifices judgment to feeling, and flatters the bewitching fantasies of an exalted imagination, at the expense of conscience and of truth. Few works are more free from what can be called romantic morality. I insist upon this observation, because it is characteristic.

At the time Mademoiselle de Meulan wrote, there was a happy singularity in preserving one's self from the opinions which prevailed in literature and in society with regard to duty and affection. It was the time when sympathy explained everything, when devotedness excused everything, when the heart knew no rule but affection, no virtue but fidelity. Mademoiselle de Meulan was far from having reflected on all things with such serious impartiality as she has since done; she did not then know, as she did at a later period, that there is something higher than sensibility itself, which consecrates by regulating it. But, in default of principles, her native good sense taught her that what weakens the character, what wastes time, and blunts the feelings, could not be the real vocation of human nature; and that everything, even the ability to love, has been bestowed upon us for a higher end than our gratification.

Mental Subjection.—The most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

THE history of missions for the last fifty years forms one of the noblest pages in the world's annals. Such schemes, with such results, are without parallel in the records of the past, excepting, perhaps, the apostolic times. Fair and fertile islands, vast continents, peopled by the most savage of our race, have received the glad tidings of mercy, accompanied by all the blessings of Christian civilization. This is the work of God; yet we cannot but feel a deep interest in the history of those whom he has chosen as his instruments. Few have been thus more largely favored than the "Martyr Williams," whose career we propose briefly to sketch.

Mr. Williams was descended from a pious ancestry, old inhabitants of London, where he himself was born on the 29th June, 1796. His early education was defective, as his destination was commercial, and the instructions which he received were given with that view. In these, however, he excelled, and early evinced a restless desire to investigate other subjects than those to which his pursuit was limited. It is said that the boy, however, exhibited none of that extraordinary mechanical genius which distinguished the man.

When Mr. Williams had become of sufficient age he was articled as an apprentice to an iron-monger. No situation could have been better chosen with regard to his future usefulness, as the history of the missionary's achievements among the isles of the Pacific will abundantly show. Still, the most valuable portion of the knowledge thus acquired resulted rather from the inquisitive turn of his own mind than from the duties of his situation. His employer engaged to teach him the commercial part of the business only. With its mechanical department the young apprentice commenced a voluntary acquaintance, employing the hours of meals and recreation at the bench and the forge, until he became a more skillful workman than many whose lives had been spent at the business, and was frequently requested by his employer to execute delicate and difficult commissions. So fond was he of these occupations that, far from considering himself degraded by them, he would frequently request employment out of doors, and was never happier than when sallying forth with working-apron and tools.

During all this time, although faithful to every trust, and honest and upright, John Williams was without experimental knowledge of religion. In his eighteenth year he underwent a change in this respect, which determined the whole course of his future life. The interest on the subject of missions was at that time very great among English Christians, and the cause was everywhere presented with much earnestness and frequency. Williams caught its spirit. Duty was with him a law, and he felt this work to be not only a duty, but a privilege. With this conviction, he offered himself as a candidate to the London Missionary Society. Having successfully passed the customary examination, he was unanimously received, and, after a short and busy season of preparation, set sail with eight other missionaries, five of whom were destined for South Africa, the rest for Tahiti and the adjacent islands. The intelligence from those islands was of the most cheering nature, for the long night of missionary toil had passed, and the morning was breaking upon the benighted islanders of the South. The harvest was now ready, but the laborers indeed were few. The schools and habitations of the missionaries were crowded from morning till night with anxious inquirers.

The missionary ship touched at New-Zealand on the 4th September, 1817, and here Mr. Williams first came in contact with the race to whom his life was henceforth to be devoted. This contact could hardly have been agreeable, for immediately on the landing of the vessel swarms of rude and filthy savages covered her decks, anxious to testify their good will by rubbing noses! But the voyagers received a pleasanter welcome from missionaries of the Church of England, recently arrived there.

In exactly twelve months from the date of embarkation they reached Eimeo, Tahiti. To the charms of such scenery as is presented to the eye in these beautiful isles Mr. Williams could not have been insensible; but the object nearest his heart soon engaged his exclusive attention. His observing mind took notice of everything connected with the work upon

which he was about to engage. Three days after landing, the new-comers attended a service in the native chapel, and were much moved by the sight of eight hundred people engaged in prayer and praise, who, not five years before, were wallowing in wickedness and idolatry. The females were dressed in native white cloth, their heads ornamented with flowers and plaited cocoa-nut leaves; they surrounded the preacher, who stood in the center. "Can these be they," asked our missionary, "who murdered their own children, for whom they have now the greatest affection? Are these the people who once offered human sacrifices to appease the anger of their deities? Behold, they are pleading the blood of Jesus for the pardon of their sins!"

Mr. Williams's mechanical talent was called almost immediately into requisition. The missionaries had, prior to his arrival, attempted to build a small vessel in order to promote the commercial interests of the island. Various difficulties presented, and the vessel would never have been completed had not the energetic young missionary arrived to undertake the task. It was finished in eight or ten days, and a great concourse was gathered to behold the launching, including Pomare, the queen. The natives, however, mismanaged the ropes, and the ship fell upon her side. The air was filled with lamentations, and Pomare went away discouraged. The missionaries, nothing daunted, gave another trial, and this time she went off beautifully amid the shouts of the people. "While this was passing," wrote Mr. Williams, "there was an old warrior, called by the natives, (being interpreted,) 'he who puts energy for war into the people,' who stood on an eminence exerting himself to animate the men at the ropes. I was near him, and he did, in reality, put life into them. His action was most inspiriting. There seemed not a fiber of his frame that he did not exert; and from merely looking at the old man I felt as though I were in the very act of pulling."

After some months stay at Eimeo Mr. Williams, with others, proceeded on a new mission to Huahine and other leeward isles. Solicited by Tamatoa, the king, they determined to make a settlement at Raiatea, the largest and most beautiful of the Society Islands. This island was the source and focus of all the abominations of Polynesian idolatry. Hither hecatombs of human victims had been brought from all the surrounding shores.

The missionaries were received with great cordiality, evinced in the preparation of a feast and the giving of presents. The new-comers were somewhat amused at specimens of Polynesian etiquette—one of which was, that visitors were considered as strangers until fed, and then as "*taatu tabu*," or neighbors. Mr. Williams, while passing a house where they were eating, saw his attendant slip in, and, without uttering a syllable, snatch some food out of the hand of an eater, and come out. This he found to be a common custom, which gave no offense.

But although much pleased with their reception, the missionaries soon discovered that the moral state of the people was abominable—almost indescribable. Their indolence seemed incurable. In addition to this they were so widely scattered in a region so difficult to travel that it seemed impossible to accomplish anything until all the inhabitants should form one settlement, which was finally agreed to by king and people. And now the work had become great indeed. Mr. Williams meanwhile was diligently acquiring the language, not by consulting glossaries and translations at home, but by mingling among the natives, hearing and asking them questions; and he made, in this manner, such remarkable progress in the language as to be able to preach his first sermon in ten months from his arrival, performing, as one of his senior brethren remarked, the labor of three years in that time.

When finally settled, Mr. Williams commenced erecting a house, and this he considered an important measure. He wished to furnish a model for the natives, to excite them, if possible, to construct more commodious and substantial tenements, which would, he was confident, materially advance the cause of virtue and civilization. The house, which, although almost entirely constructed by Mr. Williams's own hands, would have done honor to an English village, filled the natives with astonishment. It afforded them a higher standard of comfort and convenience, and this was not in vain.

The effects of Mr. Williams's exhortations against idleness were gradually becoming apparent. When he came to the

island there were but two native habitations, and about twelve months after he writes of a range of houses extending along the beach, in which a thousand of the natives resided, many very neatly built. A printing-press was set up at Huahine, and soon eight hundred copies of the Gospels came to Raiatea, and were received with joy. So general was the attendance of adults that an exception was an occasion of surprise.

The establishing of an auxiliary Missionary Society was a great event for Raiatea. The place of worship was thronged to its utmost, even the sick, lame, and blind being borne thither by their friends; until finally a cry was raised: "Take out the sides of the house, that we may see our teachers and hear their voice." And in a short time this was actually done. A forest of naked arms ratified the establishment of the society, and various native chieftains arose to express their delight with the new institution.

With sanguine hopes Mr. Williams commenced his second year at Raiatea, beginning at the same time, with his own peculiar energy, a new church of large dimensions; it was one hundred and ninety-one feet by forty-four, and was completed in the spring of 1820, when more than two thousand four hundred persons assembled within its walls for the noble purpose of giving a code of righteous laws to this once savage island. These were modeled after the laws of civilized nations and the requirements of the Scriptures, and worked admirably, although at first the missionaries were sometimes obliged to interfere, as in the instance of a native judge, who, on the first trial by jury, having heard the evidence for and against the accused, was proceeding to pass sentence, entirely forgetting the twelve honest jurors! Soon after the opening of the chapel the first annual meeting of the Raiatean Missionary Society was held there; the contributions, given in cocoanut oil, amounted to about $2,500. This was perfectly voluntary, and the more singular as the year had been one of great outlay to the people upon the chapel and settlement.

With all that Mr. Williams was accomplishing here he could not be satisfied. For an ordinary mind it were sufficient; but mightier plans were demanded by his restless soul. Not merely a single reef, but the wide Southern Ocean, was the object of his desires. Not contented with so limited a sphere of action, he petitioned the directors for a wider one; but his request was not at that time granted. An unexpected event, however, caused a change in Mr. Williams's mind, so that he was led to view Raiatea, not as the circle, but as the center, of his missionary operations. Some native teachers who visited Ruvutu for the purpose of presenting the gospel there, had been successful, and in a few weeks returned, bearing in triumph the idol which had hitherto held the islanders enchained. This success, with intelligence which our missionary received of many and unknown islands to the southward, and among them Raratonga, suggested the idea of the *missionary ship*, which he never relinquished till the purpose was finally accomplished. In pursuance of this idea a small schooner was purchased in Sydney, which the natives called the "Beginning." This Mr. Williams was forced to procure partially at his own expense and upon his own responsibility, as the agent of the society at Sydney refused to take any part in so extraordinary a movement. The vessel was freighted with whatever could be promotive of the cause of civilization among the natives, the advancement of which was Mr. Williams's constant aim. This ship, affording to the Raiateans a market for the products of their labor, was a great blessing to the island, both in the promotion of industry and of intercourse with other tribes. One hundred and fifty large plantations were prepared by the natives, who also commenced learning to cure tobacco and boil sugar and salt. But Mr. Williams's great desire was, that this vessel should become a means of promulgating the gospel, and he seized an early opportunity for the purpose. From the chiefs of Aitutaki had come this cheering message: "Tell biriamu (Williams) that if he will visit us we will burn our idols, destroy our maraes, and receive the word of the true God." It was also reported that at this island were several Raratongans anxious to carry the gospel to their own island. These good tidings affected the missionary deeply, and he made no delay. The Aitutakians he characterized as the wildest people he ever saw; but was astonished to find their idols already

cast away, and much progress made in every respect. The most wonderful feature of God's work in the South Seas is the unprecedented celerity with which changes were wrought from barbarism to civilization, from pagan darkness to Christian light.

The discovery of Raratonga was the final result of this voyage—a discovery of which the boldest adventurer of the days of Columbus might have been proud. But the emotions of the humble missionary were not those of the successful navigator. Raratonga was not to him merely a new dot upon the chart of the inhabited world, nor a fruitful field of commerce or scientific discovery; it was to him a new field of labor, a theater of immortal souls. And when the Raratongans received Christianity, he watched over them with paternal solicitude; cherishing their interests with jealous care. Their condition, at that time, was inexpressibly debased and degraded. They were given up to the lowest species of vice, and cannibalism was an everyday occurrence. The transformation which has been wrought among that people is one at which all human wisdom stands astonished and confounded, for it is the work of God himself.

But while Mr. Williams was entertaining high hopes of useful results from these voyages, his cherished purposes were suddenly frustrated: in the first place, by the intelligence that the island commerce had been destroyed through the influence of Sydney merchants, who had procured the imposition of burdensome duties upon Polynesian produce; and again, by a communication received from the directors, in which the whole movement was condemned. This blow was felt very deeply by the ardent missionary, yet he did not despair of finally accomplishing the object which lay near his heart—the procuring of a missionary ship. Impressed with the incalculable advantages which this movement would bring to the cause of missions, he never ceased urging it upon the directors as a necessity and duty. "We could supply," said he, "fifty native teachers from our various Churches, and extend our labors tenfold if we had the opportunity. How are we cramped! Here are missionaries laboring within narrow spheres, with thousands on every side waiting, ready to receive the gospel." Mr. Williams, however, while he longed for a wider field of usefulness, did not relax in the least his efforts for the good of those around him. He found it necessary to be constantly engaged in inventing new expedients to employ the natives, that they might not fall back into their old habits of vice-breeding slothfulness. To this end, he himself learned the manufacture of rope, that he might be able to teach it, and discovered a substitute for flax in the fibrous husk of the cocoa-nut and stalks of the banana. This subsequently afforded very lucrative employment to the islanders.

Three years had elasped before Mr. Williams was permitted to make a second visit to Raratonga. In that time a wonderful change had been wrought; for darkness had changed to light, and cannibalism to civilization. The missionary was cordially received by a great multitude, who had assembled to witness his landing. The removal of the settlement for a few miles distant took place on the week following. The ludicrous scene then witnessed greatly delighted Mr. Williams, than whom few men were ever more keenly alive to the humorous; and surely if ever there was a "time to laugh," it was when, from the elevation of "herculean shoulders delighted with their occupation," he saw hundreds of natives full of glee and gladness, wading through roads almost impassable, "one carrying the tea-kettle, another the frying-pan, some a box, others a bedpost;" many of them holding their precious burdens high in the air, to challenge universal admiration; and the king himself especially enamored of an article of earthenware, and bearing it with an air of supreme satisfaction, and without the smallest damage to his royal dignity, by the side of the missionary. A chapel was soon commenced, some of the rafters of which were ornamented with cloths which formerly encased the *varua kinos*, or evil spirits. The success of the next movement of Mr. Williams exhibits in the clearest manner the extent of his influence upon the native mind. This was the recommendation of an entirely new code of laws, similar to the Raiatean, and the proposition, although it struck at the root of the mass of ancient established customs and despotisms, was nevertheless acceded to. Another man could not have effected this, but the confidence of the natives in him was unbounded. His influence was

personal, procured by unreserved and familiar intercourse, cheerfulness, and courtesy.

About this time, Mr. Williams, despairing of any encouragement or assistance from home in his darling project, commenced and completed one of the most remarkable achievements of his life—the building of the "Messenger of Peace." This was a vessel of seventy or eighty tons, constructed entirely by the hands of the missionary, with such assistance only as could be afforded by the natives. The obstacles surmounted in the prosecution of the work were almost incredible. The want of tools, as well as materials, would have rendered the undertaking preposterous to the view of an ordinary man, but it was not so to Williams. If in need of a tool, it was soon supplied by his fertile invention; the anchors and other iron-work were made from a pickax, an adz, and a hoe; the cordage, pitch, oakum, &c., were manufactured from products of the island; the turning-lathe, a machine for spinning rope, a forge, bellows, &c., were Mr. Williams's own handiwork, and in four months the craft was finished. Our missionary, doubtless, hailed her completion with no ordinary emotions—for the ship was his own, and the word of God was no longer bound.

Embarking shortly after, he returned to Raiatea, leaving the Raratongans in great sorrow at his departure. In the cool of the evening the natives would collect under a stately banana, and sing, expressive of their grief at separation. Having now complete control of a ship, Mr. Williams was at liberty to pursue his plan of carrying the gospel to all the islands, and, with this intent, commenced a voyage which was productive of the most satisfactory results. Manga, Atui, and Raratonga were visited, in which places good effects were becoming more and more apparent. At Savage Island the missionaries dared not land. After leaving Tonzutabu and Lifuga, they beheld, with joy, the island of Savai, the largest of the Samoan group, which Mr. Williams had long desired to visit. Here they were received in a highly gratifying manner. As it was dark when they landed, the natives had kindled an immense blazing beacon, and a great crowd stood upon the beach, provided with torches, and the missionaries were borne in triumph to the house of Malieton. The branches of the cocoa-nut and the palm were loaded with natives, all eager to catch a glance at the wonderful strangers. A song, in honor of "the two great English chiefs," was then sung by the united voice of the people, with an accompaniment of instruments indescribable. Mr. Williams was very much pleased with the personal appearance of these people, whom he declared to be by far the most handsome and polished in manners of any of the South Sea tribes. His own description is worth transcribing:—"Picture to yourself a fine well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin, glistening from the head to the hips with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tattooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, oiled and shining also, a head-dress of the nantitus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and, thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself, and the ladies think as much of him, as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion. A Samoan lady, in full dress for a ball, wears a beautifully white silky-looking mat around her waist, with one corner tucked up, a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers around her head, a row or two of large blue beads around her neck, her skin shining with sweet-scented oil, and the upper part of her person deeply tinged with turmeric rouge. They are not tattooed like the men, but many of them are spotted all over." Idolatry had not so firm a hold upon this tribe as upon many others, and the new religion was soon introduced in form. After visiting a few other islands, the voyagers returned to Raiatea. Mr. Williams, however, was deeply impressed with the importance of Samoa as a missionary station, and, anxious to learn the success of the native teachers whom he had left there, soon made a second visit, when he was welcomed with the most cheering intelligence. Idols had been cast away and burned, and heathens, whom the progress of the gospel at first filled with rage, had now submitted to its power.

A short time after this second voyage, Mr. Williams was called to England by the directors of the Missionary Society, to relate the story of his toils and triumphs to the Christian public, in hopes of exciting a new interest for the missions. In this new field of action he met with the

same success which had attended his other undertakings. The facts which he presented, in his own earnest and stirring manner, wrought wonders among every class of people. Although, before Mr. Williams's arrival in England, his name had been little known beyond the circle who were more particularly interested in his operations, in a very short time he acquired extraordinary popularity, and became a welcome guest of nobles and the exalted of the land. From the time of his arrival to that of his departure he fulfilled five and six public engagements weekly. The great facts which filled his heart the missionary never tired of repeating, and these statements produced everywhere the most striking effects. An especial instance is related by Dr. Campbell, of Mr. Williams's preaching in Bristol: "When, in the course of his sermon, he was detailing modestly and fervently the wonderful works of Providence and grace, in connection with his personal history and agency in the islands of the South, so stupendous were the events detailed, so surprising the changes wrought, so evidently and gloriously was the arm of the Lord displayed throughout, that the vast assembly, filled with delight and admiration, became unable to resist the overpowering excess of their emotions, and, in an instant, broke forth into a simultaneous burst of approbation!"

Out of the pulpit our missionary was no less attractive. His manner and communications charmed and interested every one who heard him.

Mr. W. was eminently social in his disposition, and was never happier than during his brief intercourse with friends while visiting England. On such occasions the conversation would generally turn upon the missionary's favorite topic—his own great work; and, for purposes of illustration, cases of Polynesian curiosities would be produced, and the table covered with idols, ornaments, and implements of every description. "Frequently Mr. Williams arrayed his own person in the native tiputa and mat, fixed a spear by his side, and adorned his head with the towering cap of many colors worn on high days by the chiefs; and, as he marched up and down his parlor, he was as happy as any one of the guests whose cheerful mirth he had thus excited."

One result of his visit to the mother country, was the production of his "Missionary Enterprises," a work which for romantic and thrilling interest is not surpassed by the world-renowned work of Defoe. Before he left, the effect of his appeals was very sensibly felt in the augmentation of missionary funds; and, in answer to these appeals, a large missionary ship was procured, every way sea-worthy and serviceable, so that the desire of his heart was finally and fully accomplished. The enterprise in which he then embarked was one of no ordinary extent. He returned with the intention of surveying the whole field, and preparing it for future laborers; not of any single society, but of every institution willing to aid in the evangelization of Polynesia. But his useful life was drawing toward its sad close—a few scenes more remained.

At Samoa he determined to tarry for a while, to the great joy of the people. His temporary home was at Apia; and a singular instance of the general attachment to his person was manifested on the occasion of his removal to another district—Fasetootai. On a mere intimation of the possibility of such a removal to the people of Fasetootai, about five hundred natives of that district started for Apia, a distance of twenty miles, and seizing every parcel or package pertaining to the missionary, they returned in single file,—shouting, laughing, and dancing, and singing songs composed for the occasion; the chorus of which was,—

"Williams is coming, is coming, is coming;
He is bringing the *lotu* to Fasetootai."

Mr. Williams left Samoa with forebodings for which he could not account, but which were soon, alas, fully realized! The shores of Erromanga were the next that met his view; and here he fell a martyr to the blood-thirsty rage of the savages, for whose salvation he would have given his life a thousand times. The intelligence came upon the missionary stations like a thunderbolt. The natives for whom he had toiled and prayed felt his worth, and loved him as a father. No less was the sorrow of Mr. Williams's large circle of English friends, and the friends of the missionary cause generally,—for truly a mighty man had fallen! A life of such extended usefulness is worthy of noble mention in the pages of history; for the mind of man can never estimate the value of such achievements.

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, was held on Monday last; the President, the Hon. Dr. Bubble, took the chair precisely at seven o'clock, assisted by the Hon. Mr. Fudgefield, and Timothy Tinshins, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The President delivered an introductory discourse on the usefulness of useless knowledge, and the advantages of confusion in the understanding, which elicited the greatest applause from a thronged and delighted audience. The following is an abridged copy of the sapient president's address:—

"*Gentlemen of the Useless Knowledge Association,*—

"I have the honor of congratulating you on this anniversary meeting. We are engaged, gentlemen, in a stupendous effort. The object of our endeavors is to place the foundations of the intellectual universe on the highest state of moral elevation. There is a great truth, gentlemen, in the exaggeration, that the intense application of the human intellect in infinitesimal quantities to the analytical pursuit of psychological investigation, leads to the surest mathematical discrimination of moral idiosyncrasies. The human mind, gentlemen, I consider as composed of two qualities—ratiocination and immaterial recipiency. Facts are imbibed by the inductive process of mental recipiency, and, being rationally ratiocinated, lead to reason. This we denominate the march of intellect; and intellect hath three branches, namely, logic, metaphysics, and dogmatics, which, being synthetically combined, constitute man a reasoning animal. As the Stagirite remarks, concerning the method of philosophical induction, '*Omnis ratio de ratione, rationans, rationare facit rationaliter rationando omnes homines rationantes,*' an axiom which, I apprehend, no one will deny. In the unenlightened mind, all attempts at reasoning are in the highest degree unreasonable, just as in the dark all cats are gray. Gentlemen, we live in an enlightened age; Peter Parley and the printing-press have effected a moral and hypercritical revolution; all men can read the Pandects, the Novum Organum, and Poor Polly Jenkins. Instead of the spelling-book and the primer our children have Cudworth's Intellectual System and Adelung's Mithridates. Modern intellect may be compared to a magnificent toad-stool, which shoots out its head on all sides the moment it gets an inch above ground. Sometimes it has been compared to an overgrown pumpkin-vine, sprouting right and left, and grasping at more than it can hold; but this is a misrepresentation; the mind will hold any quantity of knowledge since the invention of lyceums and enclycopædias; and there is no difficulty in the present day in getting a quart into a pint pot. Gentlemen, I say to you, Go on. Let useless knowledge flourish. The world is growing wise. Man is tall in intellectual stature; his heels are on the earth, but his head is in the clouds." (Tremendous applause.)

The following report of the Standing Committee was then read:—

REPORT.

The Standing Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, beg leave to report, that the affairs of the Society were never in a more prosperous and desirable condition. They have great pleasure in congratulating the Society upon the encouraging prospects which the present state of the country holds out to them. Useless knowledge was never more highly prized or more eagerly sought after; and mortal understandings were never in a more admirable confusion than at present. Your Committee beg leave to call the attention of the Society to sundry circumstances which, in their opinion, have had the most powerful effect in bringing about these desirable results.

Your Committee feel bound to distinguish, with the most pointed and laudatory regard, the efforts of the newspaper editors, who, in the course of the past year, have labored with the most disinterested zeal in forwarding the objects of the Society; they have constantly shown themselves friends of useless knowledge, and confounders of the brains and understandings of mankind. Your Committee would particularly call to your approving notice, the unwearied industry of these gentlemen in discovering mares' nests, fighting windmills, basting dead cats, bottling moonshine, catching seaserpents, peeping through millstones, swallowing earthquakes, and gobbling down piracies. Your Committee recommend that each newspaper editor be presented with an elegant leather medal, bearing the inscription, "*Ex fumo dare lucem,*" in allusion to their wonderful sagacity in sometimes distinguishing smoke from fire.

Your Committee would further point out to the notice of the Society the various quack doctors, and in particular the Vegetable Diet Sawdust Live-for-ever Starvation tribe. Useless knowledge is under infinite obligations to these individuals, though their reward and encouragement would seem rather to belong to that enlightened association, the Society for the Extinction of the Human Species. Nevertheless, considering the immense amount of useless knowledge they have propagated, and its effects in producing confusion not only in the understandings, but in the bodies of men, your Committee do not feel at liberty to pass them by without some adequate notice. They therefore recommend that each of these persons be presented with a medal of the purest and hardest brass, bearing the inscription, "*Stultorum infinitus est numerus,*" in allusion to the very wide field which exists for their praiseworthy and philanthropic labors.

Your Committee further recommend to the favorable regard of the Society that distinguished individual, Dr. Humm, the ingenious reviver of animal magnetism, whose labors in the cause of the Society deserve the highest commendation. Dr. Humm has not only been

instrumental in extending knowledge useless, and more than useless, but he has thrown the understandings of many human beings into confusion worse confounded. His success in this particular has been most brilliant; and many individuals under his influence are so far gone in their intellectuals, that they do not show the least glimmer of common sense. Your Committee beg to lay before the Society a brief relation of the brilliant and astonishing experiment in animal magnetism performed by Dr. Humm, upon the person of a full-grown, intelligent, and respectable cat, in the presence of a large number of citizens of the first talent and respectability.

"All things being prepared, the cat was brought into the room, and placed in an arm-chair. The cat was a gray tabby, with a black and yellow tail, and sea-green eyes, of a mild and ingenuous expression of countenance, and appeared to be about four years old. Doctor Humm assured us there was no sort of private understanding between him and the cat, as had been suspected by some skeptical persons. Indeed the cat appeared perfectly innocent, and everybody was quite convinced of her honesty. She stared round at the company with wondering eyes, as if not comprehending the cause of the assemblage, but could not escape from the chair, because she was held down by her paws and tail by five of the gentlemen present. Dr. Humm then began the magnetic operation by placing the fore and middle finger of his left hand over her eyes, so as to keep them shut close, and drawing the fore finger of his right hand in a direct line from the cat's nose across her bosom, down to the extremity of her left paw. The magnetic effect was immediately apparent. Her tail began to wag, so much so that the Hon. Mr. Fogbrain, who was holding on by that limb, immediately let it go in order to witness the result of this strange phenomenon. In thirteen seconds there was a sensible vibration of the cat's tail, which waved from side to side, describing twenty-seven degrees of the segment of a circle. A general murmur ran throughout the assembly. 'It wags, it wags!' exclaimed every one—there was no longer any room for doubt; the most skeptical among the spectators was thoroughly convinced that the tail was wagging, and even that arch unbeliever, Simon Sly, was heard to declare he had no doubt of the waggery.

"Dr. Humm now changed his operation, and commencing as before at the cat's nose, he passed his two fingers up the skull bone between the ears, down the occiput, round under the neck to the tip of the shoulder-blade, and thence in a straight line down to the left paw. After thirty-one magnetical touches in this manner, the wagging of the tail increased to such a degree as to describe almost a semicircle, and Dr. Humm declared the animal was sound asleep. As the cat gave no evidence to the contrary, except by the wagging, there was no doubt of the fact—for the doctor assured us that magnetized cats always wagged their tails when sleeping. The cat was therefore declared to be in a fit state for experiments, and Doctor Humm began by willing the cat's tail to tie itself up in a bow-knot; the tail immediately twisted itself round, and described the figure of a bow-knot in the air. This was witnessed with astonishment by every one in the room. Mr. Noddy, seeing the wonderful effect of the experiment, signified a wish to bear a part in the operation, to which Dr. Humm very politely consented. Mr. Noddy therefore proceeded to magnetize the cat from the tip to the lower jaw, under the chin, across the trachea and thorax, down to the heel of the right paw; the cat immediately gave a loud *mew*, which in a sleeping cat must have been a sure sign that something ailed her. Mr. Noddy then willed her nose to be a rat-hole, which took immediate effect by the cat's snapping sharply at his fore finger. This astonished the company a second time; and Dr. Humm made a third experiment, by willing the cat to be thrown souse into Frog Pond. The Hon. Mr. Fogbrain immediately let go her fore paws; and, strange to say, they began pad, padding, as if attempting to swim. The murmurs of admiration that ran round the company at this wonderful sight are not to be described. 'She swims! she swims!' exclaimed every one; the proof was complete; most of the spectators could hear the splashing of the water in the pond; and some even imagined they could see the boys chucking stones at her. After this had been displayed to the full satisfaction of the company, Dr. Humm willed her to come safe ashore: notwithstanding, her paws continued to paddle; but this was easily accounted for, as the doctor assured us she would stand perfectly still as soon as she got her land-legs on.

"Various other experiments followed, which we have not space to describe in detail. Dr. Scantiwit willed the cat to be in a mustard-pot, whereupon she immediately gave a loud sneeze, and made an immensely wry face. Mr. Milksop willed her to be lapping cream, on which she gave a hearty purr, and licked her chops three times. Mr. Dryasdust willed her to scratch his wig, and at the same moment felt a sharp tingling under his skull-bone, by which he was convinced he had something there," &c.

Your Committee, having laid before the Society these wonderful experiments, recommend that Dr. Humm, and each of the individuals who assisted as above, be presented with the Freedom of the Corporation of Fools' Paradise.

Your Committee would recommend to the respectful notice of the Society the various public lecturers on recondite subjects; and, in particular, those who treat of German metaphysics, Coleridgeism, optimism, and similar ultramundane exaltations of the human intellect. Your Committee suggest that a prize be proposed the ensuing year for the best dissertation on the following subject: "The influence of transcendental Metaphysics on the growth of Cabbages." They recommend that each transcendentalist be presented with a broomstick of black walnut, and a parachute of paramatta, for the purpose of enabling them to fly through the air.

Your Committee would trespass too far upon the time of the Society, were they to enumerate at length all the matters which deserve their attention. They are obliged reluctantly, therefore, to pass over, with a bare mention, the great

number of old women, quidnuncs, schemers, dreamers, steamers, system-mongers, method-mongers, improvers-of-society, &c., who are now exercising so vast an influence over the minds of the weak and the unlearned. They recommend that a medal be struck, emblematical of the whole of this enlightened community; the said medal to bear on one side the figure of a toad just ready to jump, with the legend, "*Sedet, æternumque sedebit*," in allusion to the march of intellect; and on the reverse, the figure of a cornstalk monument, with the words "*Ære perennius*," in allusion to the lasting fame of all march-of-intellect people.

MUSIC—ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE.

THERE is no record of the exact period of time when music first stepped forth upon the earth to enchain the senses of man with the magic of her voice.

In the early chapters of the Bible mention is made of Jubal, the son of Lamech, who played upon the lyre. Josephus remarks, "that from Jubal not improbably came Jobel, the trumpet of jobel or jubilee, that large and loud instrument used in proclaiming liberty at the year of the jubilee." One of the oldest songs of which we have any record, is that which Miriam sung after the passage of the Red Sea. As we proceed with Sacred History, we find, among the Hebrews, the character of poet and singer united in the same individual. David, also, not only wrote psalms and hymns, but made instruments of music. His viol had ten strings, played with a bow. The psaltery had twelve musical notes, and was played upon by the fingers. The cymbals were broad and large instruments, made of brass. With these he taught the Levites to perform hymns to God on the Sabbath-day and other festivals. At the captivity of the two tribes, the singers and the musicians were carried to Babylon, where they outlived their imprisonment, and returned again with their instruments. Jesus, the son of Sirach, says, "that at the temple, in his days, the singers sang praises with their voice; with great variety of sounds was there made sweet melody." In the gorgeous processions of that period, whether sacred or warlike, no doubt music took a prominent part; in every age she has spoken a language to be understood by the most barbarous and uncultivated tribes, as well as by the most civilized. In the tomb of Osymandus, near Thebes, musical instruments have been found, and it has been concluded that the Egyptians were acquainted with their use two thousand years before the birth of Christ. Pythagoras is said to have learned music from an Egyptian priest.

From the provinces of Asia Minor the different modes of Greek music are derived. Mythological accounts invariably give the praise to Greece, where the art was first acquired and perfected.

It is supposed, and very naturally, that music owes her origin to some lone shepherd, who, while watching his flock upon the hills, imitated with a reed the various changes of the wind as it swept with a whispering sound through the thick forests, or howled down the deep ravines, awakening with its call the tone of the torrents, and desolating the valleys with its strength. One can fancy the unutterable solace such a discovery would be to the solitary man, and how the dear ones of his homestead would gather around him when the sheep were in the fold, and listen with strange delight to the melody issuing from his Pandean pipe. A beautiful myth lies concealed in the story of Orpheus, who, by his divine music, moved mountains and stones to follow him wherever he played. Losing by death his beloved Eurydice, he followed her to the entrance of hades, when, striking a chord in unison with his feelings, its tenderness softened the stern divinities to compassion, and the thrilling tones of his voice suspended all the torments of Tartarus, and Orpheus gained consent to conduct Eurydice back to earth on one condition,—that he was not to look behind him; but in a narrow part of the gloomy road only one could proceed at a time, and, though he still played on to lull the jealous furies, he looked back to see if his beloved was safe, and lost her forever from his want of FAITH in the power which had carried him safely through so many dangers.

In the Justinian palace is a statue of Apollo, holding a knife in one hand and a human skin in the other; and there is also preserved, by the noble family of the Marchese Sotta, of Modena, a painting of Correggio's, representing the punishment of Marsyas, to whom is attributed the invention of the flute. This famous musician, as classic history informs us, resided at Celene, a city of Phrygia, of which it was once the capital, and, as he was one day wandering alone near a lake, he observed a musical instrument, which bore

some resemblance to a pipe, floating on the water; this was a flute, which had been manufactured by Minerva out of the leg-bone of a stag which she had one day found in her path, and on which she played with great skill. It is the quality of hard substances to sink in water, but this particular bone might have acquired its floating property from the divine touch of the Goddess of Wisdom, who, after all the pleasure this flute had given her, threw it away in disgust, when she saw by reflection in a glassy pool the frightful grimaces she made, and the manner her mouth was distorted when playing. As she flung it from her hand she denounced a miserable death on the person who should find it, and this denunciation was verified in the fate of the unfortunate Marsyas, who seized the instrument with much avidity, and drew forth such melodious sounds in his hymns dedicated to the immortal gods, that the Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, and Dryads followed him wherever he went. Puffed up with vanity at the praises which assailed him on every hand, he at last challenged Apollo to competition, who accepted the challenge on the express condition that the vanquished should be at the mercy of the vanquisher. The decision was in favor of Apollo, who had the cruelty to flay his rival alive. The tears shed for the death of poor Marsyas formed the source of a river which bears his name, which rises a short distance from the site of the ancient city of Celene, which was destroyed by an earthquake.

Poetry and painting require refined and educated minds to appreciate their respective beauties; but music declares herself in a language common to the general ear of humanity. There are but few who are impervious to her influence; and those few are half ashamed to own that they are deaf to "the voice of the charmer." It is well understood that among the humblest hearers of a concert are some of the keenest judges of a true melody or false intonation. Many a humble mechanic goes away from such places of amusement with the chambers of his memory well stored with the richest gems of the composer: exquisite snatches of melody, which ever and anon gush forth unbidden from his lips, lessening the fatigue of labor, and flinging around him a charm which makes his society courted by his rustic circle of neighbors when evening brings the toil of day to its conclusion. The coldest heart could scarcely remain unmoved at the beautiful ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," with its plaintive minor breathing forth the deep sorrow of the old man's wife, who no longer dares to love the object of her first affection. The tenderness of the music here expresses as much pathos as the poetry. But change the tune to "Drops of Brandy," and see what a change also passes over the faces of the listeners: those who sat so mute and motionless, with tearful eyes, to that true-love ditty, can scarcely constrain themselves; even the aged cripple loves to start up and dance to the joyful measure.

The delirious effect which is produced by the tarantella on the Italian peasants is well known. A man, to this species of music, will dance for hours, with a succession of partners, until he falls prostrated with fatigue upon the ground. No doubt associations have much to do with all our enjoyments: and fine and energetic as is the music of our national anthem, the words help the effect, inspiring us with love, reverence, and loyalty for the ruler of our land, by that one sentence of "God save the Queen." The "Ranz des Vaches" was prohibited from being played in the French army, when it was found to produce such dangerous consequences to the men, many of the Swiss soldiers having deserted under its influence. When they heard the strains that brought back vivid recollections of their native homes, their vast mountains and their peaceful chalets rose up before them, and in their mad desire to be once more with their families, they forgot the duty they owed to their commanders, and either fled or became so broken-spirited that they had no longer energy to act as became men. No one can form an idea of the magic of this pastoral music, unless they hear it echoed from hill to hill amid the sublime scenery of Switzerland.

The first writer who treated the doctrine of sounds mathematically was Euclid, who lived two hundred and twenty seven years before Christ. The Romans received the music which they used at sacrifices and other religious ceremonies from the Etruscans; but that performed on the stage was from the Greeks; they made use of capital letters for notes. In public the song was accompanied with flutes, playing, it is supposed, simple concords, supporting

and heightening the voice as the subject required.

Dr. Moseley has written a most ingenious paper on Greek Music, in which he considers that the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably have been performed on the principle of a note to each person. However this may be, it is quite certain that melody to the Greeks was quite unknown. The progress of music for many centuries remained in darkness; but little knowledge of how she existed has been handed down to posterity. It was in the year 1022, that Guido, called in France Guy d'Arreze, a Benedictine monk in the monastery of Pomposa, first invented the gamut as it now stands; but it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that *time* was introduced. This division of bars has brought notes of great value into disuse, and the round and maxim are no longer known except by the musical antiquary; and it would puzzle him to understand the "Virginal Book" of Queen Elizabeth, published in 1578.

To the troubadours of the fourteenth century music owes her release from the trammels of crude theories invented by the ancient composers, who vailed her sweet voice in complex and discordant sounds. Under her new masters all false doctrines were cast forth; she was made to imitate the gentle sounds of nature, and caught fresh inspirations from murmuring brooks and gushing springs, until she inundated the valleys of France with a flood of melody. The romance of that period is still hovering in many a fair damsel's soul, as she sings to her harp the song of the minstrel of Navarre, "*et pleurs, et plains et soupirs.*" To these charming *chansons* were added in time the art of measure, modulation, and grace.

It was in 1590, that a schoolmaster in Lombardy, Charles Monteverde, invented the harmony of the dominant, and was the first to use the seventh and even the ninth of the dominant; he likewise employed the minor fifth as a consonance, which had always before been used as a dissonance. Thus the tonal harmony became known, and his principles being once admitted, all its consequences were naturally deduced, and musicians arrived almost insensibly at the conclusion that only three essential harmonies were to be acknowledged, namely, that of the tonic, the dominant, and sub-dominant, which are all that should be placed on either, direct or inverted on those notes, and on those comprised in their harmony. He also introduced with composition double dissonances, which were soon succeeded by treble dissonances, and diminished and altered chords. Cotemporary with Charles Monteverde, Viadana lived, and was the first person who formed the idea of giving to the instrumental bass a different melody from that of the vocal, to which it had hitherto strictly adhered. He further proposed to make this new bass reign through the piece, and to consider it as the basis of the whole composition, representing by figures the chord it was to carry.

These innovations excited the indignation of composers attached to the ancient rule, but experience overcame their vague and abstract reasonings, and by degrees the new method found favor in their sight; but the Church then, as now, ever alive to the loss of power, by permitting alterations, retained long after the death of Monteverde its expressionless chants.

We shall pursue the subject in a future number.

SILENT LOVE.

"AN illiterate female," said Dr. Chalmers, "in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but, at the customary examination, could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the offices or mediation of Christ, or of the purpose of his death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion which fitly responded to the topics of the clergyman, whether she was spoken to of the sin that condemned her, or of the Saviour who atoned for it. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enroll her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fullness of her heart, 'I cannot speak for him; but I could die for him!' The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token; and with good reason, although not a reason fell in utterance from her."

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

IT was a winter evening in the year 1498. The hoar frost lay white on plain and forest, and a heavy mist was rolling down from the Thuringian mountains on the ancient town of Eisenach, while the broad red sun, now low in the west, gleamed fitfully on the homes and churches of the little city. There were few passengers in its narrow streets, but the firelight flashed brightly from door and window. The din of loom and hammer, mingled with the sounds of domestic preparation, came from every dwelling; for the good wives of Eisenach were getting ready their German supper, and the rest of its industrious population were hasting to finish the work of the day. All that machinery now accomplishes, and much that commerce brings ready-made to European doors, was there executed by the hands of the craftsman or the labor of the household; Eisenach, like other old-country burghs, had therefore few idlers among its people in those days. Even in the great square of St. George, where the richest families lived, there was not a looker-out to be seen at the windows, except Dame Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, master of the guild of woolen weavers.

Dame Ursula was the admiration and envy of many a neighbor, for the blessings of this world which seemed showered upon her. She was the only daughter of a distinguished burgomaster,—well-beloved, richly-endowed, and wedded to the husband of her choice, a just and kindly man, who was, moreover, the wealthiest citizen of Eisenach. She had health, beauty, and fair fame; and was then a young wife, happy in her pleasant home, with her infant son and her loving husband. Dame Ursula was also somewhat vain of the damask kirtle and vail of Flemish lace, in which she heard mass or vespers; of the scarlet gown and golden chain in which her husband led the guild in holiday and festival processions; and of the workshop with twenty looms, which occupied almost the whole of the lower story of that large timber house, wherein four generations of Cottas had lived and died. Conrad usually presided there; but that evening he sat in council with the chiefs of the guild, on a point of dispute between them and the woolcombers' company, which threatened the peace of the city; and his wife expected him home with two of his latest and wealthiest friends,—Hans Gortland, the burgomaster, and Doctor Ambrosius, the dean,—who were to sup with the Cottas.

Matters were fully arranged for the reception of those important guests, and great was the display of domestic magnificence. The venison pasty was baked and the ale spiced; the great gilt tankard, the silver-rimmed drinking-horns, and the plates of English pewter, stood forth in fair array on the long table of walnut-wood, with carved stools ranged on each side of it; a bright wood fire blazed in the ample chimney, and shone on the tapestried walls and floor of polished oak; for the room in which Dame Ursula stood was her best parlor.

The narrow window of thin horn, interspersed with diminutive squares of glass, afforded but an uncertain view in the gathering darkness. Dame Ursula opened it, and looked over the quiet square. There was no trace of her husband or his friends; but through the deepening twilight came a clear young voice, singing a German version of the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge." Ursula had heard it sung in many a church, but she thought never so sweetly; and, as the singer came nearer, she perceived that he was one of the poor scholars from the neighboring Augustine convent, who were accustomed to sing every evening in the streets of Eisenach for what the charitable or pious were disposed to give. In most cases this was their only means of subsistence. The convent afforded them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service, but they were expected to find their own bread; and being generally the sons of poor parents, who lived far away in the country, they had no resource but that of singing hymns and carols in the streets of the nearest town. The same causes which led to the large increase of monasteries, had latterly augmented the numbers and diminished the good repute of the poor scholars. Even charitable people remarked that they learned importunate begging and vagrant ways. The magistrates and city guards looked on them as so many nuisances, while wise and observing men saw in them only a growing harvest of those mendicant friars by whom all Europe was overrun at the period.

Ursula remarked that the boy seemed

a new-comer, and looked more poverty-stricken than the other scholars of the convent. He was thinly clad, and scarcely fifteen; but there was an air of rustic respectability and diffidence about him, ill calculated to succeed in his present vocation. He had approached the first house in the square; it was that of Doctor Ambrosius, the dean, and stood opposite the parish church. The door was open, and having sung a few verses, the dame, still bending from her window, heard him ask, in a timid broken voice, for some bread or beer to help the poor scholar. Old Gretchen, the housekeeper, had that day lost her cat, and got into bad temper; so that scarcely was the humble request uttered than she slammed the door in the poor boy's face, ordering him to be gone with his psalms and begging, for there were too many of his sort in Eisenach.

The boy staggered back at her rude repulse. It was the third he had met with that evening—for two hours he had sung in the streets, but obtained nothing; and now the worn-out child moved silently away, and leaned against the porch of the church. Dame Ursula's house had been grievously pestered by the poor scholars. In common with most of the good wives of the city, she would have felt thankful if tempers like that of old Gretchen had driven them completely from the town; but as the firelight from the cheerful homes around him shone on the boy's face, it had a desolate, hungry look, that smote upon her heart. She thought of her own infant son, now fast asleep in his cradle. Might not he also be poor, and a stranger in some far-off town; there were tales of as great reverses; and, rising hastily, the young mother filled up a pewter flagon of the warm ale, took a small loaf from the supper bread, and hurried down to the door of the hall, or great kitchen.

"Come, child," said she, stepping out with that welcome present; "here is some supper for you. Come in, and eat it by the fire,—and you will sing us a psalm before you go home to the convent."

The boy took the loaf and flagon from her hands. He tried to speak; but Dame Ursula saw that the tears were gathering in his large blue eyes, and led him in to the stone bench by the great kitchen fire, which blazed and crackled on the broad hearth. The servants who had assembled for supper, and the weavers who poured in from the workshop—for, in the fashion of those times, all whom Conrad Cotta employed formed part of his household—were surprised to see their mistress give such countenance to a poor scholar; but they gathered round to hear what news or gossip he could tell—the boys of the convent being famous for knowing all that happened in the principality. To their many inquiries, the boy, who had by this time recovered himself, answered that he was a stranger; that his parents lived far away, and were poor miners; that his name was Martin, and he had come to the convent with his father and mother's blessing, hoping to be made a scholar and a good priest some day. The weavers laughed loudly at the last of his expectations, and Peterkin, the wit of the workshop, inquired if he "would n't rather be an archbishop?" But Dame Ursula, who ruled her husband's household discreetly, notwithstanding her youth, commanded them to be silent and civil when a stranger sat by the fire, and give thanks for their supper.

"A sound advice, wife; and one we are right ready to take," said the deep but cheerful voice of Conrad Cotta, as he bustled into his own dwelling, followed by the dean and burgomaster, at a pace befitting their superior rank. The only entrance to the tapestried chamber, or best parlor, of a wealthy citizen, in those days, was through the great kitchen, where ordinary meals and sundry domestic operations were conducted; and his men and maids, now taking their places at the long table, which almost bent under the weight of barley-cakes, cheese, and strong beer, did reverence to their master and his guests. The burgomaster nodded solemnly in reply to their salutations; Doctor Ambrosius muttered a Latin benediction; and Conrad said, "A good supper to ye, children;" but as the poor scholar's modest bow caught his eye, a frown darkened on the good man's face.

"You are one of these convent boys who trouble the town, and have given us such a job with the woolcombers," cried he, in sudden anger; for Conrad's temper was quicker than his judgment at times. "Sirrah, was it you who stole old Jasper's cards and combs, and laid the blame on our weaver boys, with your fine stories?"

"Husband, the boy is a stranger," said

Ursula, "and too modest to be guilty of such things."

"Ay, they're all modest when they get into good honest houses, I'll warrant," interrupted the burgomaster; "but one of them shall not be suffered to sing in the town for a twelvemonth; and, dame," he added, with an admonishing look, "it might be well that they were less encouraged."

"I never stole cards or combs," said the boy, setting down his flagon, with a crimson cheek and a flashing eye; "I never told tales of any one. My father is an honest miner: though we were poor, he brought me up like a Christian, and I would never sing at doors if I were not hungry."

"A proud boy, indeed!" said Doctor Ambrosius, smiling. "Don't be too hard with him, Conrad: he may come to a cardinal's hat yet. Pope John, they say, begged in his time." And with a laugh at the dean's joke, in which even the grave burgomaster joined, Conrad and his guests went up to their supper room; while Ursula gently bid the boy finish his supper, saying she was sure he had stolen nothing, and there would always be some bread and beer for him when he sang at their door. Cheered by her kindly words, more than by the supper she had given him, the poor scholar drained the flagon, deposited a remnant of the loaf in his wallet for the benefit of less successful schoolfellows, and took his way to vespers at the convent. Ever after, in the cold evenings, Ursula had a welcome and a supper for the stranger boy. At first he came seldom, and only when he could obtain bread at no other house; but the dame knew his voice in the square, and beckoned to him from her window, or called him in at the door. Conrad, too, began to perceive that there was a difference between the miner's son and the rest of the convent boys, against whom the burgomaster's threat was not yet put into execution. He would never think of taxing him with a stolen utensil, or a street disturbance. Even with the rude weavers and servants the poor scholar grew popular. There was not a better singer in the monastery, nor one more thoroughly versed in the old hymns and carols; and, though modest and pious, he had a ready wit and a species of learning which delighted those rustic minds. Many a morality and saint's tale had he related for their edification; when, one evening, at the beginning of summer, young Martin stepped in to say that he was going to learn greater things in a distant convent. All the household, including Peterkin the wit, hoped he would do well, and come to be a good priest yet, which the older men said was a thing not over plentiful just then in the country. Dame Ursula gave him many good advices, besides a loaf and a groschen. Conrad bestowed upon him an old woolen gown, with a declaration that the other scholars should be sent out of town as soon as he was gone; and singing, at the special desire of these good friends, the old Thuringian carol of "We are Pilgrims all," with the twenty-third psalm in Latin, the poor scholar departed from Eisenach.

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Twenty-three years never pass without change over house or head, city or people; and so many springs and harvests had passed over the peaceful old German burgh, carrying its story far into another century; for it was a Sabbath morning in the winter of 1521. Since the poor scholar sung in the square of St. George, strong men had grown gray and stooping, girls that once were fair had turned staid and substantial matrons, infants had become tall youths and maidens; but greater changes had been brought upon the land. A light, unknown to their fathers, had flashed on the homes and Churches of Germany; doubts long working in the minds of thoughtful men at length spoke out, making priests and princes hear. The vail of awful mystery, which for ages had covered papal palace and cloister cell, had been rent, giving to the people sights of corruption and iniquity never to be forgotten. Cities cast away their creeds, and universities their learning. The miracle play and the holiday procession were neglected by the populace; for young and old crowded to hear the preachers of the new doctrines; and everywhere prince, scholar, and peasant talked of nothing but an ancient book called the Bible, and one who had brought it to light among them, whom they named Martin Luther. It was he—the leader of that mighty movement; the man who had questioned the faith of centuries, and set the authority of Christendom at naught; solemnly excommunicated by the whole

Roman Church, and now on his way from the great Diet of Worms, under the ban of the German empire as a contumacious heretic—it was he who that day proposed to preach in the parish church of Eisenach.

Never had the old Gothic pile been so well filled: peasants with their wives and children had poured in from the surrounding hamlets, and nobles with their trains from the mountain castles; rich citizens were there with their dames, humble artisans with their hard-working helpmates, and mendicant friars, half-concealed among the crowd, which thronged gallery, nave, and aisle. The chiefs of all the guilds sat in their accustomed places, but Conrad Cotta was not among them. Hans Gortland, the burgomaster, occupied his wonted seat of honor. Sadly deaf and dull had he grown with years; but still mindful that John Frederick, the elector, then lord paramount of Eisenach, favored the new religion. Close behind a pillar, which sheltered him from public gaze, sat Doctor Ambrosius, the dean, now white-haired, and bending on a staff, but curious to hear the popular heretic, and wondering much what things would come to pass with the clergy. He had employed his clerk that morning in writing out a declaration for the satisfaction of his spiritual superior, to the effect that he could not help Luther's preaching in the church.

At length the Reformer entered; and all eyes were turned upon the face that had not blanched before prince and prelate, cardinal and kaiser, when they stood in hostile array against the Wirtemberg doctor. It was that of a still young man, strong to work and will: traces of early care and great thought-conflicts were on it; but these were over, and the calm brow and fearless glance seemed brightened by the full assurance of faith. As the preacher took his place, a poor and way-worn pair, whom nobody knew or regarded, moved slowly forward, and seated themselves on the steps of the pulpit. Their attire was that of the humblest peasants; their hands were hard with toil; and none could recognize in the aged and weather-beaten faces the once prosperous Conrad Cotta and his fair wife Ursula. Both had grown old before their time; for strange and sad were the changes wrought upon their fortunes since that first evening of our story, when the dame looked out for her husband and his friends The infant son had died in fair and promising childhood. Two others had come and grown up, only to squander much of their father's well-won wealth in sin and folly, and at length enlist in the emperor's army. A quarrel with the burgomaster brought on a ruinous lawsuit, which utterly impoverished them; an accidental fire consumed the goodly mansion of the Cottas, from workshop to tapestried chamber; and a charge of heresy by Dr. Ambrosius, who took part with the burgomaster, obliged them to fly from the city. Of all their possessions nothing remained to the desolate pair but a poor cottage and a field, which Conrad had purchased in a small hamlet among the Thuringian mountains. Thither they retired; friends forgot and old neighbors lost sight of them, and they labored for their daily bread like the poor peasants around. The seasons were adverse, Conrad's strength was failing fast, and Ursula's heart was broken; for tidings had reached them some months before that their two sons had fallen in the Italian wars. They had hoped that the boys might return to support and comfort their old age. They had thought too, with a lingering of former pride, that their sons might redeem the family rank by rising in the military profession, and they might live to hear them called great captains; but all these hopes were stricken down, and their souls had no anchor. Conrad and his wife had been always piously inclined, according to the creed of their fathers. Willingly would they have sought comfort in religion; but the only faith they knew offered none of its highest consolations to the poor. No convent would receive them; they could bring neither rank nor riches. It was not in their power to make pilgrimages to any of the shrines; for, being poor and honest, they thought it right to journey on their own charges,—and it was their greatest grief that they had no money to pay for masses to benefit their lost sons.

"All things are for the rich," said Ursula. "Even the holy Church keeps her blessings for them. Yet I have heard say that Christ was poor! What can this new doctor be who speaks so much of him?"

"Our priest says he wants to bring back paganism," said Conrad. "But I hear he preaches much against the covetousness of the clergy. That's true, I'm sure, though it was for saying so that Doctor Ambrosius called me a heretic. They also tell

me he talks wonderfully concerning somewhat called free grace; and that it is to be had without money and without price."

"That would answer us, husband," said Ursula. "They say this doctor will preach next Sunday in Eisenach, and as our good elector has forbidden all search after heretics, let us go and try to hear him."

So the pair went a weary journey, and sat them down on the steps of the pulpit. They had occupied higher places, and been saluted by many a non-forgetful neighbor; but these things were forgotten in the wondrous tidings unfolded by the preacher. He told them of the worthlessness of mass, penance, and pilgrimage, and of one mighty to save, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That sermon was like dew on the dry ground to their souls. Each thought, "Surely this is truth; we will go home and grieve no more, but trust in the only Saviour, and seek for the city that hath foundations." Their memories had grown faint and confused over many losses, and the name which floated highest on the grand controversy had not been recognized; but when the preacher's voice rose in the psalm, old scenes and days came back upon Ursula, and she knew that the miner's son who had sung long ago in the streets was the same Martin Luther whom the Pope excommunicated and the people blessed. It was the psalm too that she had heard through the misty evening. He had sung it with his friends before setting out to meet the threatening Diet; and now, through all the desolations of their latter days, it came to the aged pair like a voice of faith and comfort—"God is our refuge!"

The multitude departed, wondering and talking of what they had heard. Conrad and his wife also turned homeward; but in the porch of the church a hand was laid on Ursula's worn cloak, and turning they saw the preacher.

"Friends," said Luther, "your faces seem familiar, and yet changed to my remembrance. Tell me, if it be not too bold to ask, what are your names?"

"We are the Cottas," said Conrad, "who lived, long ago, where yonder tavern now stands, in the good house of our fathers. We have become poor, and our neighbors have forgotten us."

"Alas, friends!" said Luther, "that I have nothing wherewith to return the kindness you showed my youth. Were it not for the charity of those who bear my charges, I might want in this war. The Lord repay them and you also."

"He has repayed us a hundredfold," said Ursula, "and his ways are wonderful; for we divided to you the bread of this world, but you have broken this day the bread of life to us."

So the three parted: Luther went his way only to be shut up in the castle of Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; Conrad and Ursula returned to the cottage, where their neighbors said they never grieved after, nor came to want—for somehow Luther's friend, the elector, heard of them. The bread given to the singing-boy of Eisenach was returned a hundredfold. Luther broke to them the bread of life—his princely friend the bread that perisheth.

GOOD LISTENERS.

THERE are few good listeners in the world who make all the use they might make of the understandings of others, in the conduct of their own. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightly and justly be founded. Every man takes a different view of a question as he is influenced by constitution, circumstances, age, and a thousand other peculiarities; and no individual ingenuity can sift and examine a subject with as much variety and success, as the minds of many men, put in motion by many causes, and affected by an endless variety of accidents. Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward as this habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others; a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient, whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen only with attentive ears, but with most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I may be very wrong, and probably am so; but, in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just that he should do.—*Sydney Smith.*

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE queen and princesses were very fond of sea-bathing, and also sailing about in the yacht, so that, excepting during very boisterous or rainy weather, they daily indulged in one or even both of those diversions. The royal family were called from their beds every morning at five o'clock, in order that they might be out by six. It will be readily imagined that such early hours at Gloucester Lodge produced equally early movements throughout the population of Weymouth, and the shops were opened very regularly at half-past five o'clock; for by six the streets were as thronged with all the fashionables at court, and also by those who were anxious to be thought so, as Regent-street is at present from three till six in the afternoon.

The great attraction was to see the queen and princesses walking from Gloucester Lodge to their bathing-machines, or to cheer them on their embarkation with the king and a select party on board of the royal yacht. These water-excursions occurred generally three or four days in every week; and the king in particular was so much attached to them that the royal family, when embarked, usually passed the whole of the day in sailing about at sea, sometimes at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land, but always within a chain of frigates to protect the yacht from being surprised by the enemy's cruisers.

Although I had not been hitherto in the constant habit of being set out at six o'clock, yet here I immediately fell into a practice so general, and out I went accordingly, with all the fashionables of Weymouth. Thus, on the second morning, after a whole night of heavy rain, I sallied forth to walk on the esplanade, in the hope of seeing the queen and princesses on their way to bathe. In proceeding along a cross street, my steps were for a few moments arrested to look into the window of a caricature shop, where among those prints were several of the royal family, but particularly some of the king, and others of the queen (Charlotte). I had not been standing there many minutes, intermixed with several other persons, when I heard from behind me a voice repeating, "The queen, the queen!" which induced me to search with increased diligence throughout the caricatures in the window for one of the queen, to which I had thought the voice from behind me had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful. At this moment, the various clocks beginning to strike six, reminded me that unless I hastened forward I should be too late to see the royal ladies proceeding to their bathing-machines. I immediately began to move on, still, nevertheless, keeping my eyes fixed upon the window in search of the queen. I had not, however, taken two steps in that way without looking before me, when I felt that I had come in contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced was a little old woman, with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed, "Halloo, old lady, I very nearly had you down." In an instant I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons, who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, while a tall stout fellow, in a scarlet livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferule of a long golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating: "The queen—the queen—the queen, sir!"

"Where?—where?—where?"—I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me, among the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

"I am the queen!" sharply exclaimed the old lady.

I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

On this discovery, I did not totally lose my presence of mind; for without the delay of a moment I fell on my knee, and seizing the hem of the queen's dress, was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice; when the queen, although I believe much offended, and certainly not without cause,

softened her irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand:—

"No, no, no, you may kiss my hant. We forgiff; you must pee more careful: fery rute—fery rute, inteet; we forgiff; there, you may go."—*Recollections of Col. Landmann.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE INDIAN SPIRIT GATHERING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

DARKLY, darkly in the valley,
In each dim secluded alley,
Countless shades at twilight rally,
Misty forms each glade explore;
Shadows all around are flying,
Spirit tone to tone replying,
And the night winds softly sighing
Greet the "mighty dead of yore."

Village maidens pass undaunted
Through the forest thickly haunted,
Haunted by the gloomy spirits
Of a nation known no more;
And the young heart gaily dances,
All unconscious in its fancies,
That it meets the spectral glances
Of the "mighty dead of yore."

Phantom forms, forever changing,
In the silent woods are ranging,
Or upon the hill-brow pausing
Scan the vista spread before;
One, the eagle plume is wearing,
Stern his look and proud his bearing,
Fierce the chieftain's eye is glaring
O'er the land he ruled of yore.

Doth the wooded, sloping mountain,
Gushing rill, or sparkling fountain,
Wear the wild exquisite beauty
That so long ago it wore?
Forest groves are rent and broken,
Where the warrior's love was spoken
And their glorious primal beauty
Human art can ne'er restore.

When the dusky twilight falleth,
Spirit unto spirit calleth,
In the silence, in the darkness,
Chanting their mysterious lore;
Hovering o'er the silent river,
They are moaning sadly ever,
And the glassy wavelets quiver
As they pass from shore to shore.

When the pallid moon is waning,
And the night owl is complaining,
When with wild and fitful swelling
Hoarsely shrieks the tempest's roar,
Then the traveler, benighted,
Listens, fearful and affrighted,
To the spirit voices telling
Of the "mighty dead of yore."

CONNECTICUT, 1852.

ELEMENTS OF THE SUCCESS OF METHODISM.

UNDER the title of "the Substance of Methodism," Mr. Taylor attempts to analyze the elements of its success. The first was the awakening of the souls of men to a consciousness of their personal relation to the Almighty. The same religious truths had been preached dogmatically, sentimentally, æsthetically. The hearers had been convinced, but not impressed. Their sensibilities had been pleasurably excited; but their consciences had not been made active. Their tastes had been gratified; but the introspective faculty had not been set at work. Previous religious teaching had dealt mainly with the comprehensive aspects and relations of Christianity; Methodism shut up the individual soul to a heart-probing interview with the Author of its being. The contrast is happily drawn in the following extract:—

"Taking an ordinary instance as sufficient for our purpose, let it be asked what it is that a Christian minister may believe that he sees before him on a Sunday? He may be sure that there is always much of the diffused and salutary influence of Christian doctrine within the compass of his stated congregation. With a few exceptions (probably) he addresses those who, whether in the way of a passive acquiescence, or, as the result of reading and reflection, have come sincerely to accept Christianity as true: they *do* 'unfeignedly believe the holy gospel.' They *do* 'look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.' In this pulpit-prospect there is therefore a wide range for charitable hope, and ground enough on which the pastor's consolation may rest, that he has not altogether 'labored in vain.'

"Or, to vary the instance, we can many of us recall the recollection of those over-crowding times when a preacher of unmatched power and grace—a perfect orator—used to fix every eye upon himself, through his hour of fluent and affluent sublimities. How did all faces gleam with an intensity of intellectual enjoyment, longing to vent itself in loud acclamations at every pause! And when that hour of fascination was over, what looks of gratulation were exchanged among friends from pew to pew! what shaking of hands, and how many smiles and nods passed to and fro, among the delighted people!

"But now all these pleasurable indications must be dismissed, for it is a Methodist of Wesley's or of Whitefield's order that is in this same pulpit. As a preacher, he is not more sincere or right-minded than the last; and as an orator, he is far less highly gifted; he is not so accomplished a theologian, nor in any sense is he rather to be chosen than the other, as to his dispositions, or endowments, or as to his creed: but he is a Methodist, and his words

sink into the hearts of those that hear. While he speaks a suppressed anxiety rules the spirits of the crowd, and this feeling breaks forth into sighs on every side: the preacher's style is not, in itself, oratorically affecting, and yet many weep, and an expression, not to be simulated, of anguish and of dread, marks many faces. What is it, then, that has taken place? It is this, that a sense, deep-seated in the structure of human nature, but which hitherto has slumbered, has suddenly woke up. There is a tumult in the soul, while a power irresistible is claiming its rights over both body and soul. Instead of that interchange of smiles which lately had pervaded the congregation, while the orator was doing his part, now every man feels himself, for the hour, alone in that crowd. Even the preacher is almost forgotten; for an immortal and guilty spirit has come into the presence of Eternal Justice. Within the dismayed heart it is as if the moral condition, hitherto unheeded, were spread abroad for strictest scrutiny. Quite gone from the thoughts are all those accessories of religious feeling which so often in times past had been the source of agreeable devout excitement. It is a dread of the supreme rectitude that now holds the mind and heart."—Pp. 142, 143.

Methodism, in the second place, carried the individualizing process into every department of the spiritual life. Not only in its thunder-tones of alarm, but in its persuasive, pathetic appeals, it addressed, not multitudes, but every soul in the multitude. Its Saviour was not the benefactor of the race, but the personal friend of the isolated sinner, bearing his name "engraven on the palms of his hands and on his heart," making atonement for him on Calvary, ever living to intercede for him—sure to have done and suffered all in his behalf, even had he been the only lost sheep to be borne back to the fold.

A third element in the success of Methodism was its proclamation of entire and immediate salvation as the result of an effort of the will, an unreserved self-surrender to the divine mercy. In one aspect, indeed, the formation of the religious character is gradual and slow. Only step by step, and by prolonged and reiterated self-discipline, can the distance between a selfish, worldly life and entire self-consecration be overpassed. Yet there must be an epoch of choice and resolution—a moment when the soul, in the omnipotence of a God-strengthened will, says, "I am henceforth not my own, but Christ's." This epoch must be reached in order to render spiritual growth possible. The preaching which dwells mainly on the necessity and means of improvement, will leave a large proportion of the better class of its hearers under the control of those moral influences which involve no power of progressive goodness—respectably undevout and decently non-religious. The preaching that shuts up its hearers to a day, a moment, of conversion, can hardly fail so to concentrate the forces of evangelical truth as to multiply converts; and, though it may multiply apostates also, there will be a large residuum of spiritual life, too vivid, too earnest, not to abide, and grow, and culminate. Then, too, the idea of entire salvation, of full pardon, acts at once on every noble and generous element of the soul, and makes obedience and purity the dictate of honor and gratitude to infinite mercy. The sentence, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," alone can give speed and power to the mandate, "Go, and sin no more."

But, under all these conditions, Methodism owed its success mainly to its having been, in its inception, and at every stage of its progress, an enterprise of pure evangelical philanthropy. Its vital principle was diffusion, propagation. Its pervading spirit was the missionary spirit. Its apostles attested their sincerity by every possible form of self-sacrifice. They spoke that language of sacrifice, which alone can convey the assurance and accomplish the work of love—the language which the mother perpetually utters to her child, the patriot to his country, the reformer to the objects of his benevolent interpositions—nay, which God in Christ uttered upon Calvary to the whole human race.

GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer, that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can *talk*; it is for genius to *observe*."

THE SIGN-PAINTER—THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

ABSORBED in the contemplation of the picture that he was on the point of completing, Ribera, the painter, stood before his easel. Once more he seemed intent on scrutinizing its every line; then, suddenly stepping back a few paces, "Yes," he exclaimed, in the self-complacent pride of the artist—"yes, indeed, it is a master-piece; it beats Caravaggio himself, and not a touch more will I add to it!" So saying, he dashed aside both pencil and palette with such thoughtless vehemence as to throw down the half-finished portrait of a lady that stood in the corner of his studio. Ribera, however, was too deeply engaged in the contemplation of his work to notice the unfortunate result of his rashness. With folded arms he continued standing before the picture, recapitulating with a well-satisfied air, and the most off-hand humor, the several beauties that his self-love discovered. Scarcely ever have the creations of Raphael's pencil been so richly rewarded with encomium, and a cicerone, showing some lover of art a master-piece that had been the admiration of centuries, however voluble he might be of tongue, would scarcely have chanced upon a strain of commendation equal to that which our painter now lavished so profusely on himself. At moments he would stay the course of his criticism, but only for the purpose of favoring himself with eulogiums that told of anything but modesty.

"I knew well enough," said he, with his hand upon his brow, "that there was no lack of genius here. I might now lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued forever from oblivion. But I hope God will still lengthen the span of my days. It surely cannot be his will that the secret of painting well, which he revealed to me in the cradle, should be prematurely buried with me in the grave; but he will rather let me gladden myself with my fame. Bitter enough has been the struggle for it; for, ere attaining to it, I have had to conquer self-distrust, and misery, and pain. How often have I had no other place of refuge in which to lay my head than the porch of the church, or the cavern in the mountain! How often have I been without the morsel of bread that would have satisfied hunger; or, destitute even of a shred of canvas, have traced my pictures with my finger in the sand upon the shore, for the wind to sweep them away! or, when I have shaped forth my budding fancies on the city walls or the palaces of the great, how often have the servants come, at the behest of their masters, to blur them out, without one of them understanding that they were the work of an artist—of an artist, too, in the need of alms! But I murmur not at these hard trials before thee, my God. Thou hast granted me, in the fairest period of my life, to reach the goal of my aspirations. Thou hast given me strength for the struggle, and faith to sustain me; for all those who are destined by thee to soar above the vulgar throng, must first, like thine own Son, our Saviour, wear the crown of thorns."

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little wrinkle-faced old dame shuffled in; it was the venerable Beatrix. She brought in a wooden trencher, with a very spare meal upon it, and laid it down on one side; but finding that the painter took no sort of notice of her, she at last endeavored to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loud, as I came up-stairs," she said, "I thought I should find the real *old gentleman* himself with you, that you are so familiar with. What were you screaming about in that manner? You must either have been dreaming aloud or been talking to the Wicked One in bodily form. A fine acquaintance that, forsooth! It was he, I trow, that gave you the idea of that horrible picture there, that makes my hair stand on end every time I look at it; a thing you have been laboring at, and nothing else, for three whole months. How can you wonder at our good viceroy, the Count of Monterei, giving you no employment, if you waste your time on such unsightly things as these? How can you expect any one to take up with such a hideous picture? Why, the very women would be before their time at the sight of it!"

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrix, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame; "and, scanty as your dinner is to-day, I only wish you

may have the like of it to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone,—and yet you will always keep saying you could be rich if you liked. Why have not you finished the Countess of Venuttas's portrait—a lady who would fairly have covered the canvas with gold for you, and procured you the patronage of the viceroy himself? It might have been the making of you! But no; whenever she came you always behaved as foolishly as you could, or even told me to tell her downright that you were not at home. God knows what it cost me to utter such lies as those! Go and be wiser!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrix," said Ribera, "with her shilly-shally face and her passionless eye. Why, I would have made her uglier than she really is! Ah! if I had had the young girl to copy from whom I met about three months ago, and purposely avoided seeing again, lest the remembrance of so lovely an image should disturb me in my retirement—Ah! I would have painted her with rapture!"

Beatrix was a listener no longer. As soon as Ribera began to excuse his own idleness by the ugliness of the Countess, she had pitifully shrugged her shoulders; and, turning her back on him, she now beheld that ill-fated portrait upon the ground. She immediately hastened to raise it.

"Heavens! what is this?" said she. "How wonderful! Of a truth the devil hath been keeping holiday with you, and put out one of the countess's eyes by way of pastime."

"Pshaw!" replied the artist, with a laugh, as he remembered by what mischance it had happened. "Sooth, never was my arm directed to better purpose; and I only wish that the same palette which flew by chance into this eye had done as much for that of the original. Then I should be quit of this wearisome countess, or should at least be able to find many a prettier profile."

"You are a fool!" said Beatrix; "happily for you, your friends have not lost their wits, but have been thinking more of your welfare than you yourself have. Dress yourself now, and go and find out Christophoro Panolfo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I know him not."

"But he knows you. They have been talking to him about you; he has a good opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. Now, this is as good as ready money; will you reject this, too, as well as the rest?

"No, certainly not," said Ribera. "If this Panolfo is a judge, and will take the trouble to come to me, he will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this master-piece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

At this question Ribera shrugged his shoulders, and began to whistle.

"No? this is past all bearing!" cried Beatrix, with the greatest indignation, while she planted herself before him with an almost threatening air. "I tell you plainly, you must go to Panolfo, if I have to drag you by the collar to his door."

Ribera merely shook his head.

"What will you bet me," continued she, "that I do not bring you to obedience? Fie! shame on you: this shows a bad heart, Ribera. Are you alone in the world, that you act thus? Our holy father, the Pope himself, has given me a dispensation from fasting in consideration of my age, and you condemn me to it. If you are to die of hunger, do you think that *I* will eat? Forward, child!" continued the old woman, assuming a milder tone—forward at once, "for I know you love me, on account of the friendship I bear to you. Though just at first I made you angry by speaking ill of your painting, yet you must pardon me now, and go to Panolfo. Here is your sword, and here your cocked hat, which becomes you vastly when you just perch it a little on one side in this way, over the left ear; you may hide your jerkin beneath your mantle, for it is a little too shabby to be seen in open daylight. Ah! just so; head up, my child; eyes well open, and the mustache brought nicely to point. Heaven help me, if you look not as proud and grand as the Emperor Charles V. in his own mighty person! If you find any gentlewoman at Panolfo's, show them your handsome face, and look tenderly on them; I, too, once was young, and I know what I am talking about."

Still chattering on, as if she would never

cease, Beatrix waited only till the artist had finished attiring himself,—and then, thrusting him out of the room, she gave him one more volley of encouragement as he descended the stairs.

"When you get to the other end of the town, ask for the merchant Panolfo. Mind you do not forget his name; he lives in the grand square, nearly opposite the palace of the viceroy. Fare ye well, fare ye well,—and bring me all the good news you can."

Not yet fully resolved whether he should go in search of the merchant or not, Ribera was sauntering on through the streets, when, a few hundred yards from his own door, he met one of his friends, the young Octavio, who, less by his talent than by a supple and intriguing character, had gained the notice of the viceroy, and was recognized as one of his privileged favorites. Octavio approached him, and expressed no little astonishment at seeing him again.

"What have you been about?" said he; "it is an eternity since I saw you last."

"I have been hard at work in the meantime," answered Ribera; and thereupon he reminded him of his repeated promises of saying a word for him to Count Monterei.

"Ah!" cried Octavio, "not a day passes but what I mention your name to him. But what is it you want? You are nowhere to be found. If the count could but see a picture by you!"

"Do you really think he would be inclined to lend me a helping hand?"

"Not a moment's doubt of it. Such talents as yours,—they need only be known to be valued. Besides, you know, I am always at hand to exclaim, at the sight of your performances—Admirable! excellent! sublime!"

"Nothing could be more opportune," returned Ribera, "for I have just finished a picture, than which, without any vanity, I may say I never did a better. If you would like to form your judgment upon it, perhaps you will step back with me now."

"Not just now," said Octavio, "I have an appointment that makes it impossible; but to-morrow, or the day after. You are right—nothing could be more opportune, and I will speak to the count about you. Farewell, my good fellow,—fare you well." So saying, he turned on his heel, and was soon out of sight.

"Now I will go to the merchant," said Ribera; "it may well be that the patronage of a stranger, though he looks down upon me with contempt, will avail me more than the hypocritical grimaces of officious and pretended friendship. Yes, yes, look well to the post you have won so craftily. Keep an eye on the portals of the palace—guard well its entrances; for when once I have set foot across the threshold, I will drive ye out, as our Saviour did the dealers from the Temple. What! ye are jealous of me, ye limners! ye are afraid of me! and so to lull me to sleep ye accord me your patronage! But may I be one of the daubers that ye are, my fine fellows, if I do not find the means of rising without you!"

At length Ribera arrived at Panolfo's house. Two of the servants conducted him into a richly-furnished apartment, which afforded a magnificent view of the spacious garden adjoining it, and of the azure sea in the distance. A middle-aged man, duly favored with corpulence, with a dull and vulgar cast of features, and a mouth continually opened to its utmost width, paced, gaping, up and down the room. At the open window sat a young girl, with her head resting on her hand, eagerly inspiring the perfume of the orange grove and the aromatic odors wafted on the breeze from the sea. Ribera made his salutation on entering; but the moment his eye rested on the young maiden's face, he turned red as fire, and quite lost his self-command, for he at once recognized the beautiful creature of whom he had been talking to Beatrix but an hour before, and it was with difficulty that he now faltered forth his name. Laura, indeed, was of extraordinary beauty. There Ribera stood in utter embarrassment, twirling his hat round between his fingers, and totally incapable of speech. The merchant, who, at his entrance, had checked his peregrinations about his room, attributed Ribera's embarrassment to his ignorance of the world, and awkwardly endeavored to inspire him with courage. This blunt condescension aroused the painter from his fit of transport, and restored him to the full influence of his native pride. Rising to his full height, he answered thus: "Neither wealth nor power, nor aught that is wont to inspire others with awe, could humble me or fix my gaze on the earth—through beauty alone God manifests to me his majesty; and if you beheld me in embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my admira-

tion of his most beautiful master-piece." His eye met Laura's, and it could not escape him that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell-work of enchantment, as it were, had taken both of them captive; and, before they had exchanged a single word, the mute language of the eye had told them that they loved. Panolfo it was who unconsciously contributed most to further the quick flame of affection; for the more he played the patron before the artist, the more sympathizing grew Laura's glances, and the more eager she seemed to compensate him for the pain of humiliation.

"They tell me, sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent,"—Ribera bowed,—"but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in promoting the arts. We will see whether you deserve one's patronage."

Ribera frowned and bit his lip, lest he should be tempted to repay such insolence in kind. Laura noticed this involuntary play of his features, and, seeking to calm the rising storm, "You are a stranger here, sir?" said she.

Her voice seemed to vibrate on the painter's heart. His brow grew smooth again, and he replied, "I was born in Spain, signora, in Xativa, near Valencia. But I left my home and family as a child, and have never seen them since; and, setting aside the time that I have passed in your native country, I am the more entitled to consider myself a scion of Italy, since the bloom of youth is over with me, and now particular ties attach me to the soil. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma. In every corner of the land I have left traces of me behind me; wherever the art of painting flourishes, I have gathered, like the bee, the down off the blossom, and prepared my honey. I am now settled at Naples, and never think of leaving it again."

"What induces you, Sir Painter, to give this city the flattering preference?" said the merchant. Ribera felt his blood ready to rise again: he collected himself, however, and "That is a secret, signor," he replied.

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing in a word of conciliation. "Signor Ribera will, perhaps, give you to understand that he *loves*."

"Yes, signor," returned Ribera, "he loves, and with an ardor that will last for his life." Now it was Laura's time to blush, and Ribera became more confused than before, when he saw her, too, incapable of concealing her embarrassment.

"A truce to that!" cried Panolfo: "you reproach me with curiosity, Laura, and you are a hundred times more curious than I. Come, good sir, and let us talk of business. Are you inclined to earn five-and-twenty ducats? But, first of all, what branch of the art do you pursue?"

"Tell me only," said Ribera, "what you think of ordering."

"A SIGN FOR MY WAREROOMS."

Ribera moved as if to rise, but an imploring look from Laura restrained him: his excitement, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether he refused or accepted the proposal.

"Are you not inclined for it?" continued Panolfo. "Why, it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known; and, if you have any talent, you could have no better way of exhibiting it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow-merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you intrust the choice of the subject to me?" said Ribera. "Only on condition that I am allowed to paint you something of my own free choosing, can I accept your proposal."

"Well," returned the merchant, "I have confidence in you: do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate for?" continued Ribera, with a smile of bitterness.

"As I told you before, five-and-twenty ducats; and *that*, according to my notions, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning; and, if I am satisfied, I will let you paint my portrait too, and double the amount. You see I know how to do things."

"My thanks to you," cried Ribera, rising to his full height. "However, had you left it to me to fix the price, I should have demanded five hundred ducats; but I will make a proposition to you that may lead to an agreement between us. I only ask permission of you to fix the picture that you have ordered of me, for one single day, over the door of your house, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You are right—I must make myself known, and I now seize the opportunity that presents itself. You may give out publicly, signor,

that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet again. Farewell, signora."

Laura softly opened on him her beautiful eyes, that seemed to say to him, "Be really what thou believest thyself to be, and Laura's hand be the reward of thy talent."

Ribera withdrew. Slowly he descended the stairway; and when, on his way through the garden, he passed beneath the window of the apartment which he had but just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a slip of paper, on which was written, "My hand and fortune for the first painter in Naples."

A fortnight after the incident just related, with the dawn of day a large crowd of people was seen assembled before Panolfo's house. Every one was pointing toward it, or clapping his hands, and asking the name of the painter who had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which had been fixed to the balcony overnight, and denuded of its covering with the approach of daylight. The enthusiasm of the throng now manifested itself in vehement clamor, and now in still admiration, mingled with a feeling of the deepest horror. The saint was depicted lying on his left side. His feet were tied together, and held by one of his executioners; his right arm, which was drawn up perpendicularly to his head, had already received a gash, and the other torturer, with a Satanic smile in his bloodthirsty visage, thrust his hand with as much callous composure into the wound, between the bleeding flesh and the lacerated skin, as a butcher that has seized the animal he is going to slay; while the face of the victim expressed, in a wonderful manner, his resignation and his faith in the eternal reward promised to the martyr, and his silent conquest thereby over pain and torture. Never had such a subject found such an expounder; never did pencil attain in so high a degree to expression and power.

The news had soon spread over the whole town; and the crowd assembled in the grand square grew so large at last, that the viceroy himself became anxious to know the reason of the concourse. Accompanied, therefore, by Octavio and other favorites, he repaired to the spot opposite the merchant's house, and, seized with astonishment and admiration at the sight, "Who painted this master-piece?" he cried. No one was quick in answering him. "Why does the artist conceal himself?" continued Monterei. "Let him show himself, and depend upon my protection. All the painters of Naples shall go and be schooled by him. Once more, whose master-work is this?"

"Mine," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera; I am here unknown, and only wait to be that which it may please your highness to make me."

"What reward dost thou require?

"The title of First Painter to the Viceroy of Naples."

"Be it so. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire, the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I rejected them. However, he can content me another way: I love his daughter Laura."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

The union of the two lovers took place on the following day. Ribera, better known by the name of Espagnioletta, in a short time became the most celebrated painter in Naples; and soon eclipsed all those who, jealous of the Count of Monterei's favor, or fearful of their rival's superiority, had so long obstructed his path to fortune and to fame. But Panolfo, who had most cordially given his consent to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a day pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognize the genius of his son-in-law.

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew now forms part of the Parisian collection of the paintings of the Spanish school. Mr. Taylor's passionate love of the fine arts deprived the cabinets of Spain of this magnificent gem, in order to confer it upon France. Every one may there convince himself that the praise which we have lavished on the picture, far from being exaggerative, is really less than its real merits demand; and the Parisian public has already expressed its enthusiastic admiration of the work in similar terms to the acclaim of Naples two hundred years before.

Ennui.—Some people like occasionally to take refuge in a gentle shade of misanthropy, and to feel ill-used when there is nothing to amuse them.

THE FIVE POINTS.

A STRANGER, taking his position in Broadway, near the City Hospital, would find himself at one of the central points of the wealth, the fashion, and the commerce of the largest and most influential city of the Union. The Hospital, of massive stone, surrounded by fine trees and spacious grassplots, which present a beautiful oasis amid the desert of brick and sand that encompasses its outer railing, tells loudly that active benevolence has here its sphere, and Christian charity its appropriate work. Elegant stores, crowded with merchandise of the most costly description; carts bending beneath the pressure of valuable loads; handsome carriages, containing fair occupants, whose rich attire bespeaks an utter disregard of the value of money; well-dressed hundreds, crowding the innumerable omnibuses, or passing with rapid steps through this great thoroughfare of fashion and of business; everything betokens progress, wealth, and happiness.

"But there is just behind a drearier scene;
The peopled haunts another aspect wear;
Midst wealth and splendor, wasted forms are seen,
Victims of ceaseless toil, and want, and care;
And there the sterner nature that will dare
To live, though life be bought with infamy;
There guilt's bold emissaries spread their snare,
Who law, or human or divine, defy,
And live but to perpetuate crime and misery."

One minute's walk from that Broadway-point of wealth, commerce, and enjoyment, will place him in another world of vision, thought, and feeling. Passing down Anthony-street but two squares, a scene will be presented, forming so entire a contrast to that he has just left, that imagination would never have pictured, nor can language in its utmost strength successfully portray it. Standing at the lower end of Anthony-street, a large area, covering about an acre, will open before him. Into this, five streets, viz., Little-Water, Cross, Anthony, Orange, and Mulberry, enter, as rivers emptying themselves into a bay. In the center of this area is a small triangular space known as "Paradise-square," surrounded by a wooden paling, generally disfigured by old garments hung upon it to dry. Opposite this little park stands, or rather stood, the "Old Brewery," so famed in song and story. Miserable-looking buildings, liquor-stores innumerable, neglected children by scores, playing in rags and dirt, squalid-looking women, brutal men with black eyes and disfigured faces, proclaiming drunken brawls and fearful violence, complete the general picture.

Gaze on it mentally, fair reader, and realize, if you can, while sauntering down Broadway, rejoicing in all the refinements and luxuries of life, that *one minute's* walk would place you in a scene like this. Gaze on it, men of thought, when treading the steps of the City Hall or the Hall of Justice, where laws are framed, and our city's interests discussed and cared for—*one minute's* walk would place you in this central point of misery and sin. Gaze on it, ye men of business and of wealth, and calculate anew the amount of taxation for police restraints and support, made necessary by the existence of a place like this. And gaze on it, Christian men, with tearful eyes—tears of regret and shame—that long ere now the Christian Church has not combined its moral influences, and tested their utmost strength to purge a place so foul; for this, reader, is the "Five Points!"—a name known throughout the Union, in England, and on the continent of Europe. The "Five Points!"—a name which has hitherto been banished from the vocabulary of the refined and sensitive, or whispered with a blush, because of its painful and degrading associations. The "Five Points!" What does that name import? It is the synonym for ignorance the most entire, for misery the most abject, for crime of the darkest dye, for degradation so deep that human nature cannot sink below it. We hear it, and visions of sorrow—of irremediable misery—flit before our mental vision. Infancy and childhood, without a mother's care or a father's protection: born in sin, nurtured in crime; the young mind sullied in its first bloom, the young heart crushed before its tiny call for affection has met one answering response. Girlhood is there; not ingenuous, blushing, confiding youth, but reckless, hardened, shameless effrontery, from which the spectator turns away to weep. Woman is there; but she has forgotten how to blush, and creates oblivion of her innocent childhood's home, and of the home of riper years, with its associations of fond parental love and paternal sympathies, by the incessant use of ardent spirits. Men are there—whose only occupation is thieving, and sensuality in every form, of

every grade, and who know of no restraint, except the fear of the strong police, who hover continually about these precincts. And boys are there by scores, so fearfully mature in all that is vicious and degrading, that soon, O how soon, they will be fit only for the prison and the gallows.

This fearful spot—this concentration of moral evil—this heathendom without the full excuse of ignorance so entire as creates a hope for foreign lands—why do we portray it? Why dwell for a moment upon scenes at which even a casual glance causes the warm blood to mantle to the cheek, and sends it rushing through the heart, until it quivers and aches with intensest sorrow? Why? Because we believe the time for action, the most wise, the most earnest, the most vigorously sustained, is fully come. The voice of benevolence has sounded there, and has been echoed, not faintly, not equivocally, but by a cry deep, agonized, impassioned. The wail of infancy, the moan of neglected childhood, the groan of mature years sick of sin, yet almost despairing of rescue, have united, and the cry has reached the ear of Christian kindness, and Christian hearts have responded to that call, and are now united to prove, as far as they may be enabled, the utmost power of redeeming grace to raise the fallen and to save the lost.

For several years the New-York Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had been anxious to include this point within the sphere of their operations. Their report of 1848 contains this language:—"We intend to make a new point in Centre or Elm-streets, in the vicinity of the Tombs. The deepest interest was manifested by the Board respecting this effort. Several ladies pledged their personal labors to the Sunday school, and all feel that this is emphatically '*mission ground*.' We plead for the children—for we commence with the Sabbath school—the children, because through them we hope to reach the parents—the children, because ere long they will hold the destiny of our city within their hands. We expect to employ a missionary there, *who will avail himself of every providential opening for usefulness.*" Urged by such feelings, the Board selected a committee of intelligent and judicious gentlemen, to survey the field and select a place for action. After a careful survey, the committee reported that a suitable room could not be found, and therefore the ladies must defer their hopes and plans. The point was sadly yielded, but never for a moment forgotten; and, before the Annual Conference of 1850, it was resolved "to apply for a missionary, in full faith that a way would be made plain for him to act efficiently and profitably." It was done, and most cheerfully responded to by the Bishops, and the Rev. L. M. Pease was appointed.

The ladies, feeling the difficulties that beset them in a field like this, and encouraged by the expressed interest of husbands, brothers, and friends, selected a number of gentlemen of the highest respectability and standing, who were formed into an "Advisory Committee" to the Board, and were empowered, in conjunction with the missionary, to find a suitable place and make all necessary arrangements for the opening of the Sabbath school. Obstacles seemed to vanish before them. A room was found, the corner of Little-Water and Cross-streets, some twenty by forty feet, thoroughly cleaned and seated, and thus



MISSION ROOM.

made capable of accommodating about two hundred persons. The first Sabbath it was filled. By whom? By what? A friend described it as "a more vivid representation of hell than she had ever imagined." Neglected childhood, hardened, reckless maturity, encased in filth and rags. But, through the power of grace, there were those there who had moral and physical nerve to bear the sight—the sound. They sang, and prayed, and exhorted, explained their motives and designs, and urged the importance of cleanliness upon their wretched listeners. The school opened with seventy scholars. The first few Sabbaths the children were rather unruly. The boys would throw somersets, and knock each other down, or follow any other inclination which arose. Indeed, the entire want of self-restraint was one of the most painful features of the scene, for who could repress the anxious question, "To what will all this lead?" But soon the school was perfectly organized, and each succeeding Sabbath witnessed its increase and improvement.

Immediately upon the establishment of the mission, the necessity of a day-school became apparent; it was found that weekly impressions were too evanescent to be of much benefit to children who, during the other six days, were exposed to influences which ever rest upon those residing there. Preparations were made for its organization; donations of books, maps, and slates were received, a teacher selected with the approval of the entire Board, and the ladies were rejoicing in the prospect of the fulfillment of their most cherished plan, when, in its initiatory stage, adverse influences intervened, which, by placing the school in other hands, removed it entirely from the control of the society, and, of course, in a degree from the direct influences of the mission.

Intemperance prevailed so fearfully in this region that all immediately realized that nothing could be effected until this tide could be stayed. Preaching fell on besotted ears in vain; all moral truth was wasted; it was "casting pearls before swine." Temperance-meetings were instituted, and held almost weekly in the mission-room. The friends of the cause rallied there, sang temperance-songs, and made earnest speeches. In the first year one thousand had signed the pledge, including some of the very worst of the inhabitants. Since then there has been a steady increase, and the closest scrutiny reports that in the large majority of cases the pledge has been fully kept.

Next to intemperance, the missionary found the greatest hinderance to consist in the want of steady employment for the surrounding poor. The majority were vicious, and unused to work; many were anxious for employment, but could not get it, because the large establishments which give slop-work to the poor would not trust their material in the Five Points; and yet they were obliged to remain there because of the cheapness of the rents. The missionary, by becoming responsible, found one house willing to coöperate in his design. After many experiments and many difficulties a regular establishment was formed in which fifty or sixty men and women found constant employment, and boarded in the house of the missionary. The inmates generally attended the religious services of the mission, the children came to the Sabbath school, and the Society regarded it as a valuable adjunct to their undertaking. At the end of the first year the same adverse influence which had already removed the day-school from the control of the Board also operated here; and although they have been successful in obtaining employment for numbers, yet the want of sufficient room has prevented their efforts in this line from being apparent to casual visitors.

The second conference year opened with the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Luckey (late chaplain to the Sing-Sing State-prison) to that field of labor. His influence among the convicts of Sing-Sing was a good preparation for the work which now devolved upon him. He and his devoted wife have penetrated its dark alleys, and have explored every avenue of Cow-Bay and the Old Brewery. The wretched inhabitants of cellars and garrets have had their word of counsel and their cheering aid; their utmost influence has been exerted to induce the children to attend a day-school supported by various benevolent individuals; they have visited the sick, and directed the dying to Him who could save to the uttermost; and through them, aided by ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, a moral influence has been exerted which is felt throughout that entire community. Nor



THE OLD BREWERY.*

have they rested here; scores of men and women have through them been supplied with work; children have been placed in the "Home of the Friendless," or in responsible families; and they have spared neither time nor trouble to effect these objects.

During the year the mission-room became so crowded with children and adult listeners, who also flocked to the weekly means of grace, that the necessity of a larger place was painfully felt. While somewhat anxiously debating about ways and means to accomplish this, a path entirely unexpected opened before the Board. Mr. Harding, lessee of Metropolitan Hall, (the largest and most beautiful place in the city for a public meeting,) offered it to the Society for one evening free of expense. The Hutchinsons and Alleghanians, being apprized of this, volunteered to sing gratuitously, and the Rev. Messrs. Beecher and Wakely consented to speak on the occasion. This association of circumstances induced the Board, with the approval of their Advisory Committee, to hold a public meeting, and call upon all interested in the object to aid in the renovation of a spot which for years had been a by-word for all that was degraded in human character and extreme in human misery. The house was filled to overflowing; the interest manifested was great; and $4,000 were contributed toward that mission. Thus encouraged, the ladies called upon their Advisory Committee to redeem a former promise, viz.: that if, after two years' trial, the success should warrant the outlay, they would aid them in obtaining a more commodious place. After a thorough survey they concluded that the "Old Brewery" was the most eligible point. This place, celebrated for years as the stronghold for crime in that dark region, whose avenues were familiarly known as "Murderer's Alley" and the "Den of Thieves," was inhabited at the time by at least three hundred wretched immortal beings. No language can exaggerate its filth or the degradation of its inmates; and the cleansing of this alone we deem missionary work. Believing that the renovation of a place like this, in the very heart of our great city, would prove a general benefit, the Society called upon the public to aid them still further in the arduous work. Promptly and nobly was that call responded to; ere six months had passed $13,000 were subscribed; and, although $3,000 of the

* The drawings of this article have been made under the care, and, so far as accuracy and general execution are concerned, on the responsibility of the ladies of the Home Missionary Society.

required sum was yet needed, the committee felt emboldened to make the purchase, and thus enabled the ladies' achievement to realize their warmest hopes. This unexpected feat aroused the public interest to a great degree, and the remaining sum was soon raised by contributions from every quarter. We must reserve to another number the history of the "Old Brewery" and many circumstances connected with its purchase and demolition, and in this connection close by saying that the Ladies' Home Missionary Society have had the privilege of demonstrating to the city that the "Five Points" are perfectly accessible to moral influences. They believed that,

"However deep may be the shade of sin,
There is in every human heart a way
By which the light of truth may enter in.
What though the spirit seem to shun the ray,
And cling to evil?—faith and patience may
The dark suggestions of despair refute:
Night seemeth deepest ere the dawn of day;
The wither'd plant may quicken at the root;
How many sow the seed who may not see the fruit!"

And in accordance with these sentiments they have contended with difficulties, met opposition, and patiently and prayerfully pursued their onward course. In view of the wasted intellect, the perverted feelings, the deadened sensibilities, and the fearful retribution of the adults by whom they were surrounded; in view of the redemption purchased for and proffered to them; in view of the hundreds of children exposed to every evil influence, who yet might be snatched from the maelstrom on whose verge they were standing, the ladies acted. In view of this fearful desolation, which year after year had deterred both the philanthropic and the Christian from strong, *systematic* effort there, they said:—

"These are the thoughts that make us watch and weep
Over the children of depravity,
And feel it is a glorious work to keep
One falling mind from ruin."

Even though the results should prove small, the effort would be accepted; how far they exceeded their most sanguine hopes will be portrayed in another chapter.

Donations should be directed to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, care of Carlton and Phillips, No. 200 Mulberry-street.

THE SPINNING-MAIDEN'S CROSS.

BY REV. PROFESSOR WHEWELL.

Beneath Vienna's ancient wall
Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
That seek the Holy Land.

And from the wall a little space,
And by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
A tall and slender shrine.*

It seems, so standing there alone,
To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
But touch'd with joy or woe;

Seems to the stranger on his way,
A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveler
Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
Of joy and sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted, by
The Spinning-Maiden's Cross.

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever fail'd her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the festal morn had smiled,
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Margaret, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side
In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

"And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
Where distant Donau shines,
He gives a cot where we shall dwell,
And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the festal bell
Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
And Margaret to hear.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
Joy yet;—but patience now;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Has bound him with a vow;

* A Gothic cross of the architecture of the thirteenth century stands at a little distance outside the city of Vienna, and is commonly called "Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz."



"And he must to the Holy Land,
Our Saviour's tomb to free;
And I and all his faithful band
Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
But calm was she to view;
Meekly she bore her happiness,
Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came,
Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
Each day she took her stand;
And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

But all in vain it grew, alas!
Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
The travelers once more.

And when to her their news they said,
All cheer and hope were gone;
For Wenzel is in prison dead,
His captive sorrows done.

Then on her face what woe was set;
Yet still she spun and spun,
As if her hands could not forget
The work they had begun.

Through shine and rain, through heat and snow,
Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonths so,
And then she gently died.

They took the treasure she had won,
Full many a varied coin,
And o'er the stone where she had spun
They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
Her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall—
THE SPINNING-MAIDEN'S CROSS.



THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play;
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
O, remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!
And he lick'd me for kindness, my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find no one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

CAMPBELL.

CHEER UP.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;
All will be right,
Look to the light:
Morning was ever the daughter of night;
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a trouble a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious, and joys ever new!
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
Trusting in God while you do what you can,
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

NATURE THE SCHOOL OF ART.*

THE first quality with which the observer must be struck, is the infinite *variety* of form which pervades creation. On attempting to reason concerning it, he perceives its dependence upon the functions of each object, and what the component parts of each object are ordained to fulfill; hence he will at once recognize the fact, that form is in every case, if not dependent on, at least coincident with, structural *fitness*. When the complex flower is submitted to the test of a scientific botanical examination, no particles are found to be adventitious,—all are concerned in fulfilling the appointed functions of vegetable physiology. As those functions vary with the growth of the plant, so in every case does its form—changing from tender bud to blooming flower, and from blooming flower to reproductive seed-pod, as each successive change of purpose progresses. Infinite *variety* and unerring *fitness* thus appear to govern all form in nature.

While the former of these properties demonstrates her infinite power of complexity, the latter restrains the former, and binds all in beautiful *simplicity*. In every case ornament appears the offspring of necessity alone, and wherever structural necessity permits, the simplest lines in every case consistent with the variety of uses of the object are adapted. Thus, the principal forest trees, which spring erect and hardy from the ground, in their normal state, uninfluenced by special conditions of light or heat, shoot straight aloft, with boughs equally balanced on all sides, growing so symmetrically, that a regular cone or oviform would, in most instances, precisely define their outline; and thus the climbing plants, from their first appearance, creep along the ground in weak and wayward lines, until they reach something stronger and more erect than themselves; to this they cling, and from it hang either vertically or in the most graceful festoons; to each its character of form as of purpose—to each the simplest line consistent with its appointed function and propriety of expression. * * *

While a consideration of the quantity of *fitness* binds us to *simplicity*, that of variety, as if in counterbalance, conducts us to a just recognition of the value of *contrast* throughout the works of creation. Simplicity becomes appreciable only when opposed to complexity, while complexity itself will, on analysis, be found to consist only of the combination of parts, individually, of extreme simplicity. Mr. Owen Jones will, doubtless, have much to tell us respecting the beautiful laws of the simultaneous contrast of colors; so we may for the present content ourself with noticing the parallel effects produced in obedience to the laws of "simultaneous contrast of form." The researches of Mr. Penrose have lately developed many of these most interesting phenomena; and have not only demonstrated the fact of the scientific acquaintance of the Greeks with their peculiarities, but have shown how essential an attempt to apply such knowledge has been to the production of those exquisite monuments which, from the first moment of their creation to the present time, have maintained a position of unquestionable supremacy over every other work which human art has yet produced. The general result of Mr. Penrose's investigations tends to the assumption that no two lines can come in contrast with one another, either in nature or in art, without the direction of the one acting, either attractively or repulsively, upon the other, and tending to diminish or exaggerate the mutual divergence of both lines, *i. e.*, to increase or lessen to the eye the angle at which they meet. Thus, if to a perfectly horizontal line another be drawn, meeting it at an angle of six degrees (about half the angle at which the inclined sides of the best Greek pediments leave the surface of the cornice), it will be difficult to convince the eye, as it traces the direction of each line, that the angle has not been materially increased by an apparent deflection of the base line, and an apparent elevation of that with which it actually forms an angle of six degrees only. In order to remedy this apparent distortion in their monuments, the Greeks have given entasis, or swelling, to their columns, inclination of the axes of their pillars toward a central line, a tendency outward to their antæ, and exquisite convex curves to the horizontal lines of their cornices and stylobates, which would otherwise have appeared bent and crooked.

Nature, in working out her harmonies of

* From an admirable lecture by M. Digby Wyatt, Esq., "On the Principles which should determine Form in the Decorative Arts," delivered at the Society of Arts, London.

contrast, abounds with similar optical corrections. The infinitely gentle convexity of her water sky line is precisely corrected into perfect apparent horizontality by contrast with any line at right angles to a tangent to its curve. It is by attention to the optical effects produced by the impact of lines upon one another in nature, that the artist can alone store his mind with the most graceful varieties of delicate contrast. Thus it is alone that he can appreciate the extreme beauty of her constant, minute, and generally inappreciable divergence from the precise mathematical figures, in approximation to which simplicity demands, as we have already shown, that her leading forms should be modeled.

TOO MUCH BRAIN WORK.

LAMAN BLANCHARD—KIRKE WHITE.

PERHAPS among the modern victims of overwork Samuel Laman Blanchard merits special notice. Like Byron, Laman Blanchard had a predisposition to cerebral disorder. At an early age he experienced a paroxysm of suicidal excitement; in the earlier part of his life he abstained wholly from animal food—an undoubted mark of eccentricity to the eye of the physician, whatever vegetarians may say or think; and it was during an acute attack of cerebral irritation that he perished. It was ushered in, however, with the usual warnings. When eking out his income by "a constant waste of intellect and strength," his wife was seized with paralysis, and became subject to fits. His vivacity now failed him, and he became subject to deep depression of spirits. "His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief, without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally; sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room to give way to emotions which seemed to arise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtasked, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came." Amid all this, his constant thought was of fresh literary enterprises; a "limèd soul" he was, yet not struggling to be free. So long had he toiled that the image of toil literally dogged him. He chalked out schemes more numerous, and even more ambitious, than any in which he had before indulged. Among the rest he meditated "a work upon the boyhood and youth of eminent men," (we quote his biographer,) "on which he wrote to consult me, and for which I ransacked my memory to supply him with anecdotes and illustrations. He passed whole days—even weeks—without stirring abroad, writing and grieving as it were together."

In this short sketch, how clearly the psychiatric practitioner recognizes the premonitory symptoms of cerebral congestion—how deeply he grieves that no warning voice was raised, no helping hand stretched forth to snatch him from the abyss, upon the verge of which he evidently stood. The rest followed quickly. Intolerance of light—an attack of hemiplegia—imperfection of vision—spectral illusions — terrible forebodings of some undefined calamity—violent delirium—suicidal impulse—and then the act itself.

We once more quote his biographer—because some apology is due to our readers for this harrowing history—for the moral. "Thus, at the early age of forty-one, broken in mind and body, perished this industrious, versatile, and distinguished man of letters. And if excuse be needful for dwelling so long upon details of a painful nature, it may be found in the deep interest which science takes in the pathology of such sufferers, and in the warnings they may suggest to the laborers of the brain when the first ominous symptoms of over-toil come on, and while yet repose is not prescribed too late."

Laman Blanchard was the biographer of a kindred sufferer—L. E. L. *Her* history, also, is not without an emphatic warning; but we forbear to dwell longer upon this painful subject. There is one other result of mental labor which, however, deserves notice — namely, that in which the horrors of confirmed *hypochondriasis* afflict the toiler. This shows itself, not merely in the common form of weak fancies as to the bodily health, or in unaccountable gloom, but also in a less understood form, in which the judgment is weakened, and the individual gets committed to some intellectual folly in science and literature, religion or politics. The man is not actually insane, or, if insane,

there is method in his madness; but his feelings are easily acted upon, his credulity is unbounded, and his actions consequently unworthy his reputation or his intellect. We feel that this is delicate ground, and we therefore avoid specifying particular instances, not desiring to hurt conscientious convictions, whether in science or religion, although they are only held and expressed after (as we think) the mind is weakened by overwork. We may, however, quote here a medical review of high authority, without risk of offense. The remarks are made in reference to the disease termed "cerebropathy" by some, by others "nervousness," and by others "brain-fag," treated very successfully by certain empirics:—"A disease of literary, political, and professional men—of men who have changed night into day, either in the pursuit of science, literature, or pleasure, and robbed the brain of the repose necessary to its vigorous action. In such, a hypochondriacal condition verging upon insanity is the real state; the brain is enfeebled, the mind is in a degree imbecile, the imagination predominant. It is with this disease upon them, that men of refinement, of genius, of learning, of high station in their respective walks, fall a prey to quacks, religious and medical, and become the subjects of homœopathic, hydriatic, and mesmeric treatment; or, still worse, abandon friends, and the healthy, useful employments of vigorous manhood, for the pursuit of ecclesiastical phantoms or the rigor of an ascetic 'retreat.'"

Perhaps the *overworked student* is as familiar an instance of the fearful results which follow on excessive mental culture, as the overworked literary man. The universities and colleges afford numerous examples, and it is somewhat difficult to select one from the number. It is of importance to remember that the glaring instances (such as that of Henry Kirke White) are not the most instructive or the most frequent. For one victim who sinks down in the heat of the battle, amid the sympathies of an admiring public, two or three are doomed to a life of dull mediocrity or intellectual imbecility. The violent effort may not have induced insanity, or any obvious disease of the intellect, yet, from the time that it was accomplished the student ceases to labor as was his wont, and the early promise of talent and usefulness is effectually defeated. It was the fate of Southey to suffer at the close of his career from the same causes which arrested the course of the two brother poets whose sufferings he related, namely, Chatterton and Kirke White. Chatterton was an illustration of the indigent *littérateur* perishing by his own hand; White of the student ambitious for academical honors, perishing at the moment of victory. While still an articled clerk at the age of eighteen, we are informed by his biographer that, after the ordinary duties of the day, he "allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application." His health soon sunk under these habits; and his constitution experienced a shock which it never recovered. During his first term at Cambridge he had to try for a university scholarship, as well as to pass the general examination. "Once more he exerted himself [for the latter] beyond what his shattered health would bear, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him with all possible earnestness to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate after the senate-house examination, he *would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty.*" In his letters, Kirke White gives sad glimpses of the state of his mind while at Cambridge. He was overwhelmed, previously to his examination, with melancholy. "I wandered up and down," he writes at the close of 1805, "from one man's room to another, and from one col-

lege to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits." In February following (1806) he says, "The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight overstretch of the mind in the daytime occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake my life." How significant these premonitory phenomena—how vivid the warnings to him who could read them aright! The next stage (of congestion) our readers will be prepared for. "Last Saturday morning," (we quote again from one of his letters, dated July, 1806,) "I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek history (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decipher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done anything at them when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it," &c. A few weeks after this he went to London to relax—"the worst place," as Southey very correctly remarks, "to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendant, that, if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected." He first became delirious, then sunk into stupor, and so died. How pregnant a warning is this history to ambitious tutors and parents! What a lesson against aiming for "the bubble reputation" instead of a fitness for solid usefulness through a prolonged life! A sad disappointment, indeed, it is—to quote White's own lines—

"————— to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat!"

THE CHRISTIAN BANKRUPT.

OUR corrupt world often defiles even the Christian; so that the merchant who professes Christianity is sometimes disposed to think that trade cannot be carried on in connection with religious principles. On this account the laws of the State are adopted, instead of those of the Bible; and if any man, by his want of skill, or by the vicissitudes connected with merchandise, becomes unable to meet his engagements, it is too often enough to satisfy him, that the law has made provisions for his release from permanent inconvenience. The true Christian, if we mistake not, will always distinguish between the law of man and that of God, and in the event of insolvency or bankruptcy, will esteem it not merely a duty, but a high source of happiness, if the providence of God will ever enable him to pay his creditors the last farthing of that which he owes. Such were the feelings and conduct of my venerable friend of thirty years ago, W——, whose name and memory are still fragrant with all who knew him, and whose example is a precious legacy to Christian merchants.

The piety of my friend was early, and so became eminent. While he was yet comparatively young, he was surrounded by the cares of a numerous family, and the anxieties of a large business connection. For a long series of years all was prosperous—his income was good, his reputation high, and his domestic and Church connections were happy. Like Job, under the influence of security which ought never to have been cherished, he might perhaps have been ready to say, "I shall die in my nest."

But when he had reached the age of nearly threescore years, reverses came. Merchant after merchant failed largely in his debt, the prices of many articles in his possession suddenly fell, and he found that Christian integrity claimed that his creditors should become acquainted with the condition of his affairs. I was present when he first stated the facts to his own family. They were assembled for evening worship; the Bible and psalm-book were placed on the table as usual, and the whole household, including five adult sons, were around him. The first appearance of the father, as he walked from the office adjoining his house to the parlor, indicated

some weighty matter resting on his spirits, and this was confirmed by the impressive manner in which the psalm-book was laid aside, intimating that on that evening it would not be used; an occurrence only witnessed once before in the history of the family, and then on an occasion of deep domestic affliction.

Among the inmates of the family were two female domestics, whose services had been enjoyed by them for thirty years, who had been to our friend like children, and who by his agency, under God, had been led to the cross of Christ. These Christian females had saved from their wages, and placed in his hands at interest, sums unitedly amounting to some $500. To this fact he most touchingly alluded, adding, however—or rather he would have fully added, but for their tearful entreaties that he would never think of it again—that he hoped at some future day to repay the whole with interest. Reading the Scriptures and prayer did not a little to calm the perturbed spirits of the whole household. Not a murmur was expressed or felt in the whole family.

A few days afterward witnessed the meeting of the creditors, and never was a meeting more free from dissatisfaction, or more unanimous in their resolutions. The worthy merchant placed before them his books, made a full and candid exposure of his affairs, and closed with expressing a confident hope that, by installments covering five years, he could pay the last farthing of their claims. To such a proposal they would not listen. They said they had known and esteemed him for many years, that his conduct had always been honorable to his profession, that to some of them he had been a warm friend, and all had more or less profited by their connection with him. Under such circumstances, they were ready to take such dividend as he could pay within a year, without injury to the comforts of his family, and that with them his credit was still good to any amount. The meeting was as gratifying to my friend as such a meeting could be, and one which furnished matter for devout gratitude to the God of his mercies.

A year rolled away, a handsome dividend was paid, all were satisfied with the conduct of the excellent deacon, and he was, by a legal document, released from all future claims. Not so, however, did he consider himself. His labors were abundant, for he yet resolved to pay the whole, "and whatsoever he did, God made it to prosper." All his friends saw and felt that he was not "slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Time rolled on, and at the end of five years, by his own kind invitation, I again spent an evening with his family, and united in their devotions. This time the hymn-book was not laid aside; but, after the husband, the father, the merchant, had told the joyful news, that by the kindness of his God he was free from any embarrassment, they united in singing Addison's hymn, beginning—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

Prayer and thanksgiving followed; and, as the family were retiring, the two old female domestics were recalled to receive their money in full, with interest. With tears of gratitude and joy, they returned the deposit, adding to it their latter savings, which their friend had heretofore declined to take, and in his hands all remained till his death. The following day his creditors met, and each received, with interest, the last farthing they could have ever claimed. Cheerfulness and an excellent spirit marked the evening, but an admirable regard was had to the delicacy of their friend's feeling. They discovered, however, that in order to be thus punctual to what he considered his former promise, he had disposed of the policy of a life assurance effected in favor of his family; this, with excellent tact, they regained the following day, and sent it, with an appropriate letter, to their common friend. The blessing of Heaven continued to smile upon him, and during the ten succeeding years he became comparatively rich. At seventy-five, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," he expired without a moment's warning, amid almost universal sorrow, from disease of the heart, with which he had long been afflicted.

Every Man his own Doctor.—"Since no man," says Bacon, "can have a better physician than himself, nor a more sovereign antidote than a *régime*, every one ought to follow my example: that is, to study his own constitution, and to regulate his life agreeably to the rules of reason."

Editor's Table.

The first six numbers of the National, forming its first semi-annual volume, have been bound in superb style, and are for sale by *Carlton & Phillips*, 200 *Mulberry-street*, and at their agencies throughout the country. It is sold, well bound in muslin, and lettered, for $1 50; muslin, gilt, with gilt edges, $1 75; imitation morocco, gilt back, sides, and edges, $2 00; half morocco, extra, marbled edges, $2 00; Turkey morocco, full gilt, and gilt edges, $2 50. The volume contains five hundred and seventy-six octavo pages, and nearly one hundred engravings. It is one of the most elegantly finished specimens of workmanship ever offered by the trade this side of the Atlantic.

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We are flooded with exchanges. In all cases, unless informed to the contrary, we shall take it for granted that they are regularly supplied with our numbers by agents in their respective localities. When not so supplied, they will please let us know.

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We have heretofore dropped a gentle hint to our exchanges, respecting "invidious comparisons" in their notices of the National. These comparisons have been exceedingly flattering to us, but at the same time they set up a criterion which we cannot recognize, however favorable may be the verdict thus far rendered by the press. The leading Philadelphia and New-York magazines are placed by their three-dollar terms and proportionate size in a category quite distinct from our own; they can be judged according to their pretensions, and fairly compared with each other; but we, with our two-dollar terms and corresponding pages, beg leave to claim an independent judgment. To expect us to present equal pretensions with these "cotemporaries," under such unequal circumstances, would certainly be an exorbitant demand. The notices referred to, though decidedly to our advantage thus far, would tend to bring about this unjust standard of comparison; and the question among readers will come to be, Which of these publications is best? not, Which is best in proportion to its terms and size? Bear in mind, brother editors, the difference, and we beg leave also to remind our own readers of it. Compare us with any two-dollar magazine in the nation, and we will abide the result; but to expect us to make two pounds weigh as heavy as three, is to demand a miracle which we confess we have not yet learned to perform.

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We have given, from the French, an interesting sketch and estimate of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli; in our present number we present the first of a series of articles, also by a French hand, respecting another celebrated woman, Madame Guizot, the wife of the French statesman and philosopher. The two characters will afford a striking contrast in almost every respect, except their masculine vigor of intellect. Madame Guizot was eminently womanly in all her sentiments—she was more English than French in this respect. Religion had a profound, yet benignly beautiful influence upon her character. Unlike Margaret Fuller, her temperament was bland and even felicitous. Her struggles in early life were more severe, because more real, than those of Margaret Fuller; but amidst them all she maintained the noble repose of her nature. Her literary labors were often elaborate, but she could turn from them with facility to the duties and graces of social life. There is much of Madame de Staël's depth in her more labored works, and they present also traits of beauty and versatility. Her influence on her husband was important, and the account of their marriage will be found quite romantic. This sketch will narrate her literary labors in detail. Though life with her was, through her Christian appreciation of it, a sunny pilgrimage, notwithstanding its struggles, inward and outward, death was even more beautiful. While her distinguished husband was reading aloud, at her bedside, a sermon of Bossuet on Immortality, she serenely passed away to its realization. But we are anticipating our author; we commend his sketch as much to our male as to our female readers.

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We recommend the lovers of poetry among our readers not to pass over without examination the brief article on Bennett's Poems. It contains some very beautiful specimens.

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Our *portraits* are done by some of the best artists in New-York; they are drawn by Walling and Oertel, and engraved by Orr and Kinnersley; the excellence of their execution is obvious to the most casual observer. In respect to their actual resemblance to the originals, we must remark that they are accurate copies of either daguerreotypes or accredited extant portraits. These we obtain from the friends of the originals, and use them on the responsibility of the former. Our artists are instructed to "follow copy." There has been but a single instance in which they have not succeeded well.

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The interesting article on *Samuel Drew*—the Shoemaker of St. Austel—in one of our late numbers, was credited to the Workingman's Friend, (London.) We learn that it was originally from the pen of our editorial *confrere*, the editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*. Its peregrination through the literary world is quite creditable to Dr. Lee, who claims it as his own bantling. This sort of vagabondism is no detraction from either parent or child. We cannot, therefore, repent of sending it again on the "rounds."

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Elihu Burritt is as remarkable for his indomitable perseverance in the philanthropic schemes he has undertaken, as for his singular learning and his singular genius withal. He is still in Europe, contending "with might and main" for his Quaker-race principles, notwithstanding all the reverses of the subject on the Continent during a few late years. Various other reforms share his labors, particularly that of *Ocean*

Postage. He has made an appeal within a few months to our own citizens on this subject, entreating their cooperation with its friends in England. We should like to insert his letter at length, but have not room. He affirms that the reform is almost certain of success in England—the great impulse given to emigration by the golden attractions of Australia—the new "Exodus," as the British journalists term it—has brought the subject home to the hearts of the people. But its leading advocates wish to have it assume at once the importance of a great international—a universal measure. They are mostly "peace men," and doubtless they look to its pacific tendencies, its moral and social influence on the nations, and on their relations to each other. This is an attractive aspect of the subject, and not altogether imaginary. This binding together of the nations of Christendom in the peaceful ties of commercial and social relations, is the right way to neutralize old prejudices, to dispel the still lingering clouds of old nightmare traditions in both religion and politics, and to spread over the masses of the people the sunlight of right and genial public sentiments. God speed the design, and help all good men who labor and pray for it, especially our wholehearted countryman, Elihu Burritt. He shows, in his letter, that England and America "can establish this system over more than *three-fourths* the globe without the concurrence of any other nation whatever." There is a consideration to inspire your best ambition, people of the United States! This great stride forward in the progress of the world could be taken at once if you should consent. What can we do toward it? Set the public opinion in the right direction, and it is done. A rectified public opinion is what we have contended for in these columns, as the great condition of all reforms. Let us labor for this. "It is probably the fact," says Mr. Burritt, "that *nine-tenths* of all the correspondence of the world that crosses the sea, is conveyed in British and American vessels. If, therefore, these two governments can be brought, by a pressure of public opinion, to unite in establishing an Ocean Penny Postage, so far as it lies in their united power, they could alone confer the boon, almost to the full extent of its blessing and beneficence, upon the family of man."

"We think, however, we cannot be mistaken in attributing 'The Christianity required by the Times' to our friend of the *National;* and whether we agree with all the views it contains, or do not, we cannot but admire the aim and object of it, and the felicity with which they are presented. We may have supposed the very '*public opinion and sentiment*' which he thinks is the main thing to be sought for by the Christian Church already obtains, and was embodied in the platform agreed upon by the 'Evangelical Alliance' of 1846; that what remains to be done is to manifest Christian unity by its fruits, by devising and executing some plan of operation in which the common object of Christian association—the salvation of the world—can be aided by harmony of feeling and labor, without intruding upon any of the existing organizations of the evangelical Churches."

So speaks our brother editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* in a notice which contains some further compliments, and which, coming from such a source, we cannot but highly appreciate. We differ from him, however, on the subject in question. The *public sentiment* for which we pleaded as the remedy for unnecessary sectarianism, we do not believe exists; far otherwise. We wish we could console ourselves with the encouraging view of our friend; but it is impossible with the evidences to the contrary which the Christian world still presents. We spoke favorably of the "Evangelical Alliance" in the article referred to; that movement showed a right but partial public sentiment. It showed that among a class of select minds, scattered over Protestant Christendom, and some of them leading spirits of the age, a correct sentiment had "already obtained;" but while the attempt at an "Alliance" showed this, its subsequent comparative failure showed that the real *public sentiment*—the sentiment of the Christian world generally—was not prepared for it. That sentiment, we think, is yet to be created before we "can manifest Christian unity by its fruits, by devising and executing some plan of operation in which the common object of Christian association, the salvation of the world, can be aided." Is it not the case that most attempts at union among our numerous sects fail, or come to worse results than mere failure? The Bible Society is almost the only exception. One or two other "union" schemes have had some, but not entire success. What is yet wanted is an improved public sentiment. So sensitive and even squeamish is still our sectarian temper, that we can hardly meet for the very purpose of reconciliation without exasperating our discords. If a few large-hearted men can be gathered together from the length and breadth of the Church without this liability, yet who doubts it in respect to the Christian masses, or even the ordinary Christian leaders.

It is, in fine, our humble opinion, that attempts at *practical* union are, as yet, the chief *hazards* of the design. The public sentiment is not sufficiently improved for them. The least machinery that "World's Conventions," or local conventions for Christian Union can have, the fewest secondary plans, the better. They will do wisely, we think, if they confine themselves, for the present, to the one purpose of creating a right public sentiment, *preparatory* to the more practical plans of the future. A clerical friend writes us respecting our article on the subject:—

"Some points contained in it have engaged my attention for years. You have spoken boldly, and I trust that it will not be in vain. Alas! these evils are perfectly monstrous. When will they end? I like your remedy. The correction of public sentiment upon the subject, this is the proper mode. We must make the thing hateful and odious in the eyes of men, as it is in fact, and then it will die."

The doctrine asserted in our article, that "*the creation of a right public sentiment, not the contrivance of schemes, is the task of the true reformer*," we hold as the summary and true philosophy of reform, especially of such reforms as this. The negative process of undoing a great evil by undermining its lodgment in public prejudice, must precede the positive one of substituting in its stead a real good. Even where that evil may be beset with great perplexities, the demand "What is your remedy?" is not at first a relevant one, and is oftener presented for the purpose of forestalling attempts

at reform, than of securing better direction to them. If asked what we would do in such cases, the appropriate reply is, We will do that which must be first done — correct public opinion; and what comes appropriately afterwards, will come but the better by this preparation. That any state of things is a public evil, is reason enough for attempts to correct public opinion respecting it, even though the direct means of correcting the evil itself should not be apparent. And we hold it to be a law of the moral world, as infallible as any of its laws, that a right public opinion being given, the right practical process will be found. The principle is not merely applicable to the case now in hand, but to public evils generally, and especially to such as the world is most liable to despond over, or, more commonly perhaps, to interdict from discussion as too formidable for remedy. Pour the light upon such evils if you can do nothing more, pour it all over and around them; if it cannot remedy them, it will, at least, enable you the better to understand and manage and endure them.

As to this evil of sectarian bigotry, we abhor it with a heartfelt hatred; as our brother editor said of another great evil, we "hate it and love to hate it." And we repeat, what we have before said, Let us not ask for remedies; we begin the legitimate remedy when we discuss the evil. Settle once the conviction of its moral enormity, drag it out before the gaze of the Church with its genuine attributes of deformity and mischief, and you will compel Christian men to think, and talk, and pray against it; they will emancipate themselves personally from its influence; one after another of its manifestations will give way, one after another of its modes of action be denounced and abandoned, and thus might we hope that slowly but surely it would give place to an era of genuine and general catholicism.

Meanwhile, we look upon the Christian Alliance as one of the best means of promoting this improvement of public opinion. If it will not encumber itself with too much apparatus—if it will not complicate its plans with designs, which, however good in themselves, have no immediate relation to this one purpose—it may yet become the center of the growing evangelical liberality of the age.

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A reader inquires respecting the origin of a well-known line on the Miracle of turning the Water into Wine. The London *Notes and Queries* (an invaluable authority in literary and antiquarian questions) has some learned notes on the matter in its number for October last. It says:—

Campbell (*Essay on English Poetry, &c.*, p. 224, London, 1848) traces the matter to its source by producing the following, from an epigram by Richard Crashaw, the friend and intimate of Cowley:—

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

"The modest water saw its God and blush'd."

So Aaron Hill:—

"When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blush'd."
Works, vol. iii. p. 241: London, 1754.

After all, may not Crashaw have been indebted to Psalm lxxvii. 16?—

"The waters *saw* thee, O God, the waters *saw* thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled."

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We give an illustrated article on the "Five Points Mission" in the present number. It is from the pen of a lady whose name is most worthily associated with that experiment of Christian philanthropy, and who is intimately acquainted with its entire history. The sketch will be continued in our March number. A "festival" in behalf of the Ladies' Home Mission, under whose auspices the Five Points reform has been attempted, was held at the Metropolitan Hall, gratuitously granted by Mr. Harding for the occasion, on the seventeenth of last December. A concert was given in the afternoon, which was numerously attended notwithstanding the rain; and in the evening a speech was delivered by John B. Gough, preceded by an address from the ladies of the Society, read by Rev. Mr. Hagany, and followed by a call for donations by Rev. Mr. Foster. Mayor Westervelt presided, assisted by Dr. Bond, Seth Grosvenor, Francis Hall, Henry Sheldon, and William E. Dodge, Esqs. It was one of the most spirited occasions we have ever witnessed. The magnificent hall was crowded, and as the assembly had come together with a philanthropic sympathy for the object of the meeting, all were actuated by a benevolent and cheerful spirit. The very hilarity of generous feeling prevailed throughout the exercises, and the contributions announced at the conclusion amounted to about *five thousand dollars*. Success to the noble women of New-York, who have undertaken the redemption of the Five Points!

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In the numerous sketches of *Wellington*, which have appeared since his death, we have seen but few references to his wife. A Liverpool paper gives us a few glimpses of the Duke's marital history:—

"Young Wesley wooed, but did not win, Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, whose seat was close by Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, afterward the residence of Feargus O'Connor's family, and now gone to the dogs by being appropriated to the pigs. *Gloria virtutis umbra*—renown is the shadow, i. e. the constant companion, of virtue—was the motto of the earl; but as he could see little virtue in a penniless ensign in a marching regiment of foot, it is to be supposed that he disbelieved in the likelihood of much praise, and still less of solid pudding falling to the lot of the embryo grace, but then graceless scapegrace, who wanted to be his son-in-law; for Arthur had a sort of Marquis of Waterford repute at the time. Well, our ensign, as we said having nothing but his epaulettes, got the cold shoulder from Kate's papa; and, accordingly, in a fit of the sulks, set off for Holland, where the French were making the Dutch caper like Bedouin Arabs, and were causing John Bull to perform hornpipes by no means to the tune of 'Jack's the Lad.' Returning to England, he sailed from the coast of Norfolk to India, and then, coming back with the spoils of Seringapatam, Longford shortly jumped to the conclusion that he was most virtuous because he had been most fortunate, and suggested that Miss Pakenham should forthwith become Mrs. Wellesley, for so the patronymic was now spelled by command of the head of the family, the Indian Marquis; and strange enough, at the same time Napoleon knocked out the *u* of his family name to un-Italianize it. But there was difficulty in the way which must have daunted Arthur more than did the passage of the Douro a couple of years after; yet he got over all as he alone could. He had been some fifteen or sixteen years away; was of the very anti-enthusiastic age of thirty-eight; the lady was not only no longer young, but no longer even passably pretty, and had

had the small-pox in a very marked manner. Nevertheless, like a true knight as he ever was through life, prizing veracity before and above all things, he kept his word, wed her, and ever treated her with respect. She on her part adored him above all things, just as Josephine loved Napoleon, even more than a new bonnet, or as Sarah loved John, Duke of Marlborough, beyond her money-bags and beyond her revenge, these three decidedly 'strong-minded females,' scorning the green-eyed monster that gives nervous ladies the jaundice. The Duchess of Wellington was preeminently proud of her stupendous spouse, and of everything that belonged to him, and used to feed his famous charger, Copenhagen, with bread out of her own hand in the paddock at Strathfieldsaye—the highest honor ever paid to a horse since Caligula made his steed a consul and gave him gilt oats. How uniform has been the devotion of the fair to the brave in all times and climes!

The report of the Superintendent of the Census, made to the present Congress, is a most interesting document. It contains a table of the *Churches in the United States*, which, as it is an official document, we take to be the most accurate statement on the subject yet given to the public. It gives twenty of the leading denominations, classifying the remainder as "minor sects," and states their respective number of churches, the "accommodations" or sittings in these churches, and their property valuation. We insert the table as well worth examination :—

	Number of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Total value of Ch. Property.
Baptist	8,791	3,130,870	$10,931,382
Christian	812	296,050	845,810
Congregational	1,674	705,177	7,973,962
Dutch Reformed	324	181,986	4,696,700
Episcopal.	1,422	625,213	11,261,970
Free	361	108,605	252,255
Friends	714	282,823	1,700,867
German Reformed	327	156,932	965,880
Jewish	31	16,575	371,000
Lutheran	1,203	531,100	2,867,886
Mennonite	110	29,900	94,245
Methodist	12,467	4,209,333	14,636,671
Moravian	331	142,185	443,347
Presbyterian	4,584	2,040,316	14,363,889
Roman Catholic	1,112	620,950	8,973,838
Swedenborgian	15	5,070	108,100
Tunker	52	35,075	46,925
Union	619	213,552	690,065
Unitarian	243	137,367	3,268,122
Universalist	494	265,462	1,767,015
Minor Sects	325	115,347	741,980
Total	36,011	13,849,896	$86,416,639

This outline will surprise some of our readers. The Unitarian "accommodations"—less than one hundred and thirty-eight thousand—seem small for a denomination of so much sway in the eastern States. The Swedenborgians, with their fifteen churches and about five thousand "accommodations," appear much more diminutive than they are generally supposed to be; the representation of the Roman Catholics is, however, most surprising. Is it possible that, after all our deprecatory lamentations over the national perils of Popery, it has but one thousand one hundred and twelve churches, which can accommodate only six hundred and twenty-one thousand hearers?—not *one-eleventh* of the number of churches belonging to the Methodists, scarcely more than *one-eighth* the number of the Baptists, not *one-fourth* the number of the Presbyterians, and not *one-thirty-third* of the whole number reported? The Methodists have more than *one-third* of the aggregate number, and the Baptists nearly *one-fourth*. The whole amount of "accommodations" in the nation is short of fourteen millions; but this, considering the proportion of population which can find it possible to be simultaneously present at church, is a large supply, the best, probably, possessed by any one of the large nations of Christendom. It gives one church for every five hundred and fifty-seven free inhabitants, or for every six hundred and forty-six of the entire population. The average number the churches will accommodate is three hundred and eighty-four, and their average value is $2,400. Churches are more numerous, in proportion to the population, in Indiana, Florida, Delaware, and Ohio, and less numerous in California, Louisiana, and Iowa. Those in Massachusetts are the largest, and have the greatest average value. The aggregate Church property of the country is given at about eighty-six and a half millions.

The comparative feebleness of Popery among us, as shown in these tables, accords with the statements of the Report respecting *immigration*. We have had quite exaggerated apprehensions on this subject. Of our twenty-four millions, only about two and a quarter millions are natives of Europe. This is less than ten per cent. About one million of these are Irish, a people who have been supposed to be more numerous than the whole foreign-born population reported by the census.

Upon the whole, then, this report throws a favorable light on the religious aspects of the country. Protestantism is keeping vigorous pace with the progress of our population. Popery is certainly much less formidable than has been supposed, and the foreign ingredient of our population is yet small enough to be readily diluted and diffused in the aggregate mass. Auspices of a great and happy destiny still cheer us; let us have confidence in them and in the institutions which produce them.

The last *British Quarterly Review* contains a very able article on Shakspeare and Goethe, in which the "*melancholy*" of Shakspeare is discussed at considerable length. The writer contends that the great dramatist was "apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come to us"—that he was, "even in his solitary hours, an abject and melancholy man rather than a man of active, firm, and worldly disposition. Instead of being a calm, stony observer of life and nature, as he has been sometimes represented, he was a man of the gentlest and most troublesome affections, of sensibility abnormally keen and deep; full of metaphysical longings; liable, above most men, to self-distrust, and despondency, and mental agitation from causes internal and external, and a prey to many secret and severe experiences." The proofs are drawn chiefly from his sonnets, and make a very plausible argument. We shall give the article hereafter.

Book Notices.

Our publishers have issued the first half-yearly volume of the National in elegant binding; some half dozen or more styles, from fine morocco, gilt, down to plain cloth. The prices are given elsewhere. The more elegant styles are really lustrous with beauty, and form choice presentation books. Of the internal mechanical execution of the volume we need not speak; our readers know that it is among the best specimens, if it is not the very best, afforded by the periodical publications of the country. We bespeak for this volume a hearty patronage; we hope especially that new subscribers will order it, and thus have unbroken the series of the Magazine. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Kathay is the title of a cruise in the Chinese Seas by W. Hastings Macaulay, reprinted, in very neat style, by Putnam. Mr. Macaulay made his voyage on board a government vessel, and touched at several places on the coasts of Eastern Asia, as also at Rio, St. Helena, &c. He has given us some very entertaining pictures of Asiatic life. The book is altogether a very pleasant one for leisure reading, but affords no new information of importance.

Putnam has enriched his semi-monthly series by a good translation from the German of *Jerrmann's Pictures of St. Petersburgh.* Jerrmann is a theatrical character; he spent three years in Russia as an actor, and has sketched the life of its borean capital quite graphically. He inclines too favorably to the political tendencies of the government, (though his volume is professedly non-political,) and his estimate of the Czar is decidedly eulogistic. The book affords some unusually entertaining reading for the fireside.

Mrs. Hale's long-expected book—"*Woman's Record*"—has at last appeared in quite superior style from the press of Messrs. Harper. It includes most of the noted names of the sex, from Eve down to our day, with numerous portraits, which are better as engravings than as likenesses. The arrangement of the volume into four eras is convenient; many of the sketches are exceedingly well drawn, but some of them necessarily consist of only three or four lines. Some omissions, especially of a religious character, will provoke remark, notwithstanding a deprecatory allusion of the author.

The *Baptist Almanac* for 1853 has been issued by the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. Besides the usual calendar, it comprises a large amount of valuable statistics and other denominational information. It has evidently been prepared with much labor and care.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published "*Questions on the Gospel History.*" They are adapted to Strong's Harmony, a superior work, which we have noticed heretofore. These questions are designed for Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, &c., and, in connection with the "Harmony," form a course of study admirably suited to advanced pupils.

Putnam, New-York, has added to his Semi-monthly Library a volume of "Table-Talk on Books, Men, and Manners," from Sydney Smith and others, edited by C. Evelyn, Esq. It consists of pithy and witty passages from many of the best English authors, suited for quotation in table-talk.

Redfield, New-York, has issued Mr. Meagher's "Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland." They form a substantial duodecimo, and contain some brilliant and nervous specimens of Irish eloquence. Mr. Meagher has won much respect since his residence among us; his speeches will be acceptable not only to those who agree with his opinions, but to our citizens generally, who can appreciate his talents and earnest character, even if they choose to dissent from his theories on Irish politics. The volume contains not only fine examples of oratory, but much important historical information.

The *Christian's Closet Companion* is the title of a volume edited by Rev. J. Pugh, and published by Stevenson at the Southern Methodist Book Concern, Louisville, Kentucky. It is a very choice selection of meditations on sacred themes for every day in the year; an instructive, strengthening, and consoling book—rich with the best thoughts of some of the best minds.

Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York, have for sale Maxwell's "Victories of Wellington and the British armies." It is issued as one of the series of Bohn's Illustrated Library—a sufficient guaranty of its merits. Beginning with Seringapatam, Mr. Maxwell continues his graphic battle-sketches down to the victory of Waterloo. He has gleaned the most interesting incidents of the Duke's campaigns, and made an exceedingly interesting narrative. Five very elegant steel engravings embellish the volume.

The book of *Gorgei*, the noted general and so-called traitor of the Hungarian war, has at last been published in this country by Messrs. Harper. It is entitled, "My Life and Acts in Hungary," &c. The preface presents facts and documents which can hardly fail to prepossess the reader in favor of the frankness of the author's narrative. The latter is long and minute, and not without interest. There are still "two sides" to this portion of the late military history of Europe, and further exemption from the violence of existing prejudices can alone determine fully which is the truthful one.

We have repeatedly referred to the writings of *Caroline Chesebro*—a lady of unquestionable talents, but whose works are infected with the morbid spirit which we have recently reprobated in these columns as a new and really detestable characteristic or rather affectation of American literature, an imported infection, derived from some of the worst French writers. *Redfield, New-York*, has published another volume from her pen entitled "The Children of Light;" it bears her usual marks of ability, but, like most of her other productions, appeals to the attention of the reader chiefly by the painful, the diseased interest referred to. It not only lacks genial vivacity, but also condensation.

Literary Record.

THE *Methodist Quarterly* for January, presents an excellent likeness of the late Bishop Hedding. This periodical ranks among the very best literary works of our country—none other among us excels it in the elaborateness of its critical articles. It is not content with rehashing old ideas, but presents in every number the results of, and impulses to, new inquiries. Withal it is the cheapest quarterly review that we know of in this or any country, being but two dollars per annum.

The *Miscellany and Review* is a new monthly, edited by Dr. Ebbert. It begins with much spirit, and contains an excellent list of articles. The first number comprises fifty-six pages, exceedingly well printed. Published at Memphis, Tenn.

We have received the catalogueof the Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. It is a bulky document, and represents that institution as in a rare state of prosperity under the administration of President Tefft and a numerous faculty. The whole number of students is *eleven hundred and six*, the largest assemblage of pupils, we suppose, in any one literary resort in our country.

Dr. Ryerson's report of the normal, model, and common schools in Upper Canada has been sent us. It comprises more than two hundred pages, and is a production of much interest and value to the friends of education, not only in Canada, but generally.

The *Illinois Wesleyan University* (Bloomington, Ill.) has issued its first catalogue, which shows an encouraging prospect for the institution. The number of students is one hundred and thirty-five; of these, twenty-six are in the new collegiate department. Dr. Dempster is announced as president.

The *North-Western Christian Advocate*, a new Methodist paper, under the editorship of Rev. Mr. Watson, lately the editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, commences its career quite brilliantly. It is of good size, and of unusually beautiful typography. The selections are in the best taste, and the editorials are pithy and spirited. Its position at Chicago will give it an ample field of usefulness, which its energy will evidently not fail to improve.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have in press the following choice books: *Lights of the World; or, Illustrations of Character*, drawn from the Records of Christian Life: by Rev. John Stoughton. *Friendly Appeals:* a new book, by "Old Humphrey." *Three Months under the Snow:* the Journal of a Young Inhabitant of the Jura: translated from the French. *Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours. Caxton and the Art of Printing. Money: its Nature, History, Uses, and Responsibilities.* They have just issued a work of unusual interest, entitled, *New-York: a Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Metropolitan City of America.* By a New-Yorker. An idea of the contents may be gathered from the following list of the chapters:—

"Discovery—New-Amsterdam, 1609-64—Province of New-York, 1664-1700—City of New-York, 1675-1700—New-York, 1700-1777—New-York during the War—New-York after the War, 1783-90—From 1790-1810—For forty years past—New-York as it is—City arrangements, Water, Lights, &c.—Public Buildings, Churches, &c.—Education—Environs of the City—The People—Future of New-York."

A Boston correspondent writes us as follows:

The artisans connected with the book trade are overwhelmed with the orders of the publishers, and our presses are fairly groaning with the weight of printed matter upon them. *Jewett & Co.*, who, I fear, will lose their *Christian* names, and only be known to the present and the future as the publishers of "Uncle Tom," are straining every nerve to gratify the public demand for this wonderful book, but still the "end is not yet." As the crowning gem of their press, and the illustration of Boston art, they have issued an octavo edition of five hundred and fifty pages, profusely adorned with engravings and wood-cuts, designed by the first artists in the country. It is an unrivaled exhibition of typographical and illustrative American art. On equally fine paper, and with numerous steel engravings, the same publishers have issued "Heaven and its Scriptural Emblems," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark: a book that the splendid steel-plates would sell without the letter-press; and so admirably written, that it would be popular without the illustrations.

In your last number you noticed a beautiful work of art, always welcome, and never more so than at the present hour—the steel engraving of Stuart's great painting of Washington. You have seen the original, in the gallery of the Athenæum, looking down upon you with that calm, pensive benignity, the eminent characteristic of the "Father of his Country;" and in this striking engraving by Mr. Welch, by a triumph of art, the "counterfeit" of the original is presented. Mr. Bancroft, who is the agent in Boston, is adorning the walls of our houses with this noble and impressive face, and no American family need be without an eloquent memorial of the "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Gould & Lincoln, a firm that holds enviable rank among American publishers for the high character of their publications, are just issuing a work entitled "To Daimonion," suggested by the late "spiritual manifestations," and giving them a searching examination and exposure. Also, "Footsteps of our Forefathers—what they suffered and what they sought;" describing localities, and portraying personages and events conspicuous in the struggles for religious liberty; with thirty-six illustrations: by James G. Miall. They have in press "A Geographical Map of the United States and British Provinces of North America," with an explanatory text, geological sections, and plates of the Fossils which characterize the formations: by Jules Marcou. "Memorials of Early Christianity:" by Rev. J. G. Miall. "A Treatise on Biblical Criticism:" by Samuel Davidson, D. D. "Berridge's Christian World Unmasked:" by Rev. Dr. Guthrie. "A Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Animal Kingdom:" by Professors Von Siebold and Stannius. "The Preacher and the King: or, Bourdalone in the Court of Louis XIV.," being an account of the pulpit eloquence of that distinguished era; with an introduction by Rev. G. Potts, D. D., New-York. A book of general interest, a slight taste of which we have enjoyed, will be "The Life and Labors of Philip Doddridge." It is a centenary memorial, happily executed by a popular English writer, Rev. John Stoughton, author of "Spiritual Heroes," &c. A book for the young is in promise by S. Prout Newcombe, entitled, "A Journal of Home Education;" with numerous illustrations.

Crosby & Nichols have issued a stereotype edition of that somewhat remarkable book, entitled, "The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic:" the previous edition having met with a rapid sale. It is both a novel and powerful defence of Christianity against the deistical philosophy of modern times. It will prove eminently suggestive to the minister in his ponderings upon the "signs of the times."

They have also just republished, from the English edition, "Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling:" with every sentiment of which, though all may not accord, yet no one can read its sincere and striking autobiography of an earnest and devout mind without interest. Your lady readers may be pleased to know that they have issued a new "Cook-Book," by Mrs. Chadwick, which I have heard well-spoken of by a good authority.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have in press "Lingard's History of England," to be published in four volumes, in the handsome style and remarkable cheapness of their editions of Hume and Macaulay. They have just published a new story by Mrs. Professor Phelps, whose late decease has brought sadness to many hearts, and whose "Sunny Side" will continue to gladden the homes of the poor and the rich. It is called "The Tell-Tale; or, Home Secrets." They have also published a "Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Emily York, Missionary in Greece," by Mrs. R. B. Mulberry, a well-written portraiture of a devout and active lady.

Little & Brown present the following list of publications as soon forthcoming from their press: "Correspondence of the Revolution. Being Letters from Eminent Men to George Washington, from the time of his taking command of the American Army to the end of his life. Edited by Jared Sparks." 4 vols. 8vo. "Life and Works of John Adams, second President of the United States." Vols. II. to VII. inclusive, now ready. "Eliot's History of Liberty." 2 vols. 12mo. "Winthrop's History of New-England." 2 vols. 8vo. "Greenleaf on Evidence." Vol. III. "American Railroad Cases." By Chauncey Smith. 2 vols. 8vo.

Through a recent communication from Washington, we learn that the *Smithsonian Institute* is fast rising to importance, as an agent in uniting the learned institutions and individuals of the two worlds in bonds of closer communion. Much the largest portion of the scientific exchanges crossing the ocean passes through its agency, the greater part of which would have remained at home but for its agency. Packages bearing the stamp of the Smithsonian Institute pass free of duty or question into all ports of Europe. England, so stringent in her custom-house regulations, granted this permission nearly two years ago. The collections of the Smithsonian Institute are of great value; its library contains one of the best sets of scientific transactions and periodicals in this country; its gallery of art embraces the fullest series of Indian portraits in the world; its museum is the richest in North American vertebrate animals, skins, skeletons, and alcoholic preparations (including hundreds of undescribed species) of any in the United States.

The *Christian Review*, the Baptist quarterly, is hereafter to be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Trumbull and the Rev. Mr. Murdock.

A correspondent of the *London Weekly News*, writing from Agen, says: "While I was waiting for Louis Napoleon's coming I visited Jasmin, the poet and hair-dresser. Notwithstanding his humble position, Jasmin has received visits from many a prince, and his poetry is by far the most popular in the south of France among those understanding the old provincial language, in which he writes. He has written some verses in honor of the president's tour, in which he implores the prince's clemency in favor of M. Baze, ex-questor of the Legislative Assembly."

Over eight thousand copies of the "Successful Merchant" have been sold by Carlton & Phillips since its republication here—not yet three-quarters of a year.

Dr. Akers has accepted the Presidency of M'Kendree College.

The number of volumes in the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati is over twelve thousand.

The "Free Schools" of New-York city cost, annually, the sum of $569,000, which is an average of about eight dollars a year to each pupil in attendance.

An English paper states that Lord Derby, the present Prime Minister of England, is the author of a little work entitled, "Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament, for the Use of Children." It was published in 1826.

The Hon. Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts, is, we learn, about to publish a valuable contribution to our historical literature, from copies procured from England, of the correspondence carried on by the Tories at the beginning of the Revolution. These letters, being mostly official, will throw great light on the history of Massachusetts during that eventful period.

J. R. Brodhead, Esq., acting as agent of the State of New-York, has been some years in Europe, to collect from the archives of state papers in London, Paris, and the Hague, documents illustrating the early history of the State. He has been for some years engaged in a History of New-York, of which the first volume is completed. It contains a colonial history of the State under the Dutch government, illustrated by valuable maps and plates.

The best astronomical text-books in this country are from the pen of *Rev. Hiram Mattison*. Huntington, New-York, is about issuing his High-School Astronomy. It includes three parts. After an introduction, which consists of preliminary observations and definitions, and occupies twenty pages, part first is devoted to the Solar System—the sun, planets, comets, eclipses, tides, &c.; part second relates to the Sidereal Heavens—the fixed stars, constellations, clusters, and nebulæ; and part third to Practical Astronomy—the structure and use of instruments, refraction, parallax, &c. This department, so seldom introduced into text-books for schools, will be found especially interesting and valuable. Besides embracing all the late discoveries in astronomy, under a strictly philosophical classification, the work is now thoroughly illustrated by diagrams.

There has been an increase in the sales of tracts of the Wesleyan Methodist Tract Society, during the past year, of forty thousand. The total sales of tracts, covers, and hand-bills, amount to 1,273,353. These publications number in their titles six hundred and fifty-five.

"Celebrated Jesuits," is the title of a new work by Rev. W. H. Rule, one of the editors of the *London Watchman*, which is just issuing from the Wesleyan press, London. Mr. Rule was formerly chaplain at Gibraltar; and his abilities, both as a preacher and a writer, are well known and acknowledged in England.

The Wesleyan, a weekly religious and literary journal, Lucius C. Matlack, editor, for more than eight years published at 9 Spruce-street, New-York, is to be removed to the city of Syracuse, January 1, 1853. Thenceforward it will

be issued every Thursday, beginning with January 6th, or the first Thursday of the new year, at No. 60 South Salina-street.

We learn, through German papers, that Thomas Carlyle has visited the Royal Library of Berlin, in search of aid to write the life of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

The male heirs of the German author, Schiller, have received from the executors of M. Leidersdorf, a gentleman of Suabia, who died recently in Paris, a perpetual income of four hundred thalers, as "a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius."

The Dutch government has just taken possession of the valuable collections bequeathed to the State by the celebrated bibliopolist, Baron Wertreenen Van Tiellandt, and is about to form them into a separate museum, to be called the Museum Wertreenianum. They consist of a library of ten thousand rare and curious volumes, on the history of typography, bibliography, archæology, and numismatics; a gallery of pictures by the oldest masters, such as Cimabue, Giotto, etc.; ancient Greek and Roman sculptures, many of which are from Herculaneum and Pompeii; and a collection of ancient Greek, Roman, and oriental coins. Of the books, twelve hundred and thirty-three, it is said, bear date in the fifteenth century. There is, farther, a collection of three hundred and eighty-five manuscripts, all anterior to the fourteenth century.

Counsellor Kotoski Wesel, of Trieste, has lately translated Homer's Iliad into the Slavonian language. The same writer had previously translated into the same language Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" and "The Bell."

A new historical work is about to be published in France, under government patronage—"The works of the Emperor Napoleon I., complete in thirty-five volumes, folio." The curious part of the prospectus is the announcement that the greater part of the materials of this voluminous work have been discovered since 1848.

The *Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut*, has received a fresh impulse under the administration of its new president, Dr. Smith. Its finances are in a healthful condition, and its catalogue reports one hundred and three students. We notice that thirty-one are from New-York, twenty-two from Massachusetts, and nineteen from Connecticut. Only about half its students are from New-England.

The Richmondville Union Seminary, which, as we stated some time since, commenced with the most encouraging prospects, has been destroyed by fire. It will be immediately rebuilt.

The sum of $25,000 has been raised for the benefit of Franklin College, Pa. The trustees have announced that the subscription is closed.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Ferris, of the Reformed Dutch Church in Market-street, for a long time President of Rutger's Female Institute, has been chosen Chancellor of the New-York University.

We learn, from *Norton's Literary Gazette*, that Longfellow's Hyperion is about to be republished in London, beautifully illustrated with seventy engravings on wood, from drawings made by Birket Foster during a recent tour through Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c., undertaken expressly for the illustration of this work. Also, that the *Lady of the Lake*, by Sir Walter Scott, is about to appear in a uniform style with Longfellow's Hyperion, with illustrations by the same artist, whose sketches comprise all the principal scenes of the poem, and were drawn on the spot by Mr. Foster himself.

We learn that a public subscription is about to be made in England, to erect and endow a school or college, to bear the name of the Duke of Wellington, for gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the army. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert have signified their approval of the project, and placed their names at the head of the subscription list for the respective sums of £1,000 ($5,000), and £500 ($2,500).

We learn that Dr. J. A. Alexander has in press an exposition of the five books of Moses.

It is announced that the twenty-third thousand of Henry W. Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men" has been issued.

Rev. Dr. Walker, Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity, has accepted the Presidency of Harvard University, in place of Jared Sparks, Esq.

A *Manual of Biblical Literature* is about to be published at New-York by Carlton & Phillips, embracing Biblical Philology, Exegesis, Criticism, Analysis, Archæology, Ethnology, History, Geography, Chronology, &c., by W. P. Strickland, D. D., of Cincinnati.

The number of students in the University of Oxford, England, is thirteen hundred—a somewhat smaller number than the Dublin University. The revenues of the institution are estimated at $800,000 a year. Connected with the university are five hundred and forty fellows, or graduates, who draw salaries after having completed their course of studies. They draw annually from the funds over half a million of dollars, receiving, each one, the sum of $1,000 a year.

English ways are illustrated by a singular advertisement in the papers, "that clean copies of the *Times*, *News*, and *Chronicle*, will be posted the day after publication, at much reduced prices." Some agent must collect them at city stores, and residences, where they are served the first day, re-mailing them the second to persons in the country, who thus pay about as much for a daily as they otherwise would for a weekly.

A pension of £75 has been granted by the English ministry to Dr. Charles Richardson, in consideration of his services in compiling an English Dictionary.

Another of the same amount has been granted to Francis Ronalds, "for his eminent discoveries in electricity and meteorology."

A new Scientific Magazine, to be issued semi-monthly, has just been commenced at Cleveland, Ohio, entitled "Annals of Science," and edited by H. L. Smith.

Religious Summary.

The Council of State of the Canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, has issued a decree for the suppression of the order of the Capuchin monks, and for the expulsion from the canton, within three days, of all foreign Capuchins not sixty-five years of age. The decree is grounded on the want of concord among the monks, and on the fact that the regular clergy suffice for the religious wants of the population.

We learn, through the *Calcutta Christian Advocate*, that there have been lately several conversions in the once imperial city of Delhi, and among the educated natives of India. The names of eleven Brahmins are mentioned who have renounced their heathenism, and have been baptized into the Christian Church; the conversion and baptism of Ram Chandra, or Chunder, is also announced, a young man of considerable abilities, teacher of science at the Delhi College, and the author of a work on *Maxima and Minima*, said to have obtained the approbation of Professor de Morgan.

We find, from the Twelfth Report of the *German Evangelical Mission* in the Canara, Southern Mahratta, and Malayalim Provinces, India, that during the preceding year the mission had had an increase of two hundred souls—a larger number than in any former year—and that there were cheering prospects among the Canarese people. The little band of laborers in this part of the missionary field has been reinforced by four assistants, among whom is one of three Brahmin converts, baptized in 1844, and the first native missionary of the German Society.

The Rev. Charles Wordsworth, nephew of the late poet laureate, has been elected Bishop of St. Andrew's, in room of the Right Rev. Dr. Torry, who filled the office for the long period of forty-four years.

At a recent meeting of the American Bible Society, a grant of $1,000 was made for preparing and publishing the Arabic Scriptures. Some interesting volumes were received for the Library, viz.:—From the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, a letter and pamphlet in relation to the history of North America; a copy of the New Testament, in ancient and modern Greek, published in Saxony, in 1710; a copy of a work by Rev. Leonard Twells, in 1731, on a new text and version of the New Testament.

The appropriations of the American Missionary Board for the year have been made; and although less than was asked for by the missions by about $17,000, yet the sum total is $300,664.

The Ionian islands, on the western coast of Greece, are said to contain a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. This population is a mixture of French, Italian, and Jews; and, though under the British government, no permanent religious mission has been established in their midst.

The Protestant population of France is estimated at 1,500,000. The Reformed and Lutheran Churches receive aid from the State. The Reformed have five hundred and eleven ministers and six hundred houses of worship, distributed among sixty-three of the eighty-six departments of France. One hundred and twenty-one of them are situated in the department of Le Gard. The Lutherans have two hundred and forty-five ministers. Strasbourg has a larger number of Protestants than any other city,—namely, thirty thousand. There are fifteen thousand at Paris.

Over eighty thousand children are under daily instruction, among the English Wesleyan missionaries, throughout various parts of the world.

Forty-eight persons have renounced Popery within a few months in St. Paul's, Bermondsey, England. Several of these are well-educated. Great numbers more, it is said, are meditating a similar step.

Rev. Dr. Peck, Foreign Secretary, and Rev. Mr. Granger, of Providence, have been appointed as a delegation to visit the missionary stations in the East under the care of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The principal cause of this appointment is the expected occupation of Burmah—which is the chief seat of their missions in Asia—by Great Britain, which will probably soon throw open the whole country to the entrance of the gospel, when a large increase in the missionary operations will be required. A general and deliberative conference of all the missionaries connected with the Burman and Karen missions, nearly thirty in number, is to meet at Maulmain in March or April, 1853.

The receipts of the Committee of the Episcopal Board of Domestic Missions, the past year, were $30,595, and the appropriations about $25,000; they have two missionary bishops, and eighty-five presbyters and deacons. The receipts of the Committee of Foreign Missions were $41,408, and the appropriations $38,785. They have two missionary bishops, twelve presbyters and deacons, eighteen lay assistants, male and female, and eleven native teachers.

The Journal of the late Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Ohio, gives the following summary of the parochial reports for the past year: parishes, eighty-two; without a clergyman, twenty-two; baptisms, adults, seventy—infants, three hundred and ninety-three; confirmed, two hundred and seventy-three; communicants added, four hundred and forty-seven; lost, by removals, deaths, and discipline, four hundred and eight; present number, four thousand five hundred and twenty-five. Ordinations: deacons, five; presbyters, two. Candidates for holy orders, fourteen. Contributions for Church objects, $17,790 38.

Dr. Baird states that, in 1815, the eight Presbyterian denominations of the country embraced less than one hundred thousand communicants, and the present number is near seven hundred and fifty thousand. Then the Baptists were comparatively weak; now they number seven hundred thousand associated brethren. In

1800, the Methodist organization had not forty thousand members, now they have more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand communicants; and, take all the strictly evangelical Churches together, they have more than ten times the number of communicants they had in 1800.

The increase in the membership of the North Carolina Conference, for the year closing November 3d, is two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven. The sum of $6,200 was raised for missionary purposes.

Dr. Rice, editor of the Presbyterian of the West, and pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, has had a call to St. Louis, by the congregation formerly under the charge of Rev. Dr. Potts, deceased.

Professor Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of *The Independent*, is now on a tour through the east, and especially through Palestine and Asia Minor.

The pastors and Churches belonging to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, are holding a united prayer and conference meeting once in three months. It is spoken of as an occasion of great interest.

The location of the Baptist Theological Seminary for the north-west has been fixed at Galena, where a considerable sum of money has been pledged for its use.

The Methodists in France held their first annual Conference at Nismes. An alteration was made in Church government, &c., that each district will name two representatives, who, with the President and Secretary of the Conference, will form the Stationing Committee.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the Ninth-street Baptist Church, in Cincinnati, is mentioned as the successor of Professor Williams, as Professor of Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary, New-York. Professor Williams retires on account of ill health.

There are at this time in the employ of American religious societies upward of eighteen hundred missionaries and colporteurs, exclusive of those who are laboring in other capacities. The American Board has one hundred and sixty-one ordained missionaries, besides assistants, physicians, &c. The American Home Missionary Society has not far from one thousand and sixty missionaries. The American and Foreign Christian Union has one hundred and fourteen missionaries, of whom eighty-five are employed in the home field, and additions to this number are constantly being made. The American Seamen's Friend Society has nineteen chaplains, wholly or in part sustained by it—two having recently been added, one at Marseilles, France, and one at St. John's, New-Brunswick.

A very interesting account has been received from Mr. Cochran, missionary among the Nestorians, of a friendly and useful visit paid him and the mission family by Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Williams, the British Commissioner for settling the boundary between Persia and Turkey. This gentleman and his entire party turned aside from their course to spend a couple of nights in the neighborhood of the mission, and contributed by their presence and sympathy greatly to the encouragement of the missionaries; and it is believed that this notice of them will be of essential service to the missionaries in the entire region of Koordistan.

Late reports from the Nestorian mission inform us that there was no diminution in the interest of the people, either in preaching or in education. Almost the whole of the congregation at Oroomiah, numbering in summer about one hundred and fifty, attends the Sabbath school. The school at Geog Tapa is double this number. On a recent occasion eight hundred attended preaching on the Sabbath, although the whole population of the place is only about one thousand. At Ada, sixty adults attend the Sabbath school.

The Sandwich Island Churches have manifested very great interest in the mission to Micronesia, having contributed freely to the support of those who have gone forth to these islands, and they show a readiness to volunteer to go personally as Christian missionaries. The missionaries say that there will be no difficulty in getting thirty, sixty, or even one hundred Sandwich Islanders to go out as assistant missionaries, if they should be needed. Four have gone, and several others offered their services.

The opening of the new Kingswood School, England, has been lately announced in the foreign publications; a discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. W. M. Bunting. The school is designed for the education of the sons of Wesleyan ministers.

Several hundred dollars have been raised in this country, and some five thousand in France, to enable Dr. Newman to meet the expenses of his late trial in the affair of Dr. Achilli.

The late Journal of Mr. Preston from the Gaboon, Africa, gives us an interesting account of Nengenage, an island three miles in circumference. It contains a town inhabited by Shikans and Bakeles, and was selected for a station on account of its central position, apparent healthfulness, and good landing.

Mr. Preston gives some account of the manners of the people. As yet, he says, they wear but little European cloth, but wear garments made from the bark of a tree. The color of the people here is not much darker than oak-tanned leather; but they smear themselves with palm-oil and red-wood. They work iron of their own smelting with much neatness, and also in brass, purchased from traders. Their houses are built on a single street, which is wide and very clean. Two or three large houses stand in the middle of the street, in which they hold their discussions and transact business.

The people are much under the influence of superstition, but are accessible to the white men in almost every direction,—and the whole tenor indicates the fact, that Africa is open to the gospel.

The whole number of laborers under the care of the American Missionary Association is one hundred and thirty-three, scattered over the Foreign and Home fields.

Art Intelligence.

The *Messaggiere di Modena* states that the Pope has charged M. Jacometti, the sculptor, with the execution of his fine group of "The Kiss of Judas," in marble. It is to adorn the vestibule of the Christian Museum now organizing in the Palace of the Lateran.

A magnificent monument, in honor of *Daguerre*, has been inaugurated at the French village of *Petit Brie*. A deputation of all the *savants* of Paris congregated on the spot, and the mausoleum was consecrated in the most impressive manner. A bust of Daguerre, sculptured by M. Hasson, was much admired.

The death of Horatio Greenough, the distinguished American sculptor, occurred recently at Boston. Mr. Greenough was a man of liberal and varied accomplishments, of attractive manners, and of a vigorous intellect. His loss will be deeply felt in the private circles of which he was an ornament, no less than in the world of Art, where he had attained to a wide celebrity. His principal productions are the colossal statue of Washington in the Capitol; the Chanting Cherubs, executed in 1828 for Mr. Fenimore Cooper; the Medora, finished in 1831 for Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore; the Rescue; and busts of John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, and several other eminent personages. He had recently been engaged on the equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in Union Park, New-York city.

A terrible storm which raged over Athens for five hours, lately brought down, it is stated, one of the antique ornaments of the Grecian capital—a column of the temple of Jupiter Olympus near the Adrian gate.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This obelisk, long since presented to England, and so long lying neglected in the sands at Alexandria, is at length to be removed, and erected in the grounds of the New Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The British government will, however, retain power hereafter to reclaim it, on payment of all expenses incurred in the transit. Abbas Pacha promises every assistance at Alexandria in shipping the obelisk; and it is hoped that other monuments from Luxor and Karnak will accompany this venerable antiquity from Egypt.

Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor, it is said, has received a commission from a munificent fellow-countryman, for a bronze statue of *Beethoven*, which is to be placed in the Music-Hall of Boston. Notwithstanding the Idolatry of the Viennese for this great musical genius, he is still without a statue in that city.

From Antwerp, we learn that the season there for artists has been a most favorable one. The Art Union has purchased works of art to the amount of thirty-seven thousand francs, and the sale of amateurs has been set down at ninety thousand francs, making a sum of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand francs, or about thirty thousand dollars. A copper-plate engraving of Raphael's picture of the Madonna della Seaggiola has been completed by Edward Schaefer, Professor of the Stadel Museum, in Frankfort; it is said to be far superior to any engraving of the same picture which has yet appeared. It has had the unqualified approval of Passavant, and the Emperor of Austria has presented Professor Schaefer with the large gold medal of art and science. The first impression has been purchased by the Empress of Russia for three thousand thalers. Cornelius and Rauch, the sculptors, have been appointed honorary members of the Academy of Arts in Antwerp.

The opening of the French Annual Exhibition of Living Artists is announced for the 15th of March next. Works intended for it are to be sent to the Palais Royal between the 1st and 15th of February.

The sale of the Art Union pictures recently took place at the rooms of the Union, where they had been for some time on exhibition. Among these pictures were some by Leutze, Huntingdon, Gray, Richards, Kensett, Hicks, and almost every other American artist of any repute. A large number of engravings were sold at the same time. The pictures, so far as known, were not sold to dealers, but to persons desiring them for their own use. There was a spirited competition throughout the sale, and the paintings brought a very fair price as a general thing. Some of them were sold at their full valuation. One hundred and fifty paintings were disposed of in about one hundred and eighty minutes, on the first day of the sale.

Portions of a letter were read recently at the London Antiquarian Society, from Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, describing the progress of the excavations at Mitrahinny. A great many small broken statues have been turned up; among them those of a lady of the time of Thothmes IV., as also a mutilated kneeling statue of the fourth son of Rameses II. Nothing could be verified anterior to that age. Mr. Ainsworth read a paper "On the meaning of the Cones in the Assyrian Sculptures." Mr. Bonomi read a short description of an Egyptian cylinder, which bore on a cartouche, according to Mr. Sharpe, the name of Amunmai Thor, or the conqueror beloved by Thor, the ninth king after Menes, and the last of his dynasty, though the first Theban king that is known to us.

The ruins of the ancient city of Shusan have been discovered; the marble pillars and pavement, as described in Esther i. 6, still exist; a tomb, supposed to be that of Daniel, near by, has the figure of a man sculptured upon it bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him. The men who made the discovery are the commissioners employed to run the boundary line between Persia and Turkey—not interested, of course, in shedding light upon the Scriptures.

Clot Bey, a French physician of Cairo, converted to the Mussulman religion, has lately presented his valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of bronzes, sculptured wood, figures of divinities, mummies, &c., to the Louvre at Paris. Some of these articles date from the oldest Egyptian dynasties.

Scientific Items.

At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, an image found in Tennessee was presented, through Dr. John W. Francis, by Mr. J. Roach, of Vicksburgh, Miss. This is an aboriginal relic found in Williamson county, eleven miles from Nashville, Tennessee. The top of the mound from which it was taken was six or eight feet above the ground, and about fifty feet in circumference. The mound sustained, among other trees of large size, a gigantic sycamore of six feet diameter, indicating very great antiquity. When the trees were removed, and the mound dug away to the depth of some eight feet, the explorers found a shelving lime-stone rock, which, being removed, disclosed a chamber ten feet in depth, walled up with slabs of lime-stone, very carefully smoothed and set up. Numerous bones were found in this chamber, besides relics of pipes, arrow heads, cooking utensils, and this image.

The sum paid by salesmen for china, porcelain, earthen and stone ware, imported into the United States during last year, was probably not less than five millions of dollars.

A very interesting relic of antiquity, relating to the period of the Pharaohs, was exhibited at a recent meeting of the New-York Historical Society, through the courtesy of Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, by Mr. Depeyster. The present specimen was a massive gold ring, bearing the oval-shaped signet of Shoupon, the Cheops of Herodotus, and handsomely engraved with hieroglyphics, some of which were inconceivably minute. The ring weighs three English sovereigns, and is in excellent preservation. Dr. Abbott states that it was found by an Arab in the tomb of a high-priest, a circumstance which is accounted for by the fact that the signet of the monarch was held in the possession of the spiritual head, and was by him employed to enforce the authority of the king's commands. An Egyptian pebble, bearing a Greek inscription, was also exhibited.

The *House Line of Telegraph*, now in operation to Washington, transmits, in Roman characters, at the rate of eighteen hundred words per hour. The line will most probably be extended to New-Orleans.

Mr. Spence read a note lately before the London Entomological Society, on the "Fly-blight" of Australia, by which designation is known the attack of a small fly on the eyes of persons in that country, resulting in inflammation and temporary loss of sight. The name of these insects is not known. It had been discovered that they could be kept from the face by open nets suspended over it, and fixed under the hat; for although the meshes were large, and therefore offered no obstruction to the passage of air, yet the flies would not go through them. Mr. Spence observed that the principle was evidently the same as that of the Italian window-nets, introduced to the notice of that Society eighteen years ago, and proved by the late Bishop of Norwich to be quite effectual in preventing flies from entering apartments. The same plan would probably serve to protect travelers and others from gnats, which in many places are such intolerable pests, even the highest latitudes being infested with them in summer; and he had suggested it to Sir John Franklin as likely to be of service on that Expedition the uncertain issue of which excites so much interest.

Captain Peel, the traveler, says that the water of the Nile is of a deep brown color, and when poured into a glass is still more strongly colored. The earth it contains is called in Arabic "abluz," signifying fat or grease. When poured over the body, Nile water runs like oil; and when filtered, it is deliciously light to drink.

The total extent of telegraph in England is nearly four thousand miles, representing an outlay of about $1,500,000. The staff of *employes* may be taken at upward of eight hundred persons.

M. Niepce de Saint Victor laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences, lately, daguerreotypes upon which he had succeeded in fixing, more or less permanently, colors by the camera obscura. M. Niepce states that the production of all the colors is practicable, and he is actively engaged in endeavoring to arrive at a convenient method of preparing the plates. "I have begun," he says, "by reproducing in the dark chamber colored engravings, then artificial and natural flowers, and lastly dead nature—a doll, dressed in stuffs of different colors, and always with gold and silver lace. I have obtained all the colors; and, what is still more extraordinary and more curious is, that the gold and the silver are depicted with their metallic lustre; and that rock-crystal, alabaster, and porcelain, are represented with the lustre which is natural to them. In producing the images of precious stones and of glass we observe a curious peculiarity. We have placed before the lens a deep green, which has given a yellow image instead of a green one; while a clear green glass, placed by the side of the other, is perfectly reproduced in color."

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, the Rev. Dr. Robinson read a detailed account of a journey made by him through Palestine, in company with Rev. Dr. E. Smith and others. Starting from Beirut, the travelers went along the coast to Sidon, and then struck off eastwardly into the southern parts of Mount Lebanon. They crossed the plain of Esdraelon to Lejjun, the ancient *Megiddo;* and on the way to Nablus were able to find the long-sought *Dothan*, where Joseph was sold by his brethren. It is on what is still the great road from Jezreel to Ramleh and Egypt. From Nablus they struck down to *Lydda*, visited *Ajalon*, *Bamaus* or *Nicopolis*, and *Zorah*, the birth-place of Samson, and thence turned their course to Jerusalem. They visited Succoth, near the Jordan, and, fording that river, were able to identify the site of the long-lost *Pella*.

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